Encounter

June 1972 35p

ETHICS & POLITICS

MAURICE CRANSTON

AFTERMATH OF EMPIRE

JOHN GRIGG

Quest
or La Tour
Benedict
Nicolson

"To Hell
with Europe!"
Richard Mayne

Jewish
Panthers
Amnon
Rubinstein

Leon Trotsky

The Agony of a
Revolutionary (II)
Joel Carmichael

Salisbury
as Intellectual
Elie
Kedourie

Short Story
Massud
Farzan

Godspell
Clockwork
John
Weightman

REPRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What do you do on a Pan Am flight to the USA?

Nothing . . .

Or, if you feel inclined:

Watch a movie.
Don't watch a movie.
Watch another movie.
Listen to music.
Sleep to music.
Learn a language.
Eat.
Drink.
Write some letters.
Meet people.
Play cards.
Borrow a magazine.
Go for a stroll.
Etc., etc.

Suddenly, (as you like it) you're somewhere else.

Pan Am

N.B. There is a nominal charge for films and sound channels.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

JUNE 1972

VOL. XXXVIII NO. 6

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* D. J. ENRIGHT

MANAGING EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley.* ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Bryan Healing.*
GENERAL MANAGER: *Anthony Robinson.* ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall.*
ADVISORY BOARD: *Maurice Cranston, Anthony Hartley, Leo Labedz, John Mander, Goronwy Rees, Edward Shils, John Weightman.*

Published monthly by Encounter Ltd. at 59 St Martin's Lane London WC2N 4JS
Per copy: UK 35p: USA & Canada $1·25: Back numbers 35p ($1·25).
Annual subscription: UK £4: USA & Canada $14 (by air $15·50): Elsewhere £4·95.
Full-time students (state place and course of study): UK £3·15: USA and Canada $10: Elsewhere £3·15.
Trade/Subscription Department: Encounter Ltd. 59 St Martin's Lane London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194).
US news-stand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. P.O. Box 6014, Long Island City, N.Y. 11106.
Authorised as Second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

© 1972 by Encounter Ltd.

JALALI (*story*)	3	*Massud Farzan*
AFTERMATH OF EMPIRE	8	*John Grigg*
ETHICS AND POLITICS	16	*Maurice Cranston*
TROTSKY'S AGONY (II)	28	*Joel Carmichael*
COLUMN	42	*R*
FILM & THEATRE		
THE LIGHT AND THE DARK	36	*John Weightman*
MEN & IDEAS		
TORY IDEOLOGUE	45	*Elie Kedourie*
POETRY		
THREE POEMS	27	*Norman MacCaig*
THE DISCONSOLATE CHIMERA (I)	40	*Stephen Miller*
THE DISCONSOLATE CHIMERA (II)		*D. J. Enright*
NOTES & TOPICS		
THE QUEST FOR LA TOUR	54	*Benedict Nicolson*
BOOKS & WRITERS		
MR LIVEDOG'S DAY	57	*Shirley Chew*
THE DEVIL & MR RUSKIN	64	*Francis Watson*
SHORTER REVIEWS	71	*Vernon Scannell, Michael Thorpe, G. R. Crone, Laurence Lerner, Douglas Dunn, Colin MacInnes*
POINTS OF THE COMPASS		
BREAKING THE VICIOUS CIRCLE	76	*Lorenz Stucki*
EAST & WEST		
JEWISH PANTHERS & OTHER PROBLEMS	80	*Amnon Rubinstein*
AUTHORS & CRITICS		
TO HELL WITH EUROPE!	86	*Richard Mayne*
LETTERS	90	
AUTHORS	96	

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dylan Thomas: The Code of Night

DAVID HOLBROOK

David Holbrook explores the predicament of an artist whose most telling insights into human experience threatened his own sense of identity. The book is an outstanding contribution to literary criticism, seeking to illumine both the true 'meaning' of the most difficult poetry and also the whole question of creativity and our modern literary ethos.

485 11135 7 *8th May* £3·00

The Telling

LAURA RIDING JACKSON

After her *Collected Poems* of 1939 Laura Jackson felt she had 'reached poetry's limit'. The New York magazine *Chelsea*'s publication of *The Telling* in 1967 broke almost twenty years' silence from the distinguished American writer. With two specially written ancillary pieces, the book from represents a 'personal evangel'. *September*

485 11137 3 *About* £2·50

Victorian Scrutinies: Reviews of Poetry 1830–70

ISOBEL ARMSTRONG

Contemporary reviews which provide a stimulating and coherent debate on Victorian poetics by the Victorians themselves. Mrs Armstrong's introductory essay examines the Victorian critic's terminology, the moral demands made on the poet and the discussion of critical problems.

485 11131 4 *5th June* £4·50

Suggestion and Statement in Poetry

KRISHNA RAYAN

In this century unstated meaning has become both the prevailing mode of expression and a central concern of analytical criticism. With reference to many poetic examples and to Sanskrit aesthetics, Professor Rayan discusses the theoretical basis for this situation.

485 11134 9 *5th June* £2·75

The Science of Aspects

The Changing Role of Fact in the Work of Coleridge, Ruskin and Hopkins

PATRICIA M. BALL

Dr Ball casts new light on the nineteenth-century imagination in a comparative study of the three writers' observations on the natural world, from which Ruskin's *Modern Painters* emerges as a key work of the time.

485 11123 3 £2·75

The Appropriate Form

An Essay on the Novel

BARBARA HARDY

Professor Hardy's much-praised work is re-issued in paperback. '... there is much refreshment in Mrs Hardy's book. She has the rare gift of relating her analytical insight to our common experience of the act of reading.' *R.E.S.*

485 12016 X £1·00

Meredith: A Change of Masks

A Study of the Novels

GILLIAN BEER

A reappraisal of Meredith's achievement as a novelist ahead of his time, which draws on unpublished notebooks and early drafts and analyses six of the novels. '... an engaging book' Dame Rebecca West in the *Sunday Telegraph*

485 11122 5 £2·50

The Athlone Press
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Massud Farzan

Jalali

I AM SITTING on the upstairs balcony of this big Persian house and even though Jalali is gliding, bare-headed, around his bride, I can see him with the tall vermilion fez on his head as he walked up and down the university campus in America some years ago. Little of stature though he was, I could spot him from the top floor of the Humanities building as he shuffled among the crowd below. He must have suspected that I was watching him because he would tilt back his head to look up at the windows and balconies, and as he did so the two green pompons on both sides of his fez bounced like the tiny pigtails of a little girl.

I met Jalali in America quite by accident. The real-estate woman had been showing me an apartment which I found too big for myself alone. Beside her was a little man in a dark blue double-breasted suit (the double-breasted suit was then out of fashion in America), who spoke English without ever using a *the* or an *a*. He too was looking for a place to live and apparently was quite willing to take the large apartment for himself until he found out that I could speak Tehrani Persian. He asked if we could share the apartment.

In spite of his small figure, Jalali was not unattractive; he must even have looked quite tantalising to some American women what with his dark and vulnerable mignonness. But he didn't think so himself and persistently avoided the company of the opposite sex. One Saturday night when he went to bed slightly drunk, from his corner he confided to me that he avoided the company of women because he was frightfully self-conscious about his short figure, and more so in America since most men looked quite well fed. Did I know, he asked (his elbow digging into his mattress, his face propped up with his palm)—did I know why he had taken the part-time library job? No, I answered. All right, I took it not for money of course, but in order to meet girls. Casually; accidentally, I mean (he laughed nervously). Now I don't even dare look at them. He pulled the blanket over his head. The bedsprings bounced, then he was quiet for the rest of the night.

One afternoon, sitting in a coffee shop I saw Jalali enter with an open magazine pressed against his solar plexus. It was a men's magazine, one of those which print stories about nymphomaniacs stranded on Congo shores. Jalali sat next to me, looked around, spread the magazine on the table and pointed at a finely printed advertisement with the picture of a girl in a bikini who looked up longingly at a tall man, also in a bikini. Read, Jalali said; but as I was about to read, he snatched the magazine from my hand.

"Listen to this. Don't say a word before I finish."

"Let me read it myself."

"No, you just listen."

He was holding the magazine close to his face; whether he did so in order to hide the advertisement or his half-grin, I couldn't tell.

"Be tall," he began to read, "get attention and admiring glances." He darted his face from behind the magazine and looked at me. "No more lonely Saturday nights. Amazing new method from the exotic East. Adds inches to your height. No high-heeled shoes, no strenuous exercises. Simply send $50 with the size of your head. This miraculous device from the wise old East sent to you in plain wrapper. You must be 100% satisfied or we guarantee to send your money back. No questions asked."

"Jalali."

"What?"

"Use your head."

"Use your head yourself. You know what satisfaction means and hundred per cent

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means, don't you?"

"It says miraculous device from the mysterious East. Now, you are from the East yourself. . . ."

"You don't know," Jalali interrupted impatiently but gently, almost benignly. "You simply don't know, Mahmood." And he wrote a cheque for fifty dollars.

I remember very vividly the day the package was delivered. Jalali balanced it on the palm of his hand as if he could guess the contents of the package by determining its weight. He was quite anxious and looked at once childlike and older than his age. Inside the wrapper there was a box tied with strings. Resting beneath the strings was a loose pink sheet, with words in large fresh print: Congratulations! Now you can walk with pride, like an oriental sultan, with inches added to your own *natural height*. Jalali rubbed the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand, as if to wipe away the grin that was spreading all over his little face. He broke the strings and with careful hands lifted the box top. Inside the box lay a high-crowned vermilion fez, with two green pompons.

I DIDN'T KNOW, until then, that Jalali could experience such a violent fit of anger. One language was not enough for the curse-words which he spitted out like watermelon seeds. As I sat down on the floor, watching the scene from a safe distance, I couldn't help being impressed by the multilingual scatology he bestowed upon the fez, or its unknown purveyor. His hands mechanically put the fez on his head, then remembering what he had done, he immediately took it off, threw it back at the box, paced up and down the room, glanced at the wall clock (it was late for his library job), put the fez on again, cursed and kicked until the telephone rang. It was Miss Rufflebaum from the library's circulation desk, who wanted to know why Jalali wasn't in for his work. I put my hand on the mouthpiece and said Miss Rufflebaum, whereupon Jalali had another fit of anger. "That old—" he paused for an appropriate word, then gave up. "Tell her I am on my way, have already left." Still kicking and cursing his luck and shaking his fist at the telephone, he staggered out of the room. I opened my mouth to say he forgot to take off the fez but I couldn't decide if I should, whereupon he slammed the door violently after him and was gone.

IN THE EVENING he came back, reverently holding the fez with both hands against his lower abdomen. He looked euphoric, extremely proud and self-confident. I knew immediately that he was going to speak in English.

"Functions," he said in English.

I listened.

"Functions and I go keep it."

He sat down on the couch in contented exhaustion. For the first time since I had known Jalali, I saw him put his little feet on the coffee table and spread his arms on the back of the couch. "I desire that you were there see chicks looked and smiled. No kidding, Mahmood, pretty chicks which never looked at me, looked and showed me and smiled. I ended up—" He stopped and grinned to himself.

"I ended up," he resumed, "I ended up got date from Judy, you know girl with funny nose which always works with *Encyclopedia Orientalia*."

He stood up, put on the fez and measured his height against the wall. "Not less than four inch," he said scientifically. "Where is whisky bottle?"

From that day on Jalali never appeared in public without his vermilion fez. Whenever he was out, and I wanted to see him, I could ask any passer-by if he had seen my friend Jalali—"you know, the little gentleman in vermilion fez"—and since almost everybody knew whom I meant, soon I would end up locating him.

WHEN HE HEARD the news of his father's death, Jalali went back to his country to be by his widowed mother. I received several letters from him, then a postcard with no return address. Then no more letters. Several months later, having been offered a job in the city of Shiraz, I wrote to my parents and said that I was returning home. My father who always talked excitedly about Shiraz immediately wrote back a long letter, saying that I was going to fall in love with the city, particularly with the scenic mausoleum of the great poet and mystic Hafiz.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was during the stay with my parents that I first talked to my father about Jalali and asked him if he had happened to see my friend or knew which city he was in. No, he replied, he hasn't seen a little man in vermilion fez, maybe he doesn't wear a fez here or maybe he has returned to America. "Besides what kind of best friend is he if you don't know where he is?" But he asked his fellow tradesmen in the bazaar and came with this information: Jalali might also be working in Shiraz as a construction supervisor for Hafiz's mausoleum which is being remodelled by American-educated architects and engineers.

When I arrived in Shiraz, I had little hope that I would see Jalali then. All the same, after I had checked into the hotel, I took the city bus to the mausoleum. I sat close to the driver and asked him if he had happened to give a ride to a little gentleman in vermilion fez. What was so special about a vermilion fez, he answered, and shifted his gear.

The mausoleum gardens were cool in the late afternoon. The little rectangular ponds, deep green in the shade of cypress trees, were surrounded by potted geraniums of vivid red. Among the tourists who took pictures and natives who strolled by or read the lines on the marbles and tiles of the great poet's tomb, I searched for Jalali and, not finding him, went back to the hotel. Hardly had I walked through the lobby into the restaurant when I saw the top of the fez. The rest was hidden behind the local English newspaper. I called his name. Jalali jumped to his feet. He was wearing an American slim-style summer jacket and, for the first time since I knew him, a necktie that matched the colours of the fez and the pompons. We salaamed and embraced and went out for a walk in town. The sun was setting and the air smelled of distant orchards. The town was mellow and relaxed.

What were the chances for getting acquainted with the opposite sex, Jalali wanted to know as he watched the women, most of whom were covered under long chadors; those who weren't, walked with coiffed hair beside their husbands, who were either army officers or educated men of top government positions. With a mild sarcasm, Jalali observed that he had never seen so many army officers with such pretty uniforms. Even the low-echelon glittered in gorgeous embroidery.

In the crowded main street, a man accosted a couple of women and whispered a few words. The two women blushed and giggled. The man walked away happily and proudly, whistling a native tune. I noticed a trace of vexation on Jalali's face.

"Let's hear adventure," Jalali said all of a sudden in English; "something I haven't heard."

By an adventure he meant any short-lived relationship leading to a consummation. When we were in America, on certain nights (before he got the fez), Jalali couldn't go to sleep until he heard an adventure. In return he would on the following day buy canned vine leaves and cook Persian dolma for supper.

WE TURNED into a side street where a girls' school had just been let out. The students ranged in age from twelve to nineteen. They walked in small groups, some of them arm in arm, and as they laughed, their ribboned pigtails danced all over the tree-lined street. One of them who was taller than the rest had a nice figure and walked alone. Jalali quickened his pace to catch up with her, but then he lost heart. "Come on, Mahmood, let's hear adventure. One with nice climax. I don't think we know ways with chicks in this town yet." We had now left the students behind. "How about one American adventure, Mahmood? Don't tell me you never had American adventure."

"She had a nice figure," I began to make up, "like the schoolgirl we just saw. But I didn't have the audacity to approach her—you know what some American girls are like, wanting to be introduced or better still have an accident and get acquainted in the hospital. Anyway, one day I saw her sitting alone in a café drinking tea."

"You rat," Jalali interrupted. "Did you take her to bed?"

"No, not like that. As a matter of fact I liked her very much and wanted her to go at her own pace."

"I know," Jalali said, somewhat annoyed, "but you should've given her push."

"How do you know I didn't?"

"All right, go on."

"The next day we had dinner together and then went to a bar. She was a classy girl and drank rum with style. In the dim light, with

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her fair hair falling on her cheek—"

"Let's get to the facts, Mahmood, if you don't mind."

"After a couple of drinks she suggested that we drive to Riverside Park."

Jalali's face lit up. "You did it on bank of river, you lucky bastard!"

"The hell I did. Why do you keep interrupting?" I was getting quite interested in the story.

"I am sorry, Mahmood. Go on."

"We took a walk in the park and sat on the bank of the river and talked. But all of a sudden she got up and asked to be driven back."

Jalali pushed back his fez and scratched his head. "Look Mahmood, if it's not going to have a climax I am not listening."

We were now on the other end of the main street, approaching a fountain with flower beds around it.

"I am sorry, Mahmood. I just wanted to make sure."

"I even forgot where I was. Oh, yes, coming back from the park. I didn't speak a word until we got to town. Then I did something that even surprised myself."

Jalali's pompons shook with excitement. "You did it in car? While driving? Come on, what did you do? Are you mad at me? I am sorry, Mahmood, I didn't mean to interrupt."

I was thinking how to end the story in such a way that it wouldn't be a let-down for him.

"Where was I?"

"You've arrived in town. You're still driving." Suddenly he slowed his pace. "You can finish later," he said absentmindedly.

It took me a few seconds before I could figure out why he suddenly lost interest in the "climax of story." Walking down a slope, we had entered a large square in front of a holy shrine. Men and women squatted on the ground and leaned against walls or columns. Among them was an attractive woman, whose chador had slipped from her head to her shoulder. Jalali had slowed his pace and was staring at her.

IN THE MIDDLE of the square a bearded man with a fat rosy neck and bald turbaned head chanted religious elegies and a crowd stood in a circle, watching. Women passed through the wide gate of the shrine and with tears in their eyes tied wish-knots to the wooden railings. From the loud-speaker of a distant tea-house came the sound of native music, full of longing.

Evening had fallen when we walked back toward the hotel. In a deserted street Jalali followed a couple of women and lost them in a side alley. The rest of the way to the hotel I made occasional remarks on the things around us. Jalali didn't answer. His face looked quite sombre. He took off his fez, put it back on again. Then all of a sudden he asked, "Do you know where whore district might be?" "No, I don't," I answered; "do you want me to ask a passer-by?" He didn't answer. We entered the hotel and had supper in the restaurant. Jalali washed down his pilaff and kebab with Shirazi wine, cheered up a little and suggested that we rent a place together until either or both of us got married.

WHEN WE ACTUALLY began to look for a place, he showed his preference for a two-storey house so that he wouldn't have to move immediately when he got married. We found one that suited us, even though Jalali took an instant dislike to the landlady who was looking for American tenants. In fact she had built the house in accordance with what an American tenant would like to have: it was a house built native style (gate with knocker, walled-in yard with a little fish-pond in the middle, a charcoal kitchen in the back and a toilet in a corner with an *aftabeh* for on-the-spot ablutions) which, at the same time, contained the comforts and amenities of an American house, including indoor bathrooms, indoor kitchen with gas stove, and a small lawn. When she was convinced that we wanted to pay as much as an American, the landlady yielded, even though reluctantly. Having an American tenant would have been a better token of status; besides she could use on him some of her English which she was learning in the town's British Council evening classes. She used it on us anyway since she knew that we had spent several years in America: "I bring lawn from Holland; the lawns should be poured water every day." This was addressed to Jalali as he was to occupy downstairs and was therefore responsible for the yard. I occupied upstairs with nothing to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water except a potted plant on the balcony overlooking the yard. "I bring it from Holland; both lawn and plant should be poured water."

But Jalali who felt lonely and listless said, after the landlady had received a month's rent in advance and left, that he couldn't care less for the half-dried lawn. Nevertheless when we hired a maid (an old stringy peasant woman, nimble as a mountain goat), he asked her to water the lawn, until we received the first water bill, whereupon he forbade the maid to pour a drop of water on the lawn which had completely dried anyhow. When the landlady came to collect the second month's rent she saw the yellow powder of the lawn under the sun, threw her arms up and accused Jalali of lack of civilisation. And you say you educated in America. I bring lawn from Holland and see what you do. You lie, it dry not if you water. Jalali answered: Bring another lawn from Holland and pay water bill. This made the landlady even angrier: You put goddam fez on head and you look like little eunuch.

During the weeks that followed Jalali looked more restless than ever. Having come back from his job, he would sit with his fez and suit on at a table in the yard and stare at the door, hoping some friends would show up for a poker game. When I came in he would cheer up a little and loosen his tie.

ONE EVENING when I came home, Jalali wasn't there. It was a Thursday night (Friday was a holiday) and I didn't have any doubt that he would be at home. He wasn't in the yard and suddenly the thought that he might have gone out made me feel despondent. I looked everywhere (except his bedroom), then walked up the stairs to the second floor. I poured water out of a tumbler on the plant and sat in a chair on the balcony. The table in Jalali's veranda was still empty, but down there I could almost feel his presence. Worried, I walked down the stairs and peeped in through the keyhole of his bedroom. On the bed sat the prostitute with the mole on her brow who, Jalali had discovered and informed me, lived in one of the houses on the little lane across the street. Facing her, he sat on the bed with nothing on except his shorts and the fez. The woman was laughing hysterically. Alternately she held her sides and reached out to grab the fez off his head, while Jalali, with solemn face, darted back his head and asked her to keep her voice down. I sat at the table in the yard and watched the evening fall.

Suddenly Jalali's angry voice rose above the woman's laughter. "Enough insulting. Go away!"

"You can pay me in dollars if you wish."

"What do you mean pay you in dollars? I even haven't done anything."

"Then do it! But not with that fez on!" And she had another fit.

"That's enough!"

It was getting dark. I went back upstairs and sat by the window.

HALF AN HOUR later Jalali comes in with a bottle of Shirazi wine. "I have finally decided," he says and begins to drink. Through the window a sudden breeze brings the smell of damp fields. He is getting married, Jalali says. And I am not to preach. For the past few days he has been seeing a college girl taking walks in the mausoleum gardens, accompanied by her little brother. "She is as small as her little brother and guess who she looks like." Like Audrey Hepburn. He has followed her and knows where she lives. She refused to talk to him but he knows her father's bazaar address. He looks to see what my reaction is and finds me making doodles of a woman with a mole on her brow. Even so, he mentions nothing about the whore.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Grigg

Aftermath of Empire

Britain & India since Independence

IN *A Passage to India* E. M. Forster hints at the possibility of Indo-British friendship at some indefinite time in the future. "But . . . alas," says Dr Aziz, "the two nations cannot be friends." "I know," replies Ralph Moore. "Not yet."

A Passage to India was published in 1924, five years after the Amritsar massacre had turned even such conspicuous Indian moderates as Tagore and Motilal Nehru into opponents of the British Raj. Many have read the book as profoundly sympathetic to the Indian national movement and a devastating satire on the idea of white supremacy. Actually, it is nothing of the sort. Forster's basic attitude towards India is not so very different from Kipling's. He regards the country as an impenetrable mystery, and its people as incapable of unity. At one point he refers to

> a worrying committee of notables, nationalist in tendency, where Hindus, Moslems, two Sikhs, two Parsis, a Jain, and a Native Christian tried to like one another more than came natural to them. As long as someone abused the English, all went well, but nothing constructive had been achieved, and if the English were to leave India, the committee would vanish also.

So much for the Indian National Congress and its secularist ideal. And at the very end of the book he pours ice-cold water on the ideal of national independence.

> India a nation! What an apotheosis! Last comer to the drab nineteenth-century sisterhood! Waddling in at this hour of the world to take her seat! She, whose only peer was the Holy Roman Empire, she shall rank with Guatemala and Belgium perhaps!

Kipling, Indian-born, and writing about India before nationalism had become a serious force there, is an honest imperialist well aware of the Empire's likely impermanence, full of contempt for the metropolitan bourgeoisie and most of its leaders, by no means blind to the faults of the British in India, and ready—for all his pride of race—to admit that Indians are capable of being at least the equals of their rulers. His "Ballad of East and West" (1889), often quoted as a prize example of his belief in racial separateness, contains the important qualification that

> *there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,*
> *When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!*

Moreover, in the "Ballad" the Border thief behaves even more honourably than the Colonel's son: the story is not loaded in favour of the white man—whereas in *A Passage to India* the story is outrageously loaded in favour of Fielding. He is an unmistakable British imperial hero-figure, one of a long line descending from Sir Walter Scott's prototype, Colonel Guy Mannering. Of course Fielding is not an Army officer or an Indian Civil Service official, but (the Bloomsbury equivalent) a schoolmaster. He is not an orthodox Christian, but an atheist. All the same, he always does the right thing and shows a staunchness and steadiness that are in marked contrast with the volatility of Dr Aziz, the Indian sub-hero. Whereas Fielding never for a moment suspects Aziz of having assaulted Miss Quested in the Marabar Caves, Aziz is only too quick to suspect Fielding of becoming her lover when she is staying with him after the trial. We are left in no doubt that Fielding has the character of a responsible adult, Aziz that of an irresponsible adolescent.

Whatever else may be said of Kipling it is hard to accuse him of smugness, but Forster is ineffably smug. He is an English bourgeois intellectual to whom the ideals of Empire and Nationality are alike distasteful, but who is all the same permeated by a sense of cultural superiority. When he makes Ralph Moore say "Not yet", he clearly indicates that there can be no friendship between Britons and Indians under the Raj. But since he has no faith in the Indian national movement—no belief that Indians can run their own country successfully, thereby fortifying their self-respect—it can hardly

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be to the attainment of Independence that he is looking forward, as the cathartic event that will make friendship possible. By implication, his date for the true meeting of East and West is as vague as Kipling's "Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat. . . ."

FORSTER'S LOW OPINION of Indian nationalism was very widely shared in England before Independence, but it was not shared by the man who eventually carried out the transfer of power. Lord Mountbatten did not regard the Indians as incapable of self-government, and soon after his arrival in India as Viceroy he said in a broadcast that he had "faith in the future of India." By bringing to an end the ruler-subject relationship he was confident that he was enabling the British and Indian peoples to become real friends. At the banquet given in his honour before he left for home (on 20 June 1948) he presented the Indian Government, on behalf of King George VI, with "a set of gold plate, or rather heavily silver-gilt plate" as "a symbol of the friendship of all English men and women . . . to the people of India." And just over a week later he told the East India Association in London: "The good feeling that India has for this country has never been higher, and nothing short of criminal lunacy in this country would wish to destroy that good feeling. It is there, whatever the future holds, I hope for good. . . ."

Before long his optimism may perhaps be justified, but in the short run it has proved—to put it mildly—exaggerated. Instead of the cordial relations to which he looked forward, misunderstanding and ill-feeling have flourished on both sides in the quarter-century since Independence. The symbolism of the presentation plate—that it was silver-gilt, not pure gold—was more subtle and more ominous than he could have known.

Two-way Touchiness

INDEPENDENCE has modified, but not so far removed, the psychological distortions associated with the Raj. Events in 1971—India's handling of the Bangladesh crisis, and Britain's third-time-lucky attempt to join the new Europe—may quite possibly effect a decisive change in the attitudes of both peoples, towards themselves and towards each other. It is too early to say. What is certain is that Indo-British relations since Independence have on the whole been bedevilled by a two-way touchiness, whose causes are worth examining in some detail.

One of the more obvious causes is that the moral implications of the transfer of power have been quite differently interpreted in the two countries. In Britain it is axiomatic that we *gave* India her Independence—an act of singular "magnanimity" for which India ought to be (but has not been) suitably "grateful." Indians, however, feel that the preponderance of magnanimity has been on their side—since throughout the Independence struggle they followed the Gandhian rule of hating only the British system, not the British as people (the political equivalent of playing the ball, not the man), and since after Independence they did their best to preserve friendly links with Britain, not least through membership of the Commonwealth. Britain, in their view, has shown far too little appreciation of their willingness to let bygones be bygones.

Contradictory interpretations can emerge even from the belief—shared by many Anglophile Indians and Indophile Englishmen—that Gandhi successfully appealed to the British collective conscience and so won Independence for his country without violence. On that assumption it follows that the British act of renunciation was indeed voluntary and therefore magnanimous: it also follows that Indians have a right to feel bitterly aggrieved at the change of heart which has come over the British since Independence. In fact, however, neither deduction is correct, because the premise is false. Gandhi did *not* win Indian Independence, at any rate in the conventional sense of wresting power from the foreigner and establishing a sovereign state. On the contrary, his methods probably delayed India's attainment of sovereignty by two or three decades. What he did to make India *fit* for Independence is, of course, another matter. In that respect he was a national leader of unique quality, and the Indian national movement, under his leadership, unlike any other in history. He wrote in 1930:

> Actual taking over of the Government machinery is but a shadow, an emblem. And it could easily be a burden if it came as a gift from without, the people having made no effort to deserve it.

He need not have been unduly anxious about the British bestowing it as a gift. But *we* would have had plenty to worry about if he had not insisted upon non-violence as one of the criteria for deserving independence.

The Raj eventually succumbed, not to Gandhian influence, but to considerations of material power. After the Second World War

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain was physically incapable of holding India. Anti-imperialism—that is to say a determination to see the West European nations deprived of their empires—was a common feature of American and Russian policy. British intransigence over India would thus have meant incurring the hostility of both the post-war giants. Moreover, resistance inside India would have ceased to be Gandhian in character; it would have become increasingly violent and uncontrollable. Even in 1942, during the *"Quit India"* agitation, things had taken a nasty turn, and they would have become much nastier in the late 1940s, if any attempt had been made to withhold political freedom.

British reactions to independent India have been warped by the mythical notion that power was transferred as a generous gift, and Indian reactions to Britain by the complementary myth that Britain's abdication was induced by Gandhi's sweet suasion. On both sides, myth has had a comforting but deeply confusing effect. It has been nice for us, in Britain, to believe that we were not obliged to leave India, but left of our own free choice; and it has been nice for Indians to believe that, in a sense, they conquered their conquerors—by soul-force. All the same, a price has to be paid for such artificial comfort, and Indo-British relations have suffered from it in many ways.

NO SINGLE EPISODE IS more revealing of the extent to which both nations have been seeing each other in fantasy terms than the Suez crisis of 1956. On that occasion British resentment of India's "ingratitude" was matched by Indian dismay at what was seen as a revival of imperialism. Neither point of view bore much relation to the truth. After Nasser's nationalisation of the Canal the Indian Government tried very hard to find a formula satisfactory to all concerned, and the British Government would have been wise to settle on the lines suggested by India, instead of embarking (with the French) on a crazy, deceitful adventure which ended in total disaster and humiliation. The adventure was not, however, undertaken in a neo-imperialist spirit, but in the (quite mistaken) belief that a vital British interest was at stake. The Canal was made out to be an indispensable lifeline, whose security and efficient operation could only be guaranteed by international control. In British eyes Nasser was the imperialist, and his lust for aggrandisement was freely compared with that of Hitler and Mussolini. It was all very absurd, but the dominant motive was to protect an already weakened Britain, not to recapture lost glories.

One rather comical feature of the two-way touchiness is that, whereas the Indians are well aware that they are sensitive, in Britain we tend to assume that it is only the *other* fellow who has 'a chip on his shoulder.' We should recall Mr Harold Macmillan's almost hysterical reaction when the late Dean Acheson made his remark that Britain had lost an empire but not yet found a role.

"Divide & Rule"

ONE MAJOR SOURCE of misunderstanding has been Britain's attitude towards the communal question in pre-Independence India, and towards Indo-Pakistani relations since Partition. Here, again, there is reason to hope that 1971 will have dispelled many illusions, at any rate on the British side.

Mountbatten was the first Viceroy to have a wholly sympathetic approach to the Indian National Congress and to give it the credit for being a genuinely national, non-sectarian movement. With variations of emphasis, the British authorities had previously treated Congress as no more than a party, and essentially as the *Hindu* party, whose victory would never be acceptable to other religious groups, least of all to the Moslems. Indians are convinced that this attitude was deliberate and calculated, since it gave the British an excuse to "divide and rule." There is substantial truth in the charge, though in fairness one must say that it is by no means the whole truth. Britain's status as a Super-Power derived from naval ascendancy (no longer unchallenged, in the twentieth century), and from the control of India. Inevitably, many—perhaps most—British politicians and administrators took advantage of communal and other divisions in India to prolong British rule. A few did so consciously; many more (one suspects) unconsciously. Among the former has to be reckoned Lord Birkenhead who, as Secretary of State for India, wrote to Lord Reading (Viceroy) in March 1925:

> I have always placed my highest and most permanent hopes upon the eternity of the Communal situation.[1]

Birkenhead, however, was as untypical a figure

[1] H. Montgomery Hyde, *Lord Reading*, p. 387.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in one direction as Mountbatten, later, in the opposite direction. Few Secretaries of State, Viceroys, or lesser fry would have allowed their minds to formulate such an uncompromisingly Machiavellian thought, and certainly very few would have dared to express themselves with such brutal frankness, even in secret correspondence. Besides, there were many who worked single-mindedly with the aim of transferring power to a united India, and their failure to see that Congress was the proper instrument for achieving that aim was the product of honest misjudgment. On the British side, therefore, the explanation of what happened in the last phase of the Raj—from Montagu-Chelmsford to Mountbatten—is more complex than either Indian critics or British apologists would have us believe. R. A. Butler —who was junior Minister at the India Office when Gandhi came to London for the Round Table Conference in 1931, and when the Government of India Bill was being enacted against Winston Churchill's implacable opposition—has admitted that even men like himself who were very far from being reactionaries failed to appreciate Congress and its leaders as they should have done. "It is only by looking back", he writes in his memoirs, "that one sees that we should have drawn closer to the Congress movement."[2]

With the same benefit of hindsight, Indians can now, for their part, see that Congress should have drawn closer to the Moslem League immediately before the outbreak of the Second World War. Jawaharlal Nehru declared in 1937: "There are only two forces in India today, British Imperialism and Indian nationalism as represented by the Congress." It seemed true at the time;[3] and it would have been vastly better for the whole subcontinent if it had been true. Unfortunately it proved, in the event, to be a fallacy. Congress underrated the fear and bigotry latent in the Indian Moslem community, which Mohammed Ali Jinnah was able to mobilise with such deadly effect—especially after 1942, when the Congress leaders were imprisoned for unwisely attempting to bring the Government down during a military crisis. The British can be blamed for exploiting Hindu-Moslem tension, but they did not invent it. In retrospect it is hard to deny that Congress missed its chance to appease Jinnah and the Moslem League, when it could have done so from a position of overwhelming strength. The Congress provincial ministries formed in 1937 were true to their secularist ideal: there was no question of Moslems groaning under an oppressive Hindu Raj. On the other hand, Congress treated the Moslem League with arrogance and failed to discern in its worldly, freethinking leader a man who either could or would arouse the *jihad* (holy war) spirit among the Moslem masses. The error was profound and costly.

SOME INDIANS BELIEVE that Partition itself was desired and contrived by the British in 1947, so that the old policy of "divide and rule" could be perpetuated in the new form of playing the two successor-states off against each other. This theory is certainly a gross injustice to Mountbatten, who was appointed Viceroy at the worst possible moment for keeping India united. If a man of his imagination and drive had been sent there at any time between the two World Wars, he should have been able to transfer power to an undivided country. He might also have had a fair chance of doing so after Jinnah's death, in September 1948. But in 1947, even with the plenary powers that he extorted from the Attlee Cabinet, Mountbatten had virtually no choice but to act as he did. Immediate independence was a vital necessity, because the machinery of the Raj was rapidly disintegrating. Yet at that precise moment an immediate transfer of power could be achieved only at the price of partition. Mountbatten did his utmost to avoid it, in circumstances for which he had less responsibility than any of the other leading actors in the drama. And when the two successor-states were established (initially as Dominions) he would have liked to serve as Governor-General of both, thus maintaining an institutional link between them. Jinnah, however, who had no interest at all in maintaining such links, appointed himself Governor-General of Pakistan, while Mountbatten accepted Nehru's invitation to become Governor-General of India. This meant that he was identified with India's cause during the early days of Indo-Pakistani conflict, but Indians were glad of his moral support and never suspected it (nor, indeed, would have had the slightest justification for suspecting it) of being a move in the

[2] Lord Butler, *The Art of the Possible*, p. 44.

[3] In 1937 the first elections were held under the new Government of India Act, as a result of which Congress ministries were formed in eight provinces. More than half of the seats were allotted to communal electorates, but even so Congress won an absolute majority in five provinces and emerged as the largest party in three others, while the Moslem League secured only 4·8 per cent of the total *Moslem* vote.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British power game. It was only when Mountbatten's unmistakably pro-Indian line gave way to a more equivocal policy towards the subcontinent that Indians began to persuade themselves that Partition was just a continuation of British imperialist politics by other means.

Kashmiritis

THE TRUTH, as usual, was less simple. Britain's desire to hold a balance between India and Pakistan contained, no doubt, an element of *Schadenfreude* and an element of schoolmasterly condescension. It was gratifying to feel that a country which had been united under our rule had relapsed, after our departure, into traditional chaos and sectarian division. It was also convenient, since Pakistan was explicitly a Moslem State, to regard India as purely and simply its Hindu counterpart, and so to think of the two States as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, forever engaged in a childish quarrel. Moreover, the Commonwealth served for a time as an emotional substitute for the Empire, consoling us for the loss of real power; and our notional leadership of the Commonwealth was held to impose upon us a duty to treat at any rate the new members with strict parity of esteem, regardless of their size, their importance or their actual merits. Finally, there has always been a practical argument for the policy of balance—that Britain has interests to look after in both India and Pakistan, and must therefore try to avoid any appearance of partiality.

Indians would have been irritated enough by this policy, even if they had felt that it was being honestly applied. It would have seemed to them an insult that their secular democracy should be treated on a par with a theocratic State usually governed by a military dictator. What price all the complacent talk about Britain's legacy of freedom, if a nation that was cherishing free institutions could receive no more honour from the British than one where freedom was trampled underfoot? In any case, to the Indians Britain's policy towards the subcontinent did not appear to be impartial, even in intent: it appeared to favour Pakistan. The posthumous influence of Lawrence of Arabia was seen as contributing to a general infatuation with Islam in British official circles. The phenomenon was much exaggerated, but one could hardly describe it as completely imaginary. All the same, the real source of the trouble was British misunderstanding of the Kashmir issue.

Millions of words have been written and spoken on this issue, but there are only two absolutely crucial points and they can be stated in a single sentence Kashmir is legally part of the Indian Union, and the Indian Union deserves to survive—as did the American Union in Abraham Lincoln's day. All the arguments that are used to justify Lincoln's denial of self-determination to the Southern States can be used to justify India's denial of self-determination to Kashmir. Posterity has canonised Lincoln, because it can see that his refusal to allow the American Union to be broken was an incalculable service to the wider cause of human freedom. If the United States had been other than a great democratic nation his memory would be execrated. Similar considerations apply to India and Kashmir. British opinion has so far tended to back the wrong side, as the British establishment did during the American Civil War. But future generations will judge the matter more wisely.

INDIA'S RECORD ON KASHMIR, though basically unimpeachable, has not been flawless in detail. The agreed procedure for deciding the future of the Princely States, under which Kashmir became a part of India, was flouted by India in the (relatively trivial) case of Junagadh. At one time, moreover, Nehru made the serious mistake of contemplating a plebiscite in Kashmir under UN auspices (a mistake that Lincoln would have been the first to deplore). Above all, India's presentation of her case on Kashmir has often been markedly less good than the case itself. Mr Krishna Menon, in particular, provoked needless antagonism with his forensic displays at the UN. Nevertheless, it is difficult to excuse the blindness of most foreign countries, including our own. Indians have been justly infuriated at the inability of foreigners to see that Kashmir has not been the cause, but merely the most conspicuous symptom, of Indo-Pakistani tension. The *cause* has been Pakistan's claim to be the only true homeland for Moslems in the subcontinent, and it has to be understood that by giving way on Kashmir India would, by implication, have surrendered her own claim to be a true homeland for people of all religions and none. (Events in 1971 have destroyed Pakistan's claim, while reinforcing India's.)

British attempts to mediate between India and Pakistan, or to "solve the Kashmir problem",

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have done nothing but harm. In 1962, for instance, the goodwill created by prompt British aid for India when China invaded was soon offset by Mr Duncan Sandys' crude attempt, as Commonwealth Secretary, to blackmail the Indians into a Kashmir settlement. But the worst year was 1965, when British mediation in the Rann of Kutch dispute led to a full-scale war between India and Pakistan later in the year,[4] during which the British Prime Minister (Mr Wilson) issued a hasty, maladroit statement sharply critical of India.[5]

Mr Heath at least was careful to avoid any repetition of this folly, when the two countries were at war again last year: indeed, his attitude throughout the Bangladesh crisis was discreetly pro-Indian. Unfortunately it was left to the Soviet Union to give *overt* backing to India when it was most needed.

Double Standards

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID of Indian foreign policy since Independence that it has been marked by a double standard of judgment, showing itself in the indulgence that has almost consistently been shown to Communist or "Third World" States, while Western Powers have been readily condemned for actual or supposed wrongdoing. In Britain special resentment was felt at the glaring contrast between Nehru's reaction to the Anglo-French attack on Egypt in 1956 and his reaction to the contemporary Russian outrage in Hungary. Indians have an explanation for this contrast. They say that Nehru's anger against Britain and France over Suez was the measure of his disillusionment that two nations which he would have expected to behave in a civilised manner could have behaved so badly. The Russians he would naturally judge by a less exacting standard. The best that can be said of this explanation is that it is not entirely spurious; only a simpleton could find it wholly convincing.

Like all great men, Nehru was full of contradictions. Love of India and love of liberty were the master-passions of his life, and from both he derived a hatred of colonialism which was capable of upsetting his sense of proportion. Though he knew himself to be an outstanding beneficiary of Western influences, both his patriotism and his personal pride suffered deeply from the Raj when he returned to India as a young man. The psychological effects of it would have been sufficiently wounding even if they had not been aggravated by long terms of imprisonment. As a Westernised Indian he was all the more sensitive to arrogance on the part of India's Western rulers.[6] At the same time, his view of Communism and the Russian Revolution was that of many Left-wing intellectuals of his generation. He could never accept totalitarianism in theory, still less in practice, yet he continued to hope that what he saw as the *ideals* of Communism would prevail. During the period of the Cold War his resultant "softness" towards the Soviet Union (and, until 1962, towards the People's Republic of China) was, perhaps inevitably, more apparent to Western observers than his prodigious success as a champion of freedom in his own country.

THE PAST TEN YEARS have brought India and Russia into a close working relationship, but for reasons of mutual self-interest rather than for sentimental or ideological reasons. Each needs the other as a makeweight against a potential common enemy, China. The Russians are very conscious of their numerical inferiority to the Chinese, the Indians of their material deficiencies. In 1962 Nehru turned to the West for help at a time of dire emergency; in 1971 his daughter turned primarily to the Soviet Union (though if equivalent help had been available in the West, she would have been only too glad to take it). Now as then, India's formal non-alignment has been maintained; nor is it merely a formality, because India has, in fact, no intention of becoming a satellite of any Super-Power. The policy of non-alignment has been mistaken, in the West, for a policy of flabby neutrality, and the Indians have done something to cause the mistake by presenting the policy in moralistic terms, which are both tiresome and irrelevant. For a country in India's circumstances, however, there are

[4] The mediation was hailed as a triumph of British diplomacy; but in fact it was disastrous, because India's agreement to go to arbitration involved an admission that there was a "valid dispute." This encouraged Ayub Khan to attack in Kashmir, in the hope of forcing a similar admission there.

[5] In his memoirs Mr Wilson concedes that the statement was all wrong, but characteristically blames officials in the Commonwealth Relations Office.

[6] It is significant that in *The Discovery of India*—a brilliant survey of Indian history, which he wrote in prison between April and September 1944—he does not even mention the name of Macaulay. Objectively, to write of the British period in India without mentioning Macaulay is a case of *Hamlet* without the Prince. But Nehru may well have found Macaulay's patronising attitude towards Indians, and his complacency as a Westerner, quite insupportable.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strong arguments for the policy on strictly practical grounds.

In any case, if we in Britain reproach India for inconsistency, perversity and double standards, Indians are fully entitled to return the compliment. While professing to care about the survival of freedom in the world, and while paying lip-service to India as the world's largest democracy, we have given on the whole very slight attention to Indian affairs since Independence, and such attention as we have given has tended to be cockeyed. The English news media have dwelt lovingly upon malnutrition and maharajahs, neglecting the great mass of Indians who are poor, indeed, but by no means starving or desperate, and conveying the impression that India is a country where nothing changes except for the worse. The doctrine supposedly cherished by all journalists—that the only news worth reporting is bad news—has seemed to be acted upon with special zeal by British correspondents in India, and above all by visiting Fleet Street reporters and BBC commentators. The total coverage has been inadequate, the picture of India that has emerged from it not only superficial but unbalanced. India is an open society whose faults and weaknesses are all in the shop window. It is easy enough for foreigners to see what is wrong, and indeed to *hear* what is wrong—for Indians are free to complain of their own country, and they do so with eloquence and relish.[7] But even those who complain are at heart very proud of their country and secretly pleased when an outsider recognises what it has achieved since Independence. How, indeed, can anyone fail to be impressed that India's unity and stability—and her essential freedoms—have survived so many gruelling tests?[8] Anger at what appears to be deliberate misrepresentation has provoked occasional acts of impatience, such as the ban on the BBC after the showing of the Louis Malle series of documentary films. But such acts are quite untypical.

British immigration policies in recent years, and the public opinion that they evidently reflect, have suggested to Indians that there is a double standard in Britain on race and citizenship. It is not the principle of immigration control that gives offence, but rather its discriminatory application as between "white" and "coloured" immigrants. The phrase "coloured immigrants"—which has become part of Britain's normal political vocabulary—is peculiarly irritating to the heirs of one of the world's most ancient civilisations, who thus find themselves lumped together in a single opprobrious category with peoples whose emergence from barbarism is even more recent than that of the white "host community" (another absurd phrase). Even discrimination, they feel, should be more subtly discriminating. Moreover, Indians were incensed when it was suggested that *their* country, with all its economic problems, had a responsibility for Asians in East Africa holding British passports, merely because their parents, grandparents, or remoter ancestors came from India. Finally, there have been occasions when distinguished Indians arriving in Britain have been treated by ignorant officials as though they might be illegal immigrants. One fairly recent victim was Professor Nurul Hasan, already at the time a member of the Indian Parliament—and now Minister of Education—who suffered a long inquisition at Heathrow Airport before his *bona fides* was accepted. Such incidents may be hard to avoid, but they can do untold harm.

Natural Relationship

THOSE WHO WRITE about India usually go out of their way to emphasise how different it is from Britain, and of course there are many obvious differences. India is huge, Britain small; India poor, Britain rich. India's population is infinitely diverse, Britain's relatively homogeneous. In India most people are peasants living in villages; in Britain most people are middle-class and live in towns. India is very dirty, Britain fairly clean. And so on. Itinerant British intellectuals, their eyes bewildered by unfamiliar sights, their nostrils assailed by unpleasant smells, their ears straining to catch the sense of English spoken very fast, with a

[7] Even Mr Neville Maxwell writes, in the preface to his book, *India's China War* (1970): "India must be one of the most open societies in the world so far as its political processes are concerned. . . ." Mr Maxwell, formerly the *Times* correspondent in India, has offended many Indians with his baleful criticisms and prophecies of doom. He is, in fact, a scholarly man, with a love-hate attitude towards India similar to that which many Indians have towards Britain.

[8] One very small incident vividly illustrates the underlying solidarity of Indians. Last year some areas of Calcutta were controlled by Naxalite extremists and people from neighbouring districts were afraid to enter them. But when the good news came through of India's victory over England in the Test cricket series, the atmosphere immediately changed and all parties came together in a sudden mood of carnival.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strange lilt and in an increasingly esoteric idiom, have returned to write books or articles in which the outlandishness, the alienness, of India has been stressed. Yet the differences are, in fact, mostly superficial. Beneath them, unnoticed by the merely clever, are deep affinities of national character which existed long before the Raj and will long survive it.

Without them, indeed, it is more than likely that the Raj would never have existed in the form it did. The British who ruled India were so few in relation to the vast multitude of Indians that one must assume the Raj was, until near the end, at least tolerable to the majority. Even at the end, it still commanded a surprisingly large measure of acquiescence. "Plassey", an Indian friend once said to me, "was not a battle: it was a negotiation." To Clive the remark might seem a bit exaggerated, but we can recognise in it an important truth. The British were both more and less than conquerors. Though they did not know it themselves, the people with whose destiny they became involved were in a special sense—and not just in the general, human sense—their brothers.

Mr Heath has spoken of the "natural relationship" between Britain and the United States. Paradoxical as it may seem, the bonds of nature between Britain and India are considerably stronger. At bottom, the two peoples are very much alike. Both are enamoured of tradition, mistrustful of logic. Both are intensely snobbish, but at the same time capable of being made ashamed of their snobbery. Both are conservative, yet capable of accepting the need for radical action. Both have a flair for commerce and a tendency to think of liberty in terms of private property. Both are opposed to regimentation, both the despair of high-minded planners; yet both have a genius for improvisation, for rising to emergencies, for muddling through. Both are fundamentally tolerant, but subject to occasional fits of irrational violence. Both are much given to self-righteousness and both are religious, but with a religious instinct which expresses itself in a way of life rather than in the assertion of dogmatic truth.[9]

Links created by the Raj are not, therefore, the only links between Britain and India, and they might never have been forged if the two peoples had not been "made for each other" psychologically. Nevertheless, the Raj left permanent legacies in the cultural and institutional spheres, which few Indians would wish to belittle. One of the surest signs of India's maturity as a nation—which owes so much to Gandhi's influence—is that British monuments and street-names still abound in India. Indians see the period of the British Raj as just one among many phases in their long history. English is still (and is likely to remain) an associate official language of the Indian Union, which more and more Indians are learning for their own convenience. But it has to be remembered that the great majority of Indians have never spoken English, and will not be speaking it in the foreseeable future. Perhaps, therefore, one should accept the verdict of an eminent Indian authority that the most significant legacy of the Raj is in the sphere of law, rather than in that of language.[10] (In both, the decisive impact was that of Macaulay.)

The natural relationship based upon shared characteristics counts for more, however, than the artificial relationship deriving from the Raj, and the former may now, at last, be able to come into its own. Many illusions have been shed during the past year or so, and conditions seem more favourable than they have ever been for the establishment of true, on-the-level friendship between Britain and India. *"Not yet"* was certainly the right answer in 1924, and 1947 proved to be a false dawn. But in 1972 both sides find themselves in a new situation, and with any luck it should mark the opening of a new chapter.

---

[9] Anglicanism is the closest Western analogue to Hinduism, and caste—which is now gradually breaking down in India—can best be understood as a fossilised blend of the phenomena known in Britain as class and trade unionism.

[10] "The imposing and truly magnificent legal structure, under which not only 360 million people of India but the millions in Pakistan and Burma have lived during the last 100 years, has changed the basis of society in a manner which few people realise. . . . The position of women in India, for example, has undergone changes which Hindu thought even fifty years ago would have considered revolutionary." K. M. Panikkar, *Asia and Western Dominance* (1953), pp. 497–8.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maurice Cranston

Ethics and Politics

THERE WAS A TIME when anyone who gave an inaugural lecture on politics and ethics would be expected to begin by saying what he meant by "politics" and "ethics." But if this expectation still exists, I fear I shall disappoint it. I will go so far as to say that by ethics I mean the theory of morals. As for politics, most of us know what we mean by that already, although we may well get worried if we look up the definitions provided in books by academic theorists: in such places, we read, for example, that "politics is the authoritative allocation of values in a community" (David Easton), "politics is the struggle for power" (Max Weber), "politics is a systematic effort to move other men in the pursuit of some design" (Bertrand de Jouvenel), or "politics is who gets what, when, how" (Harold Lasswell).[1] None of these sounds right: for the reason, I believe, that none of them *is* right. They do not correspond to what we find when we look at that complex activity known as politics. For what is it that people who take up politics actually do?

First of all, they talk. It has always surprised me that Professor Oakeshott, in making the point that politics is a practice, compared it to the art of cookery.[2] For surely if politics is an art, it is one of the performing arts, and not one of the creative ones; Plato noticed this when he compared the politician to the flute-player.

But the flute-player isn't right either. As a performer, the politician is theatrical, not musical: the world of politics is undoubtedly a stage, and every politician is an actor on it. I might well be asked: is not an academic lecture, including an inaugural lecture, as much a "theatrical" event as a political speech? I have no wish to deny it. I would only add that in speaking of the politician as an actor I mean no disrespect. It seems to me a pity that the word "theatrical" should have become a pejorative one; as it undoubtedly has, and it might be worth pausing to consider why.

The most thoroughgoing attack on the theatre that I know of is the one that Rousseau makes in his *Lettre à Monsieur d'Alembert*. In this letter, Rousseau depicts the theatre as an evil institution with no saving grace or merit, and the métier of the actor as a totally corrupt one. A word that recurs often in this letter is the word "representation." Rousseau attacks the theatre because fictions and falsehoods are represented on the stage as realities. In his *Social Contract*,[3] he translates this hatred of representation in dramatic art into a hatred of representation in parliamentary government. Readers will remember his argument that representatives or deputies do not, and cannot, represent the people who elect them. As soon as they are elected, Rousseau says, the representatives become the rulers; and the people, instead of ruling themselves, are enslaved by the deputies they have voted for. This is the basis of Rousseau's belief that representative government is fraudulent. Dramatic art he considers an evil for other, but equally striking reasons.

About half-way through his *Lettre à Monsieur d'Alembert*, Rousseau asks: "What is the talent of an actor?" He answers:

> The art of counterfeit: the art of assuming a personality other than his own, of appearing different from what he is, simulating passion while his feelings are cold, of saying something he does not believe just as naturally as if he really believed it. . . .[4]

THIS *is the text of Professor Cranston's inaugural lecture delivered recently at the London School of Economics. He now holds the chair previously held by Harold J. Laski and Michael Oakeshott.*

[1] David Easton, *The Political System* (1953), p. 129; Max Weber, *Politik als Beruf* (1917); Bertrand de Jouvenel, *The Pure Theory of Politics* (1963), p. 30; Harold D. Lasswell, *Politics: Who Gets What, When, How* (1936).

[2] Michael Oakeshott, *Rationalism in Politics* (1962), p. 119.

[3] J.-J. Rousseau, *The Social Contract* (tr. Cranston, 1968), Book III, Chapters 10, 15.

[4] J.-J. Rousseau, *Citoyen de Genève, à Monsieur d'Alembert* (Amsterdam, 1758), p. 143.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conscious, perhaps, that these words might put the reader in mind at once of politicians, Rousseau hastens to add that there should be no confusing the actor and the orator.

> The difference between the two is very great. When the orator presents himself to the public it is to make a speech, and not to put on an act; he represents no one but himself; he fulfils only his own role; he speaks only in his own name; he does not say, nor should he say, anything other than what he thinks; the man and the *persona* are identical; he is where he should be, and he discharges the same duty which any other citizen in his place would discharge.

I don't think one needs to make any detailed comparison between Rousseau's uncharitable description of the actor and his flattering description of the orator to see that neither his criticism of the one nor his praise of the other is altogether fair. For if a man offers, as an actor does, what is plainly declared to be an imitation, it is illogical to complain that what he offers is an imitation. And, correspondingly, it is no praise of actual orators to protest that *the* orator, namely the ideal image of an orator, is a man who is wholly and patently sincere. Indeed, if Rousseau had based his conception of the orator on a consideration of the orator's role in the real world, he might have given us a different picture.

The political speaker is simply not a citizen who stands up artlessly and tells you what he has in mind. The orator is a man whose function is to persuade his hearers to accept, or agree or approve of a certain policy; and this is an intricate art, which requires both natural talent and some professional formation. The calling of the politician is one that deserves a great deal of respect; and I think Rousseau does no service to him by praising him for qualities that he does not possess. He is unfair to the actor in attributing to him faults which cannot logically be considered faults: and he is unfair to the orator, in ascribing to him virtues which it would be foolish to expect him to have.

THE LIFE OF POLITICS is an arduous one. A man who chooses it is continuously put to the test. He has to satisfy other people time and time again. He has no security of tenure, as a civil servant (or a professor) has. A politician can never be sure how popular he is, although he soon knows when he is not wanted. Even the humblest member of a legislative body like the House of Commons has to satisfy his party leadership, his constituency committee, and the voters. Any one of these bodies has the power to dismiss him. So he cannot simply speak spontaneously; his speeches have to measure the demands and the expectations of all these very different people. Like an actor, he must know how to please and persuade and engage the sympathies of others. If he is to succeed he must be dedicated to his calling: and no matter how great his native gift he must master the techniques of public debate and public relations; he must even look after his looks.

If politicians talk, they also, of course, decide, legislate, vote, pass resolutions, and settle the rules that we ordinary people have to observe. But politicians do not do all these things in public. There are many textbooks about "decision-making" and "decision-theory", but this is really one of the least known parts of political life. We know who votes where in Parliament in response to that very theatrical device, the division bell. But we do not know how Ministers speak and vote in the cabinet, or what discussions go on between leading members of the opposition party. In the theatre of politics, the curtain is firmly rung down from time to time, and a large and extremely important part of the drama is enacted in secret.

It is frustrating for political science that political life is so sensitive to observation. For either a politician is exceedingly conscious of an audience, and addresses himself to it whenever he speaks; or he makes sure that all observers are excluded. In the one case he is thinking all the time of the effect his words are having; in the other, he takes care that his words shall be heard only by his colleagues and their confidential staff. For this reason, the political scientist whose modest desire is to observe what we like to call "the political process" has the choice of joining the audience and being talked at, or putting his ear to a hole in the curtain, and finding it firmly blocked. Of course there are records from the past, but that only means that the political scientist becomes a kind of contemporary historian. And perhaps, that is what political science, for the most part, is: a felicitous union of history and philosophy, for us as it was for Aristotle.

Politicians, in a sense, do more important work than actors: but why does Rousseau insist so much on the moral distinction between the two? I think perhaps the explanation is that Rousseau had such strong feelings about the disjunction between Appearance and Reality. He regarded appearance as the domain of deception and therefore as bad; and reality as the province of truth, and therefore as good. The theatre was bad because it was an admitted temple of illusions. The political forum, on the other hand, was good, for it was there that men assumed the full reality of citizens. Appearance and Reality he conceived to be antithetical; so he could never fully understand the life of politics, where appearance is almost as important as reality: is even indeed a part of it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rousseau demanded sincerity, rather as existentialists of more recent times demand authenticity. And this is something far in excess of what we can fairly demand of any political speaker. We expect our orator to be consistent in what he says, to sound as if he believed it, both to be and to appear at least moderately honest. But we do not expect him always to speak as if he were on oath. Franklin Roosevelt was a very worthy statesman, but no one who reads his letters, with their assurances of affection to any Tom, Dick or Harry who might help to get him nominated and elected President, can believe that Roosevelt was literally *sincere* in what he wrote. Perhaps a man who wrote letters like this in private life might incur our criticism, but politics is *not* private life, and we must introduce different considerations when we judge it. The options that are available to a man in politics are often very limited, and the risks attached to each of the several courses open to him may be almost equally great. It is easy for the critic, and especially for the scholar, to condemn his failings. I once heard Lord Attlee say to an academic person who was telling him how to run his government, "If a politician makes an ass of himself, he loses his seat; but a professor who makes an ass of himself is never going to lose his chair. . . ."

It is not at all easy for the politician to be wise—or even to be sure what is right and wrong. A private person who is constantly straight, frank, open, scrupulous, and morally transparent is a man we wholeheartedly admire or, shall I say, we should wholeheartedly admire, for such men are not altogether common. But what if a statesman exhibits similar qualities?

One of the things that helped to make Machiavelli a "Machiavellian" was the experience of watching Piero Soderini enact the rôle of *gonfaloniere* of Florence. Soderini was a man of intense, unyielding and high moral principles; and the result of his behaving with scrupulous and impeccable justice towards the Spaniards was that the Spanish army invaded the Florentine town of Prato and committed hideous atrocities. Machiavelli drew from this the lesson that the statesman should not allow his dealings with other states always to be governed by the same moral scruples that governed the dealings of private persons.

I do not share the view of those who say that Machiavelli introduced the idea of a "politics without morality." His argument, on the contrary, seems to me to be that there is only one true morality: but that the ruler must sometimes disregard it. Machiavelli's words are that the ruler:

> should not depart from what is morally right if he can observe it, but should know how to adopt what is bad when he is obliged to.[5]

It is worth noting that Machiavelli makes no pretence that the bad is anything other than bad. He says that bad things must be done by rulers, but only very sparingly, and then in a manner which is as much concealed as possible. Like Rousseau, Machiavelli dwells on the distinction between appearance and reality. But unlike Rousseau, Machiavelli attaches value to the appearance of virtue as well as to the practice of it. He tells his *principe* that he

> should know how to appear compassionate, trustworthy, humane, honest and religious, and actually be so, but yet he should have his mind so trained that when it is necessary he can become the contrary.

THIS SUGGESTION OPENS THE DOOR to the alarming and to my mind wrongful doctrine of the *raison d'état*; but before we join together in deploring it, we must surely admit that Machiavelli has made an important point here. Since a ruler has to deal with other rulers who are sometimes rapacious and unscrupulous, he cannot easily always observe the same moral law which should govern the conduct of individuals within a civilised community. But at the same time, it is his duty as the head of one such civilised community to uphold the moral law. So even if he has sometimes to contravene the principles of that morality, he cannot let his willingness be known. It is not only that a reputation for deceit makes it hard for a man to deceive successfully. There is another consideration. A *principe* is a prominent person. If he bears visible witness to the notion that deceit is sometimes permissible, other people are only too likely to follow his example in their private lives. And this is something that Machiavelli is most anxious to avoid. No one should be given any excuse or encouragement to be bad, just because the *principe*, in the cause of duty, is sometimes obliged to be bad.

THE WORLD JUDGES by appearances, if only because appearance is all the world has got to judge by. If we think of the men who have been banished from British public life for moral turpitude in the past hundred years or so (of Sir Charles Dilke, for example, or Parnell and others), the reason for their fall was plainly the open scandal rather than their sinful deeds, for the same kind of sinful deeds, we have since learned from the biographies, were being done by men more prominent in the kingdom than Dilke or Parnell. The difficulty is that once the

[5] *Il Principe* (ed. Burd, Oxford, 1891), Ch. 18, p. 305.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sinful deed has been exposed, others in authority dare not allow themselves to appear to condone it—so they are swift to punish a man for doing things they themselves have done, but effectively concealed. One of the reasons for the enduring hostility of rulers, and politicians generally, towards Machiavelli is that he advises them to do consciously and deliberately what many of them already do naturally, and prefer not to think about. The important difference is that Machiavelli never authorised the use of deception for the protection of politicians' careers; he authorised the use of deception only for the concealment of those necessary acts of state which violate morality.

The curious thing is that even Rousseau himself, when he thinks most earnestly about the possibilities that politics affords, himself not only excuses insincerity, but positively recommends it. When he writes in *The Social Contract* about the most important *orateur* of all, the Law-giver, the Founder of the Republic, he says that the orator must not speak in his own words to the public, because the vulgar do not understand the language of the learned. He urges the law-giver to have recourse to dissimulation, and to suggest to the crowd that the proposals he himself has devised have been laid down by the deity: "Thus," as Rousseau puts it, "compelling by divine authority persons who cannot be moved by human prudence."[6]

Readers of Rousseau's *Emile* may remember rather similar deceits and stratagems being employed by Emile's tutor to bring up the boy in the path of virtue. So I do not think Rousseau can be said to have consistently believed that sincerity, authenticity, transparency is always imperative in either private or public life. Indeed if frankness is to be the virtue that we are going to set such store by, Rousseau is plainly inferior to Machiavelli. For what Rousseau has done is to insinuate by the back door the principle of dissimulation he has rejected at the front; whereas what Machiavelli has done, paradoxically, is to strip from the ruler the very veils that he is telling the ruler to wear.

Of the two Machiavelli is in many ways the more sympathetic moralist. And if it seems perverse to apply the word "moralist" to a man who plainly says that the ruler cannot always be moral, let me suggest that readers should consult the vast literature which exists in the Christian Church on the subject of casuistry. Or if that is too daunting an undertaking, let me simply cite the late Dean of Lichfield's biography of Archbishop William Temple where Dr Iremonger judges Dr Temple to have been too kind, loving, and chaste a man to be an effective headmaster of an English public school.[7] If the clergy thus considers purity of soul a handicap in the field of Christian education, can we reproach Machiavelli for considering rigidity of moral scruples a handicap in government and diplomacy?

To assert that there are certain exceptions in the application of the moral law is by no means to deny—but rather to affirm—that the moral law has a general application: and a general application so compelling that any exception to it needs careful justification and very delicate concealment. It was certainly no part of Machiavelli's scheme to separate politics from morals, or to contemplate politics in the light of a science from which all normative factors were removed. That was to be the enterprise of a much later generation.

POLITICIANS talk. But has politics a language of its own? It has certainly not a distinctively technical language as most trades and professions have. In phonetics, for example, there are technical terms like "fricative", "sonorant", and "vocalic" which are used in a specific way and which apprentices in the subject have to learn. Of course there are also words that "belong", so to speak, to politics: words like *democratic, free, just, legitimate* and so on, but far from the application of these words being settled by convention, it is just these things that are argued over. In phonetics there is general agreement as to which speech sounds shall be classified, for example, as fricative; but there is no agreement in politics as to which states shall be classified as "democratic." An even more important difference is that the word "fricative" in phonetics implies no evaluation of good or bad. It is simply a neutral technical term. The word "democratic", by contrast, is loaded with evaluative content. In the 1930s and earlier many people detested democracy, and they spoke the word with a voice of disapprobation; on the other hand, many people esteemed democracy, and they invested the word with their sense of approval. It was a highly controversial word. More recently this has changed, and "democracy" has become a word of commendation, virtually throughout the world, although it is certainly not the case that what was most commonly thought of as democracy before the War has been universally adopted.

And yet the dictionary definition of the word has not changed. The latest editions give the same

[6] J.-J. Rousseau, *The Social Contract*, p. 87. It is interesting to note that Rousseau fortifies this recommendation in his text with a quotation, in the footnotes, from Machiavelli's *Discorsi*, I, xi: "The truth is that there has never been in any country an extraordinary legislator who has not invoked the deity, for otherwise his laws would not have been accepted."

[7] F. A. Iremonger, *William Temple* (1948), pp. 144-6.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

report on usage as the old editions: democracy is a "system of government by the people." But where are these systems to be found? Some theorists say that democracy is the kind of government that is practised in America, so that all you have to do, to learn about democracy, is to study American government at work; others direct our attention to the "people's democracies", such as the German Democratic Republic or the Democratic Republic of North Korea. There are those who say that the only vestiges of democracy left in the modern world are to be found in Switzerland. Then, by way of contrast, there is Professor C. B. Macpherson who has argued that we can find democracy alike in capitalist and communist and under-developed countries, although it assumes in those places a variety of forms.[8] Professor Macpherson has thus succeeded where Woodrow Wilson failed: he has made the world safe for democracy by the adroit device of proposing that almost all known forms of government may be classified as democratic.

Of course they all want to be; and we ought not to be surprised that once a word has become a universal prestige word, as "democracy" has become, that everyone should claim it. The problem that falls to political philosophy is to ask whether any criteria can be invoked to judge the claim of a given system to be a democratic one.

If "democratic" is a word which has become more prestigious with the passage of time, there are other words we hear in political talk which have become increasingly pejorative. Think of the word "*bourgeois*." The dictionary meaning of this has never changed: to be *bourgeois* is to belong to the town-dwelling middle class as distinct from the nobility, the peasantry, and the working class. It is the class to which most of us belong; so naturally it has no glamour for us. And yet in its earlier use, the word "*bourgeois*" was spoken with esteem, even by writers like Voltaire. The nobility seems habitually to have used it with scorn—as we might expect—and we could well understand the peasantry and the working class doing so too. But the peculiar thing is that the bourgeois class has itself taken to using the word "bourgeois" with as much implied hostility as the other classes; everyone has turned out to agree that "bourgeois" is bad. So if you had to stand for election in a very bourgeois constituency such as Bournemouth or Kensington or Cheltenham, and you said "Protect the *Bourgeoisie*" you would not earn a single vote, but then you might do quite well if you said "Protect the middle classes."

From a certain point of view, you would be saying the same thing; but not from the point of view of politics. In the one case you would be employing a word so loaded with miscellaneous disapprobation that it is political folly to use it. In the other case you would be using a word which the majority of voters would hear with kindly recognition. From the point of view of politics, the most important feature of the word *"bourgeois"* is that it has become contaminated. With the passage of time, some of the words we use become degraded and some become elevated: and a political speaker has to be alert to these changes, if he is to make use of words persuasively.

SOME CHANGES HAPPEN quickly. Take, for example, the word "sovereignty." When I was an undergraduate this was a word in low repute in England. Harold J. Laski was only one of several who suggested that sovereignty was a concept we ought to get rid of altogether.[9] Even as short a time ago as 1969, Professor Stankiewicz published a book called *In Defense of Sovereignty*[10] because he felt that the concept needed rehabilitation. But in the past year or two we have heard the word "sovereignty" used without hesitation as the name of a cherished principle. Even some of Laski's own political disciples objected to the idea of Great Britain joining the Common Market because, they said, it would "infringe our sovereignty." I shall not expound my own views on the Common Market and the subject of sovereignty itself: I am concerned here only with the fortunes of the word "sovereignty"; it seemed only twenty-five years ago to give off an unpleasing odour of nationalistic narrowness, but today it is invested with the proud spirit of British independence.

Or consider the word "violence." Until a few years ago, this word was invoked only as a word of condemnation: its use implied the presence of excessive or unjustified force. Both in moral theory and ordinary conversation, the distinction between force and violence was plainly understood. Force was something always regrettable, but in certain circumstances permissible. The word "force" had no judgment of condemnation built into it as the word "violence" had. We might say: "He used force and was wrong to do so." But we did not need to say, "He used violence and was wrong to do so," because that would be to utter a pleonasm. "Violence" was wrong by definition.

Recently this seems to be changing, and we even find the word "violence" used as a word of

[8] C. B. Macpherson, *The Real World of Democracy* (1966).

[9] Harold J. Laski, *The Grammar of Politics* (1967), pp. 64-65.

[10] W. J. Stankiewicz, *In Defense of Sovereignty* (1969).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

praise. And what used to be called force is now called violence. Sometimes this is done deliberately: by Sartre, for example, who argues that violence is what lies behind all civil society, and who would like to see violence used to institute a revolution. Whereas there is permissible force and wrongful force in traditional thinking, for Sartre there is bad violence or good violence. Although I don't think many people subscribe to Sartre's political theory, or even perhaps understand it, many people nowadays have taken to using the word "violence" as he does.

Admittedly, the word "violence" is given a laudatory sense in the writings of several minor political theorists who flourished before the War: but such theorists used to be thought of as fascistic, and indeed it was long regarded as the badge of a fascist to speak in praise of violence. Even as ruthless a tyrant as Stalin never admitted to the use of anything other than force.

Now it is becoming increasingly accepted that the word "violence" may be used either as a neutral or a laudatory word.[11] This may well mean, and I suspect it does, that the fascist *ethos* is coming to life again among us; but it also means that words—and especially the words we use in politics—can gain prestige as well as lose it, and that the normative implications of a word are never fixed and precise.

IF WE EXAMINE the to-and-fro of political debate we notice how words, and even phrases are picked up from one speaker by another, picked up even from an antagonist in the debate, and used by a speaker to his own advantage. Some phrase-maker, for example, introduces a fanciful expression, such as "equality of opportunity" as something he wants to recommend. It sounds good. It is taken up by speakers of all parties. And before long everyone is declaring that equality of opportunity is what we all want—a "great national ideal."

This is the kind of euphoria which political philosophy tends to spoil; for it asks such questions as: what sense can we make of this so-called principle? The two words concerned contradict one another: for the concept of opportunity is logically connected with competitive disparity of advantage, whereas the concept of equality is logically connected with parity of advantage; so it is far from clear what their union could possibly signify. Of course the word "equality" is keenly appreciated on the Left, and the word "opportunity" is much cherished on the Right: and a phrase which exploits the prestige of both may well appeal to a large public, but only at the expense of both sides accepting a loss of definition, allowing the concepts to become blurred and soft and nebulous. This may not be an undesired result. In politics there is a tendency for speakers to adopt a yielding, feminine attitude to words, an attitude which favours the use of them in a slack and unexacting way. Journalism does nothing to halt the process. Indeed the phrase-maker is a creature who flourishes more on the margin of politics than in politics itself. A man I once knew, Sir Norman Angell, had written a book called *The Great Illusion:* it was about war, and it had been immensely popular. A short while after it was published the 1914 War broke out, and Norman Angell's great illusion became the great and terrible truth. But that didn't hinder the success of the book. Norman Angell was venerated as a sage, knighted and awarded the Nobel Prize. We may perhaps remark a parallel case in Professor John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society:* some years after it is published, Wall Street flops, the dollar is devalued, Washington is broke and no one in America admits to having any cash. But never mind, *The Affluent Society,* like *The Great Illusion,* is already a classic. In the realm of pamphleteering the title is everything, and the bright unforgettable titles keep rolling off the press: *The Second Sex, The Divided Self, The Naked Ape, The Female Eunuch, One-Dimensional Man*—glittering phrases that win for their authors a place in the immortality of folklore.

But politics is not the same as pamphleteering. The pamphleteer is never called upon to answer for his words. But if a politician makes a phrase that proves strikingly inept, it will be hurled against him, again and again. Think of Neville Chamberlain and his "peace for our time", or President Johnson and his "Great Society", or Mr Harold Wilson's "The pound in your pocket is not worth a penny less", not to mention Mr Heath's election words about keeping down—"at a stroke"—the prices of the contents of the shopping basket. A memorable phrase can be disastrous, for the simple reason that it is remembered. A politician has good reason to be nervous of words, and to want to soften all those sharp edges, in case they cut him. But it is part of the task of political philosophy to try to recover clarity.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, among its many other disagreeable characteristics, has been an age of dogma. The eighteenth century doubted,

[11] And not only in pamphleteering or journalism. The word "violence" is used in this manner in several papers presented at the conference of the *Institut International de Philosophie Politique* at Colmar, July 1971, on the general theme of *La Violence.* These papers will be published by the Presses Universitaires de France, Paris, in an edition prepared by Robert Derathé.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the nineteenth century believed, but the twentieth century knows—or rather thinks it knows. And among the dogmas which have informed the thinking of our century there are two that have a particular importance. The first asserts that statements of fact are so totally distinct from judgments of value that there can be no question of deriving one from the other.

The thought behind this dogma is not new. It was suggested, with a particular intention, by David Hume in the eighteenth century, and it was repeated in different contexts in the nineteenth century. And there is no denying that, in its limited formulation, it is true: statements of fact *are* logically distinct from judgments of value, and for purposes of analysis we must take them apart. But what the twentieth century has elevated into a dogma is the further assertion that there can be no rational fusion of fact and value, or any logical derivation of judgments of value from statements of fact.

In the past few years, this dogma has lost much of its hold on people's minds: Recent work in ethics has done a good deal to discredit it. Several methods have been demonstrated by which judgments of value can be logically derived from statements of fact.[12] The analysis of language has shown that the function of certain words is to be at the same time both descriptive and evaluative.

The other dogma which has informed so much theorising in the twentieth century is the dogma of the identity of determinism and human freedom. This derives from the suggestion put forward by Hobbes and Locke that there is no such problem as the free will problem, on the grounds that there is no antithesis between determinism and freedom, men's actions being at the same time both determined and free. On the basis of this dogma, 20th-century investigators have directed their research into the explanation of human behaviour as a search for determining causes, and the study of man has become no different in kind from the study of rats.

This second dogma, too, has lost a good deal of its hold in the past year or two. The case against determinism has been put from so many different points of view in philosophy that hardly anything remains to be said in support of it. It has even been accepted by the more sophisticated champions of Marxism, and what was once presented as a form of scientific historicism is now put forward as a form of libertarian metaphysics.

However, these two dogmas—the divorce of fact and value, and the marriage of freedom and determinism—have both been incorporated into Positivism, the doctrine which has shaped so much of the thought and even the culture of our time. This is a doctrine which has taken various forms, and each with its own bearing on theorising about politics. An early and influential type was legal positivism. This, of course, is the doctrine that law is the system of rules and penalties which is actually enforced in any state. Law, as one theorist put it, is fact. Law is the code which is actually imposed by the courts and the authorities, as distinct from any ideal code, which ought, or should be upheld. Legal Positivists, therefore, dispute the traditional conception of natural law as being the supreme law. For them natural law is no part of law at all. It is either philosophy or nonsense, which from the point of view of positivism are not very different.

Legal Positivism rests squarely on the dogma of the mutual impenetrability of fact and value. In asserting that law is fact, the Legal Positivist assumes that he is denying that law is value. What his dogma forbids him to see is what anyone must see who reflects on law as a system: that justice is an integral part of the system which constitutes law. Justice is part of the meaning of the word "law." Law is both normative and factual; and in this respect it is very like politics.

ANOTHER FORM OF Positivism which has had a great vogue in the twentieth century is historical positivism, by which I mean the belief that history is "a science," a science dedicated to the search for facts and the discovery of the causes of past events and movements through the observation of regularities in what are called historical phenomena. In the Positivist dream, the historian is a man who records facts without judging them, and then, as a scientist, goes on to discover the cause of things. Since human choices and decisions are seen as part of a succession of cause and effect, Positivist historians think it is just as sensible to look for the cause of the French Revolution as it is for an engineer to look for the cause of an explosion in the cellar.

This enterprise in historical scholarship coincided with another, more extensive one, that of positivistic social science. Again the divorce of fact and value was duly proclaimed. Social science was to stay in the realm of fact: in the elegant German word of Max Weber, it was to be *wertfrei*. It was also going to discover the causes of things—the causes, not so much of past events, as the positivistic historians did, but of movements and changes in society generally. It was going to do for society what the natural scientists had done for nature. It was going to discover laws.

Some of the laws they produced have to do with politics. For instance, there was Robert

[12] See, for example, Alasdair MacIntyre, *Against the Self-Images of the Age* (1971); W. D. Hudson (ed.), *The Is-Ought Question* (1969); Charles Taylor, *The Explanation of Behavior* (1964).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michels' "Iron Law of Oligarchy", the law that a minority will always prevail over the majority. Some of us may not think this law any great improvement on Rousseau's observation that the ministers of a state will always tend to turn themselves from the servants into the masters of the people; but at least we must admit that Robert Michels adds something to the iron law of oligarchy: he adds the iron.

But we musn't be frivolous: because the formulations of theorists like Michels had a great influence on the development of political science. They inspired after the First World War an attempt to reform, or revolutionise, political science on the same positivistic lines, something which was spoken of at the time as the endeavour to transform political science into a "genuine science."[13] Once more the two dogmas were repeated. Political science must stick to *facts* and banish *values*. And it must look for the causes of things, the causes, that is, of political behaviour, through the collection of data, the observation of regularities and the formulation of general laws.

This now seems a rather old-fashioned, as well as a defective account of what a science is: but at the time it found a response. And positivistic political science took root and thrived in America, taking over more and more political science departments in the ever-expanding North American universities. The tradition of Aristotle was discarded. The history of political ideas, political theory and history, even the study of institutions and laws was pushed aside by this new aggressive science, whose aim (according to one of its most noted exponents, Professor Robert Dahl) was to state "all the phenomena of government in terms of observed and observable behavior of men."[14] It was then that we first heard talk of eliminating political philosophy.

But if positivist political science flourished in America, it soon changed its nature in the process: It began to claim a different identity from that with which it started out. In the writings of its exponents which date from the 1920s and the 1930s, the gospel of the *wertfrei*, empirical, and objective social science is reiterated. But in the 1940s, American political science assumes the guise of a "policy science" in the service of democracy. One of the best and liveliest of the American political scientists, Professor Harold Lasswell, suggested that political science was as much directed to the defence of democracy as was military science itself.[15] Plainly such a science is *not* value-free, whatever else it may be.

There is a well-known article on Lasswell by Professor David Easton,[16] which suggests that Lasswell's work was never *really* value-free. Easton argues that Lasswell's early work rests on a veiled acceptance of the élitist values of Pareto and Robert Michels, and that the real difference between Lasswell's earlier and later work is that he renounced this unavowed acceptance of élitism in favour of an avowed acceptance of the values of democracy. But there seems to me to be another characteristic of Harold Lasswell's early work, which is more important than his veiled adhesion to élitism, and that is the kind of science which Lasswell had in mind when he spoke of science: for this is something he shared with other practitioners of behavioural political science. The kind of science which served as their model was not physics, but psychopathology, a science which is itself deeply permeated by conceptions of value. So "science" in Aristotle's sense had been abandoned only to make way for "science" in Freud's sense. Psychopathology is a therapeutic science, not only interested in *facts*, but equally, and indeed primarily, concerned with such conceptions as *cure, normality, health, satisfaction, adjustment*, and so forth. There is nothing *wertfrei* here.

A very large part of positivist political science in America was based from the beginning on this therapeutic model, so that when American political science proclaimed itself in the 1940s to be a "policy science" it was not so much changing its nature, as becoming aware of its real nature.

OF COURSE, NOT EVERY social science Positivist has followed this pattern of transforming their subject into a therapeutic enterprise. The leading behavioural psychologist, Professor B. F. Skinner of Harvard, has attacked what he calls "the medical analogy" and the prevailing tendency of social science to think of the problems of men in society as the problems of patients needing cure. But Skinner can hardly be said to have remained true to the ideal of a *wertfrei* social science. In his latest writings he has come out in favour of measures more far-reaching than anything that has ever been proposed by Harold Lasswell and his colleagues. Skinner says that the only way to build a better life for men is to undertake a wholesale reconstruction of the environment: since it is, he believes, the environ-

[13] See, among the many publications on this subject: G. E. G. Catlin, *The Science and Method of Politics* (1926); B. R. Crick, *The American Science of Politics* (1959); H. Eulau, *The Behavioural Persuasion* (1963); A. F. Bentley, *The Process of Government* (1935); S. Rice, *Quantitative Methods in Politics* (1928).

[14] Robert Dahl, "The Behavioral Approach," *American Political Science Review*, Vol. LV, No. 4 (December 1961), p. 763.

[15] Harold Lasswell, *Democracy Through Public Opinion* (1941): "The emergency affords a remarkable opportunity for the moral defense of America" p. 175.

[16] David Easton, "Harold Lasswell," *Journal of Politics*, Vol. 12, No. 3 (August 1950), p. 450.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment which determines everybody's state of mind. Skinner, in other words, has come out frankly in favour of what Sir Karl Popper used to call "utopian social engineering." Some readers may agree with Skinner, and they are entitled to do so. But what nobody could possibly argue is that a behaviourism which is directed towards the improvement of men through the reconstruction of the environment is a science concerned with the realm of fact alone. When Skinner speaks of "improvement" and "better cultures" and a "better way of life" he betrays himself as someone who is talking of norms.[17] If his positivism is not therapeutic, that is only because it is more radically programmatic. The dogma of the divorce between fact and value has never been repudiated; but the writings of those who subscribe to it serve themselves to refute it.

THERE IS NO POLITICS in heaven because everybody is perfectly good and perfectly wise. There is politics on earth because men have partial but not a perfect moral insight and a partial but not a perfect understanding.[18] Politics is in part an argument about values between men who agree about some values but disagree about others. If they did not agree about some—about the desirability of *truth* and *justice*, for example—they could not engage in a dialogue at all; there could be no politics. But the dialogue is unending because there is no perfect knowledge of justice, and every man has to subscribe to his own order of axiological preferences.

Politics is secondly an argument about the future or, more narrowly, about the future consequences of proposed lines of action. Again, no man knows the future. We must each make our own conjecture or surmise, and justify that surmise as best we can. A politician must argue: if we do this, such and such will come about: and then go on to make a value judgment once again, and say that this such-and-such which would come about would be good or bad.

In talking politics we cannot avoid making value judgments; they are part of the very words we use. Besides, the most serious form of political speech is an argument, and an argument entails an appeal to norms of more than one kind.

The most absorbing political arguments are those which embody both disagreements about the moral aspects of a projected policy and disagreements about the probable future consequences of adopting it.

I speak of "moral aspects", but it is worth noticing that there are at least three types of value judgment which rest on a concept of right or good.

First, there are considerations of *duty* in the strict sense of the word. If there is any universal moral law at all, it is the rule that contracts must be kept. Locke once said that the keeping of promises was a duty that belonged to man as man and not only as a member of civil society. If men are bound to keep promises, then it seems not unreasonable to argue that institutions, including states, are similarly bound.

Secondly, there are considerations of *prudence*, by which I mean the use of intelligent foresight to avert future harm. Again, it is commonly held that a government ought to protect its people from injury.

Thirdly, there is a further type of value judgment which is made in political arguments: and this of the good conceived in terms of *public advantage* or gain. Prudence is negative: it is a matter of avoiding evil, or preventing things getting worse than they are. Gain, or what is often called utility, is a matter of promoting what is expected to be an improvement.

Other values, such as liberty and compassion, are invoked in the course of political arguments, but these three kinds occupy a central place; and indeed even liberty is often expressed as a right, one of the historic rights of man. The notion of right is logically connected with that of duty, and each is a different aspect of the concept of justice. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that almost all political arguments, by their very nature, turn on considerations of justice or prudence or public gain. Some politicians are often suspected of being the spokesmen of private or sectional interests; and conceivably some of them are. But they must hide that fact. The important thing is that nobody in a political argument can stand up and say "My friends or clients *want* this or that."

Admittedly in business negotiations, and the like, the representative of one party can say: "Our price is so-much and we won't take less." His strength in the negotiation will depend entirely on his power to enforce his demands, and has nothing to do with the justice of the claim. But negotiation is not politics, and politics is not negotiation. In politics you must appeal to justice or the public interest. A politician who pleads for

[17] In *The Listener*, September 30 1971, Skinner writes (p. 431): "Governments still hold the individual responsible and are said to be best if they govern least because the individual is then free to behave well because of inner virtues. All this continues to direct attention from the task of building a social environment in which people behave well . . . and lead enjoyable lives. It obscures the fact that the problem is to design better cultures—not better people."

[18] For an enlargement on this point, see J. R. Lucas. *The Principles of Politics* (1966), Sections 1 and 2.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better pensions for wounded soldiers cannot simply say: "These men want more, and won't take less." He must argue that they are *entitled* to more: that it is *just* for them to have it. In other words, he must translate the claim into a right.

In another case, a political speaker will appeal to prudence. We hear a lot of this in debates about defence and finance. If someone in Parliament wants to recommend a rather mean policy, such as withdrawing the subsidy on the fees of overseas students or taking away the free milk from school-children, he cannot simply stand up and say: "foreign students and school-children have no vote so let's make them suffer first"; he has to get up and say: "these measures are extravagant; and prudence compels us to cut down on luxuries." Then, of course, the argument becomes whether scholarships or free milk are or are not luxuries, a waste to be eliminated in the interests of economy.

In addition to such appeals to prudence, there is the appeal to public gain or utility. A politician advocating the building of an airport would be a fool to say: "The shareholders in the aviation industry desire this innovation." He will have to argue that increased facilities for travel and trade would be to the public advantage; he must depict the proposed innovation as an improvement from the point of view of all.

You cannot just give voice to mere demands in politics: you must express claims as just entitlements: you must recommend policies as prudential or advantageous to the public as a whole. You may equally, of course, appeal to the public interest or to some other universal norm. Sometimes such appeals are bogus, or fraudulent; but like all forms of counterfeit, these are entirely dependent on the secure existence of the genuine.

However, it is one thing to say that norms are inseparable from politics, and quite another to decide what order of priority should be given to such values in judging a question of public policy. In the case of a private person, we might well agree that duty should come first, prudence second, and considerations of gain last. But we are unlikely to agree that the same hierarchy obtains in people's judgments of proposed political policies. And those who say that Machiavelli was Satan on earth are usually the first to say that, in "practical politics", considerations of duty must come second or third to considerations of prudence or gain.

And assuredly the situation of the private person, thinking of his own duties and desires, *is* different from the situation of the statesman thinking of what to do on behalf of his country. It is by no means clear what is meant by an institutional obligation; for although it is explained by analogy with a private person's obligation, it is clearly different. For the man who is obliged is the same man who promises. But in the case of a state, one ruler or government may give the promise, and another be called upon to keep it. Then, again, it is one thing for a private person to risk his own neck in the course of duty; but another thing for a statesman to put the lives of all his people in danger. The one might well be heroic; the other could easily be unpardonable folly. Again, we should admire the man who decides to forgo all thought of gain for himself. But we might think ill of the statesman who threw away the possibility of gain for his whole people.

So THE SITUATION OF THE STATESMAN is more awkward than that of the private man. Moral dilemmas are fairly rare in private life: but in politics the path of duty is often opposed to what looks like the path of gain, and not infrequently different from the way of prudence. Saint-Simon, I think, once said: "*la politique et la morale ne font jamais bon ménage.* "I don't think it is true, but we can understand why it is said.

Prudence is unlike duty. We derive our knowledge of our duty from our past promises and our present situation or from our conscience, but prudence entails an estimate of future possibilities. The prudential course of action is one dictated by what a reasonable mind must expect to happen. It is not always easy to be prudent, but it does not demand any superhuman skill.

The pursuit of positive gain or improvement is much more difficult. How are we to know that things will turn out one way rather than another, and judge that the long term results will be good rather than bad? Here in England we live in a country where nature has been ravaged by people who thought that what they were doing was improving life for themselves and their posterity. To sense future danger and avoid it is sometimes more or less instinctive, but to envisage the unfolding of a future good calls for a more uncommon wisdom. In politics men need, as Machiavelli tells us, a very profound worldliness: an experience of life and affairs, and a culture of the mind which teaches men what they may expect other men to do. They can never *know*; but they can learn to measure probabilities. Measure them, of course, only to a limited extent, for in politics, as Machiavelli again reminds us, a prominent part is always played by *fortuna* or luck.

In recent times, we have had the promise of a more comprehensive and systematic Futurology. Part of the programme of positivist social science was to discover laws which would apply to the future as well as to the past and present. There is

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an idea going back as far as Francis Bacon that science will save us and the behavioural sciences have been infected with the same conception of their mission. They promise to save us by enabling the statesmen to contemplate future problems in the light of calculated projections from accumulated facts and solve such problems with the aid of carefully formulated laws of human behaviour. And how often do we see our behaviouralists, waiting in the wings of the theatre of politics, a large stack of data in one hand and a begging bowl in the other: "Give us the money for research", they say, "and we will give you the solutions."

This is what is promised. But what the politician gets is information: rivers of it. There is indeed so much information pouring forth today that politicians and public servants are flooded with it. Information has become a real threat to knowledge.

The more information you have the more you need an interpreter, an expert. But can such experts be trusted? If behavioural science could really be "value-free", its practitioners might readily seem to be, almost by definition, impartial. But when behavioural science turns out to be impregnated with admitted or unadmitted value judgments, suspicions are roused. Politicians have indeed become increasingly suspicious. The tendency nowadays is for the statesman to look for expert advice only to experts whose political (or ideological) persuasions are akin to his own. We read in recent memoirs that Mr Anthony Crosland, as Minister of Education, set up his own informal "brains trust" on educational reform composed of Labour Party intellectuals. And on a larger scale, when President Kennedy and President Nixon each called in professors from Harvard to advise him in Washington, Mr Kennedy took care to choose progressives and Mr Nixon took equal care to choose conservatives.

I think this is an unfortunate development. It is also reactionary: a reaction, notably, against faith in a *wertfrei* social science and towards ideological social theory, towards the attitude which says: "Everybody is ideologically biased, so let me have someone who is biased in my way. . . ."

The reactionary argument rests on the assumption, which I believe to be manifestly false, that you have either got to make no value judgments at all, or make ideologically slanted ones, that there is no middle way between being *wertfrei* and being biased. The truth of the matter, I think, is much simpler: and that is, that we must each make our own preferences but that we ought to be able to justify our preferences. Reasonable grounds can be given for some evaluations that cannot be given for others. There is a very great difference between a measured and critical recognition of values, and the rigid adhesion to a doctrine or a prejudice. "Criticism" is a crucial word. For in the theatre of politics, the political philosopher is a kind of dramatic critic. He may grow fretful in the stalls and yearn to mount the stage himself, but just as critics are notoriously bad actors, so philosophers make wretched politicians. Think of Giovanni Gentile becoming Mussolini's minister of education, or Martin Heidegger joining the Nazi party, or Georg Lukács going to Moscow to support Stalin. Or perhaps we had better not think of them.

There is a temptation for the philosopher to see himself as a dramatist, writing the plays which the politicians enact. Lenin sometimes fancied himself enacting a drama which had been composed by Marx; but, if he did, he altered the script so much that Marx would not have recognised it; and in truth, of course, Lenin was both playwright and player. Rightly so. For in the theatre of politics there is no place for any other kind of dramatist. The politician is an actor who must furnish his own script, even if he does not actually write it. That is why we judge him by his words. Rousseau was right when he said that the orator is no one but himself; and in politics the orator can never rid himself of responsibility for what he says.

THE CRITIC IS THERE to remind him of it. He is there also to analyse and explain the drama, and to appraise the performances. Without dramatic criticism, dramatic art would probably decline. Without political philosophy politics might well go on as merrily as ever; but the trouble is that it would not be understood, it would be a practice without consciousness of the norms which inform its activity, ignorant even of its own identity or nature. If the day ever comes when political philosophy is really dead, the triumph of information over knowledge will be complete.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norman MacCaig

Three Poems

After His Death

It turned out
that the bombs he had thrown
raised buildings:

that the acid he had sprayed
had painfully opened
the eyes of the blind.

Fishermen hauled
prize-winning fish
from the water he had polluted.

We sat with astonishment
enjoying the shade
of the vicious words he had planted.

The government decreed that
on the anniversary of his birth
the people should observe
two minutes pandemonium.

Prism

The whole forest is illustrations
in a book of botany.
But on the crest of a tree
a myth makes the moonlight glitter
on the carving of chairs, on printing presses,
on the miracle of ink.

The whole city
is a code in a foreign language.
But a fable glows on a street lamp
and someone draws a thread
towards the Minotaur, someone writes
in biblical ledgers
a forty-year wandering. Circe
draws a curtain aside.

A fairy tale rustles in a dark room
and a girl weeps for what she has lost
and for what she will never have—she weeps
because rat is rat, Prince Prince,
and toad toad.

Bookworm

I open the second volume
of a rose
and find it says, word for word,
the same as the first one.

The waves of the sea
annoy me, they bore me;
why aren't they divided
in paragraphs?

I look at the night
and make nothing of it—
those black pages
with no print.

But I love the gothic script
of pinetrees and
on the pond the light's
fancy italics.

And the cherry tree's petals—
they make
a sweet lyric, I appreciate
their dying fall.

But it's strange, girl, how I come back
from the library of everything
to stare and stare at
the closed book of you.

When will you open to me
and show me the meaning of all
the hard words
in the lexicon of love?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joel Carmichael

Trotsky's Agony (II)

The Idea of the Party

TROTSKY'S EXALTATION of Bolshevism, which paralleled his glorification of Lenin, worked out for him even more lamentably.

While energetically promoting Bolshevism as an ideal symbol he found it easy to disregard a fact that is, of course, perfectly obvious: though the Bolshevik Party did, perhaps, represent an Idea, it was an Idea that was expressed through an organisation of office-holders, each one with an axe to grind.

Factions are, of course, composed of axe-grinders; with no faction of his own Trotsky was perforce obliged to cling not to the real Party, made up of individuals with real interests, but to the disembodied Idea of the Party.

From the very inception of the régime Trotsky had been hamstrung by his opponents (the trio of Stalin, Zinoviev, and Kamenev), when they blandly pointed out to him that as a loyal Party member he was bound to accept the decisions of the centre as mandatory The fact that they were themselves dictating those decisions *via* their control of the apparatus required no comment (which in any case would have been meaningless, since the whole notion of any independent volition on the part of the rank-and-file was a mere fiction to begin with). The authority of the leaders was simply a brute political fact, already sanctioned by Trotsky himself as part of his support of just this bogus situation. Like all the other leaders he had already accepted Lenin's secret ban on "factionalism" as early as 1921. He was now in a cleft stick.

Gagged within the Party from the very beginning, he was obliged at the 13th Party Congress in May 1924 (some months after Lenin's death) to commit hara-kiri on the altar of Party "unity", an altar carefully cobbled together by his opponents. In defending himself—against charges that amounted to nothing more, really, than some feeble efforts to mumble something through his gag out to "The Masses"—he once again repeated the same protestations of Party loyalty that had already laid him low before the dominant trio.

> Nothing could be simpler or easier, morally and politically, than to admit before one's own party that one had erred. . . . Comrades, none of us wishes to be or can be right against the Party. In the final instance the Party is always right, because it is the only historic instrument the working class possesses for the solution of its fundamental tasks.... One can be right only with the Party and through the Party because history has not created any other way for the realisation of one's rightness. The English have a saying, "My country, right or wrong." With much greater justification we can say: My party, right or wrong—wrong on certain partial, specific issues or at certain moments. . . . It would be ridiculous, perhaps almost indecent, to make any personal statements here, but I do hope that in case of need I shall not prove the meanest soldier on the meanest of Bolshevik barricades.[1]

The key phrase is no doubt: "The Party is always right." It sums up Trotsky's central attitude, his identification with an idea to the point of rigidity—a rigidity that made it impossible for him, *no matter what the Party had become*, to move against anyone claiming its support.

The final sentence in the above quotation, with its combination of false pathos and self-abnegation in deference to the Party, represents the very essence of Trotsky's helplessness.

More than that, this fundamentally irrelevant appeal was made to a general audience, which was bound to regard it as a pious platitude and hence could never become involved *vis-à-vis* Trotsky himself except negatively, whenever his opponents, charging him with a breach of discipline, might choose once again to use his own words against him. This major declaration he was forced into—perhaps with full sincerity in his guileless heart—is merely another illustration of a rooted inability to manoeuvre in the jungle of

[1] 13 *Syezd RKP(b)*, pp. 165–6.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the apparatus. Desperate, he still kept being thrown back into the only role he was at home in: addressing generalities to an anonymous audience. Within Soviet politics Trotsky clung to this idea of "unity" as long as he possibly could. Even after his final exile from the Soviet Union it took him a long time before he succumbed to circumstances and created, half-heartedly, his own organisation, the "Fourth International."

Trotsky was admittedly in a dilemma that transcended his personal isolation. His whole being had been committed to the October *uprising*: he could forswear neither the Marxist "validity" of the *coup* nor the unique authority of the Party, the instrument that had brought it about. From a technical point of view, after all, he had been the prime architect of the insurrection; his role was not only more "glamorous" than Lenin's but it was also the key to the actual execution of the *coup*. It is true that in view of the extreme ease of the operation—primarily due to the disarray of the Bolsheviks' opponents—this may not be saying much. But in the perspective of the events it set in train (no less than the transformation of half the world) and more particularly in the light of the subsequent magnification of the "Glorious October Revolution", the *putsch* was altogether fundamental in the mythology of the Soviet régime—a mythology, it should be said in passing, that seems to be shared even by its opponents.

Trotsky's theory of "permanent Revolution", whose essence had been accepted by Lenin as the Marxist justification of a Socialist party's seizure of power in a backward agricultural country, had been its primary intellectual pillar. It was Trotsky, too, who had devised the remarkably bogus theory that enabled the Bolshevik Party to win the Civil War and that survives to this day in the very name of the Soviet Union—the myth that the power of the Bolshevik dictatorship derived from the representative principle of the "Soviets."

Immediately after the October *putsch* the situation looked, of course, quite different, at least to those in the grip of Marxist euphoria. Borne aloft with Lenin in a joint frenzy, Trotsky, too, thought October to be the début of the world-wide apocalyptic transformation that would, so to speak, "justify" it retroactively, an illusion that lasted for years, until shortly before Lenin's death and the extinction of all hope for a revolutionary Germany.

LENIN'S DEATH solved his own spiritual agony. Trotsky however, was obliged to defend their joint illusions until his murder in 1940; he defended the "conquests of October" tooth and nail and regarded the "unconditional defence of the Soviet Union" as absolute. Yet he was chary of doing so, as it were, in his own name—too "shy"! —and stood forth essentially as Lenin's arch-disciple.

Thus he found himself contending for the mantle of Lenin with the real heirs of the state Lenin had founded; unable or unwilling to create a faction, he was obliged to present himself, not as the exponent of a "Trotskyism" that was in any case non-existent but as Lenin's star pupil. This involved him in insoluble problems.

As the Bolshevik dictatorship, with its large-scale plans for social reconstruction, became *ipso facto* hostile to the overwhelming majority of its subjects, it consolidated itself over the corpses of countless millions.[2] Trotsky, who was reduced to criticising only the *excesses* of the régime, not the régime as such, could never admit the organic transition between the headstrong Bolshevik caucus, always in line with History, and the monstrous Stalin régime.

The concomitant of his allegiance to the *putsch* was, of course, his sustained faith in the collapse of capitalism. If capitalism had evolved differently, if major national revolutions—geographical segments of The Revolution—had broken out all over the advanced industrial world (in Britain, France, Germany and the United States) as they should have in "classical Marxist" terms, and not merely in the underdeveloped regions of Asia and Africa, the situation would, naturally, have been fundamentally different.

But just as "classical Marxism" had failed to foresee a "revolution" in rural Russia, so its predictions of great revolutions in the advanced industrial countries brought about "inevitably . . . with astronomical precision . . . according to the iron laws of history" also misfired sadly. This obsession with the notion that Marxism would be justified, even though a trifle belatedly, by such spasmodic revolutionary upheavals, that History would somehow rectify itself and come to the rescue of the Bolshevik initiative, is what gives Trotsky's professional optimism its curiously frenetic quality, especially during the nightmare of the ten-year exile that ended with his murder in Mexico.

HIS VERBAL FACILITY enabled him, to be sure, to coin splendid rationalisations of these confusions—in explaining, for instance, that there was a Revolution in Russia because it was there that capitalism had "snapped in its weakest link. . . ." The plausible phrase is really a feeble metaphor:

[2] Ten million peasants slaughtered during the collectivisation and industrialisation of the early 1930s, another nine million people slaughtered during the "Show Trials" and "Purges" of the later '30s. See Robert Conquest's article in ENCOUNTER, "The Great Purge," (October 1968) and his book *The Great Terror* (1968), also my forthcoming study of the Moscow Trials.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trotsky *had* to say something like that, yet—what an obvious philistine turn it is, how contrary to the basic idea of Marxism, how shallow, how (to use a favourite word of his) vulgar! For after all, according to the Dialectic it is plain that capitalism is weakest where it *seems* strongest, *i.e.*, in advanced bourgeois societies, which in becoming advanced have inevitably created the instrument of their own destruction—a powerful, self-conscious, disciplined proletariat—the very opposite of the situation in rural Russia!

Or, again, in discussing the fact that "revolutions" seemed to be spreading, unaccountably, in the colonial areas of the world, Trotsky was obliged to resort to a similar evasion of elementary Marxism in another striking remark: "history seemed to be unwinding her skein from the other end." Not bad; but again, less Marxist philosophy than phraseology.

These desperate linguistic attempts to reconcile the contrast between "classical Marxism" and the *de facto* fate of its predictions illustrate essentially, I suppose, the deification of an idea inherited, most immediately, from Hegel *via* Marx: the locus of attention is shifted, more or less unconsciously, from the *evidence* of the actual events of History, to an *essence* of History that remains unexplained.

ALAS, NOTHING WORKED out for Trotsky as it should have, either in the Soviet Union or abroad. The Russian working class proved powerless to defend itself against the dictatorship that in theory represented it. The Soviet population was dragooned, straitjacketed, and decimated. Abroad the German working class, led by Marxist Social-Democrats and Communists, succumbed to Nazism without a struggle; likewise, the Spanish "revolutionary forces" were, in their turn, defeated; the great "proletarian" concentrations in Britain, France, and the United States achieved nothing of value to The Revolution.

And there was Trotsky—without a Party, with few followers in the Soviet Union and practically none outside, trying to grapple with this whole terrible mess, an intellectual at the end of his tether.

For was not Trotsky doing the same thing as the Stalin régime—ikonising both Lenin and the Party? He was exalting both a real man and a real organisation into the hypostasis of an ideal symbol. He was doing it, to be sure, more subtly, more intelligently, and with far greater sophistication than the Party mythologists; but the ideological process itself was unmistakably identical. The fact that both Trotsky and the Party were carrying out a common mission of mythologisation may be taken, indeed, as a demonstration of the calcification inherent in Marxist omniscience once it becomes an element of state power.

This is very plain whenever Trotsky discusses individuals. In the case of Lenin, for instance, he makes it clear that "laws of history" had to be suspended in the presence of Lenin's uniqueness. In his *Diary* he says quite unequivocally:

> Had I not been present in 1917 in Petrograd the October Revolution would still have taken place—*on the condition that Lenin was present and in command.* If neither Lenin nor I had been present in Petrograd, there would have been no October Revolution: the leadership of the Bolshevik Party would have prevented it from occurring—of this I have not the slightest doubt!

The same view is expressed in the *History*, too, with a wariness better called evasiveness:

> Is it possible . . . to say confidently that without him the Party would have found its road? We would by no means make bold to say that . . . A disoriented and split party might have let slip the revolutionary opportunity for many years.

Trotsky uses the notorious ambiguities of Dialectic to establish two different things.

On the one hand "Lenin did not trust the Central Committee" and was, indeed, "not so wrong in his mistrust"; on the other, "Lenin did not oppose the Party from outside, but was himself its most complete expression. . . ." This, in spite of the well-known fact that the Party was at odds with Lenin on even the *general* question of taking power, and the even better-known fact that on the very eve of the insurrection his two most

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faithful followers, Zinoviev and Kamenev, were absolutely against the whole enterprise.

The Marxist point of view is, in fact, contradicted by Trotsky's explicit admission that without Lenin a "disoriented and split party might have let slip the revolutionary opportunity for many years." After all, "many years" might mean forever, since conjunctions of events are, despite Marxist certitudes, constantly shifting. Even if a pious Marxist were to retain his faith in the outbreak of The Revolution somewhere, why in Russia of all places?

Trotsky has thus replaced a perfectly plain contradiction with a rhetorical patchwork. On the one hand, Lenin was not "a demiurge of the revolutionary process"—where, then, would Marxism be? He is, rather, nothing but a link—of course a "great" link!—in a chain of "objective historic causes." On the other hand, without him things would have been very different. Thus, despite Trotsky's confident and explicit profession of faith in Marxism as a scientific system of laws, he is, in fact, obliged to fall back on the idealisation of an individual.

This is of a piece, to be sure, with the contrast he habitually establishes between the marvels of Marxism as a philosophy of reality and the deplorable performance of countless Marxists. Just as he had been struck, before 1917, by the German Social-Democrats' "non-revolutionary" incomprehension of true Marxism, so he is mesmerised by the contrast between ideal Bolshevism and those wretched, ordinary Bolsheviks.

Thus, he writes, for instance, in his *Life*:

> Lenin surpassed his closest disciples so immeasurably that in his presence they felt themselves freed once and for all from the need to solve theoretical and tactical problems independently. Separated from him at a critical moment they were bewilderingly helpless. So it was in the autumn of 1905. So it was in the spring of 1917.

In a word, individual Bolshevik leaders—except Lenin!—are wayward and fallible: Zinoviev is shifty and feeble, Kamenev no better; Stalin is primitive, coarse, limited, obtuse, at best "mediocre." Yet whenever they are mentioned as a collectivity they become the altogether splendid Bolshevik Party, leading the equally magnificent Masses!

These magnificent Masses are, of course, the source of Marxists' true confidence. The reason why *only* Marxists, despite the ineptitude of almost all individual Marxists, incarnate the progression of real history is that they represent The Proletariat, which, to be sure, whenever looked at in detail, in turn again proves pathetically incompetent, treacherous, or passive in the shape of its various exponents (political parties and trade union movements), but altogether splendid in so far as it exemplifies the transcendental Idea.

This is all of a piece with Trotsky's treatment of The Revolution itself—the apocalyptic Happening that transcended all individual manifestations. It is plain, from Trotsky's style, that for him The Revolution was something far more, far different, than any particular event. "The Revolution was still trustful . . . The October uprising was merely one element in The Revolution. . . ." One feels that if Trotsky were to have been asked, "Well, just where *is* this Revolution?", he would have responded with the pitying smile of a Believer asked by some earthbound sceptic, "And just where *is* God?"

The Soviet leadership, while carrying out this same process of institutionalised mythology, was doing so as part of its transformation into a social caste. It represented, in the case of a vast government, a profound social transition, a deeply rooted development in which the deification of the dead leader, accompanied by the sanctification of the Marxist scriptures, the glorification of The Party, and the theological proscription of its satanic opponents, swiftly led to its consummation in the cult of Stalin the Genius and in the establishment of a rigid quasi-theocratic structure based on a monolithic Soviet orthodoxy. In addition, the régime had the Political Police, a great help. . . .

This was to undo Trotsky. The same impulse that made Trotsky try to blur his true personal profile by merging with the swiftly evolving cult of orthodoxy, was just what made his opponents pluck him out of his somewhat artificial pose and expose him to the stalwart Party fundamentalists as, first, a newcomer who had had major collisions with the Party leadership in the past, then, as the Stalin faction consolidated, as a man who was an alien *in essence*. From that it was merely a step, as the régime passed through the mangling machine of Stalinism during the 1930s, to present Trotsky, by then a helpless exile, as the essence of the satanism required by the consummation of orthodoxy.

IT WAS TO THIS CREATION of a secular religion with an actual state cult (a phenomenon far more potent than the mere physical slaughters underlying the Bolshevik dictatorship) that Trotsky was blinded by his hyper-rationalism. It warped his view of the central factor in the progressive institutionalisation of the Stalin régime, and what has doubtless been the most deadening spiritual phenomenon in history. It made it impossible for him to appreciate the true impulsion behind the grotesque cult of Stalin the Genius ("Locomotive of the World Revolution," "Engineer of Souls," "Father of the Peoples," and the like), and more especially, his own role as the Devil incarnate. He could never contend with this evolution of a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secular cult except by means of intelligent argument—all of it, however cogent, piteously beside the mark. It was hard for him to take seriously the manic simplicity of the Stalinist polarisation of the world into the Right People with the Right Way (Stalin the Genius's camp) and the Wrong People with the Wrong Way (Trotsky and all other subsequent enemies of the régime).

The parallel with the Catholic Church is, of course, very obvious; the concrete form taken by the theoretical monopoly of the Bolshevik Party was the *Short Course of the History of the Soviet Communist Party*, the only authoritative exposition of the Right Way for a quarter of a century and not superseded to this day. In conditions of Soviet repressiveness even Marx, Engels, and Lenin could be read *only* through selections and interpretations in the *Short Course*: that is, the Scriptures themselves could not be referred to except *via* the explanations of the Party (much as in Catholic countries access to the Sacred Scriptures has been *via* the Church, whose tradition had to counterbalance the mere documents).

In the East European satellite states this formula of heresy, arising out of the Politburo's polemics in the mid-'20s (preposterous as theory, all-decisive as power-politics) achieved a strange efflorescence after the Second World War, where it could be used to lump together *all* opponents as "Trotskyites . . . Zionists . . . Wall Street lackeys . . . agents of imperialism . . . ." etc.

By the time Trotsky's satanisation was launched, by means of the "Show Trials" of 1936-38, in which the "Old Guard" of the Bolshevik régime was defamed and obliterated and under whose umbrella millions of other victims were furtively wiped out as Trotsky's "agents,"—a phenomenon whose scope emerged only after Trotsky's murder —he and his small coterie of followers could no longer be discussed rationally in the vast milieu of the working-class movements of the world but were effectively stigmatised as tools of the devil.

There is, perhaps, no need to labour the point that for non-Marxists this post-revolutionary phenomenon of Soviet orthodoxy can be understood almost as a matter of elementary historical analysis. What else *could* have happened when a conspiratorial nucleus with a small following took power on behalf of a long-range programme directed against the interests of the overwhelming majority of the population? But how could that ever be openly conceded? And if the dictatorship could not admit it, what else could it do but reinterpret its own scriptures, establish canons of orthodoxy, shore up and fortify its authority by totalitarian claims?

And for the purposes of such an inevitable theological institution, was not the creation of its polar counterpoint equally inevitable? Did there not *have* to be some Trotsky or other to serve as the counterbalance of the Manichean contrast between the forces of good (the Bolshevik régime) and the Forces of Evil (the *ancien régime*, the outside world, the bourgeois enemy, *et al*)? Was it not inevitable for the somewhat diffuse notion of the "Enemy Outside" to be streamlined within the domestic theology, so that the Enemy Outside would have the Enemy Inside as his agent?

All very true, it seems to me, indeed, obvious; but a far cry from Trotsky's Marxism! Which is just why, I think, it has proved so difficult to extract Trotsky's complex, passionate temperament from the legacy of his writing: a remarkably voluminous *oeuvre*, and written with such *élan* that to this day it radiates a singular magnetism.

The Deutscher Legend

EXCEPT FOR Trotsky's own autobiography, written at the outset of his last exile at the end of the 1920s, there have been, aside from a random sketch or two, no serious biographies of him, with the monumental exception of Isaac Deutscher's three-volume, 1,800-page work first published between 1954 and 1963 and since reprinted many times.

Deutscher's trilogy no doubt represents the labour of a decade. Yet for the general public it has some grave defects (for the specialised reader still graver ones).[3]

For if Trotsky's autobiography is a frank apologia, Deutscher's painstaking and seemingly scrupulous trilogy is downright deceptive because of an unavowed bias—Trotsky's own bias, to be sure—that clashes embarrassingly with his pose of a savant well above the battle. Corroded, moreover, by a tendentious handling of sources, the book is bound to dissatisfy any objective student trying to disentangle the protagonist from the events in which he played a role, a task that is surely the biographer's paramount goal.

There is, of course, a general difficulty in distinguishing an event from its interpretation; it is here that Deutscher's foibles encroach on the integrity of his narrative. His account is substantially distorted in discussing the countless conflicts that marked Trotsky's career, whenever the events cannot be explained by conflicts of ideas, but are, so to speak, "real" events, in which the behaviour of the actors is governed by factors that their ideas merely serve to veil.

Thus, for the crucial periods of Trotsky's

[3] See the penetrating critique of Isaac Deutscher by Leo Labedz, in his classic study printed in *Survey* (April 1962), "Deutscher as Historian and Prophet", pp. 120–144.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

career, his ascendancy, decline, and destruction, all of which took place amidst a flood of verbiage, it requires the keenest of eyes to see what is, after all, in essence simple—the behaviour of an individual *vis-à-vis* an organisation. Since Deutscher shared Trotsky's own penchant for "analysis" it was far more interesting for him to discuss the clash of "ideas" (especially since Trotsky was such a gifted writer) than to explain the mechanism of the organisation from which Trotsky was dislodged with such ease.

In all this the prime factor, Trotsky's passivity, passes by very nearly unperceived. Trotsky wrote so much and so intelligently that Deutscher was, in fact, taken in by his apologia. Thus, because of Trotsky's talent as a writer Deutscher consistently plays up not Trotsky's "real" behaviour but his quite ineffectual literary activity. The reader is obliged to scrutinise the narrative most carefully in order to see in perspective just what was, *in fact*, happening, and not merely take in the formulations about which Trotsky and Deutscher himself display their intellectual acumen.

The foible is almost endearing. Deutscher, who both hero-worshipped Trotsky and also longed to defeat him in debate (perhaps because Trotsky was, after all, a loser) analyses at length, say, some "brilliant" attack by Trotsky on some "position" of his opponents. After pages of this analysis the reader will be led to the suspicion, if he has been on his toes, that Trotsky's onslaught, for all its brilliance, was an historical event of rather limited proportions. It was in reality delivered in a small room where no one listened to it but a handful of sworn adversaries and it was not, in fact, even heard about until Deutscher dug it out of the archives! In this respect Deutscher's lengthy work contains a wealth of high comedy. As for Deutscher's virtues, among other things, his gift for exposition and his scholastic talent—they curiously parallel just those shortcomings that undid Trotsky.

MORE GENERALLY, Deutscher's whole pretence of scholarly objectivity—tacitly abandoned, very nearly, in the final volume where he must make his way through the mud of the 1930s—is falsified by his acceptance, never fully and openly acknowledged, of Marxist prejudices. He finds it necessary, for instance, to buttonhole the reader and force on him an explanation of why The Revolution, which should have developed (according to Marxists) in one way, in fact did something altogether different. Thus he explains a non-existent situation according to a plainly mistaken preconception, but instead of rectifying the preconception to bring it into line with the facts—vulgar empiricism!—he arbitrarily reinterprets the situation while retaining criteria that an uncommitted reader is bound to consider hopelessly compromised.

Since for all Trotsky's acumen his explanation of his own defeat is falsified *ab initio* by his doubtless human inability to see his personal faults in perspective, the superimposition by Deutscher of his own Marxist bias on Trotsky's leads not merely to a distortion of individual facts but to an irremediable warping of their whole historical framework. Deutscher's prism is gravely flawed. Compounded by his demonstrable high-handedness with the primary sources it substantially invalidates his work.

But what is surely most flagrant, in Deutscher's systematic manipulation of his account to accommodate his preconceptions, is his treatment of the "Show Trials" of 1936-38 that consummated Trotsky's political undoing.

These "Show Trials" have long been established as global fabrications devised by Stalin personally. Together with the "Purges" they served both to justify and to conceal; they destroyed millions of people under the cover of utterly bogus, half-demented "charges" presented in "trials" that were essentially theatrical charades. They were doubtless one of the most extravagant, massive acts of statecraft in political history, in a macabre way Stalin's most remarkable achievement.

Deutscher, in the service of what he himself would have called, I suppose, "progressive Marxism", had already (in his *Stalin*) in effect dismissed both "Show Trials" and "Purges" as a more or less natural, trivial, and ephemeral phenomenon. The very literary caption he contrived for the chapter dealing with it—"The Gods Are Athirst" —is a small masterpiece of dishonesty.

This act of political genocide, by eliminating some eight or nine million people in accordance with Stalin's private sociological recipe, reshaped Soviet society; Stalin transformed all Soviet "apparatuses", wiped out all political élites, and altered the population surgically. The "Show Trials" plus the "Purges" laid the groundwork for the institutionalisation of Soviet society that survives to this day.

Because of its magnitude and seeming dementia —Stalin wiped out the bulk of the Red Army officers' corps while Hitler was arming Germany —the rationale of this phenomenon remains a trifle blurred. Yet I think its essence can be divined.

Since "classical Marxism" could not be made to fit Soviet society, Soviet society was transformed to fit the "Marxism" that had become the state cult. To be fitted into Stalin's Procrustean bed the Soviet population was restructured through from top to bottom. The terror agencies of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

régime were given a spiritual "justification" acceptable to a lobotomised and amputated society.

Deutscher's biography of Trotsky treats this primordial phenomenon with consistent understatement. By dealing with it from the viewpoint of Trotsky himself (who was perforce aware of only its most superficial, though most dramatic element, the "Show Trials" themselves, and at that, because of his spiritual and physical isolation, from the mere technical point of view of the "charges"), Deutscher allows himself conveniently to bypass the true magnitude—sociological as well as moral—of the phenomenon.

Through most of his trilogy Deutscher takes pains to provide Trotsky's activities with a broad social background; for the end of the 1930s, by taking Trotsky's necessarily limited point of view as a pretext, Deutscher in essence ignores this astonishing phenomenon; and also disregards well-nigh totally the establishment of the Soviet cult of Marxist orthodoxy in which "Trotskyism" has been called upon to play such a special role.

Deutscher's deficiencies are all the more unmistakable since even by the time he had finished his *Stalin* (1949) the murderous vastness of this surgical operation was already undeniable. It was in his unavowed capacity as a Marxist "optimist" *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union that Deutscher consistently took a "long" enough view of its evolution to enable him to soar beyond the disagreeable facts.

IN DETAIL, TOO, some quirks of Deutscher's character stand forth clearly.

Deutscher, who spent his early youth immersed in the Talmud, dropped his Jewishness (as he thought) like a peculiarly burdensome irrelevance the moment he was enveloped, in late adolescence, by the mystical universe of Marxist scholasticism. In a different generation (and from a far more consciously Jewish background than Trotsky's), Deutscher embraced the ambivalent attitude of numerous Jewish Marxists. Thus, in dealing with Trotsky's Jewishness—in my view, an important factor in his political career—Deutscher debars himself as it were in advance from making it intelligible.[4]

Trotsky's bias is understandable, and is in its own way authentic: he was living his life, he understood it according to his lights, and in recounting it he glosses things over more or less unconsciously. But an historian who goes through the same glossing-over process deliberately is really committing a shocking misdemeanour: *his* bias is somehow outrageous![5]

In his general use of sources, there is a striking and consistent one-sidedness. Ziv, the friend of Trotsky's youth whom I mentioned earlier, was a medical student a few years older than Trotsky; he left the revolutionary movement to become a physician, and some years later published in New York a personal memoir in Russian. Ziv shared Trotsky's youthful underground activities, and found himself sharing the same prison cell with him twice. Though he later fell out with Trotsky on "theoretical grounds", he had the highest opinion of Trotsky's abilities, an opinion that lends special weight to his perception of Trotsky's weaknesses, as reflected, especially, against their common Jewish background.

Ziv's memoir[6]—only some 96 pages—is a primary source invaluable for the whole of Trotsky's later adolescence, the crucial period in which he matured into what he was to remain for the rest of his life; it is invaluable just because it situates the young Trotsky organically within his milieu, and gives us an inkling not merely of his reading, his ideas, and the like, but of his behaviour with people, especially with his first wife. (Legally she was his only wife; they were married by a rabbi.) Deutscher selects a few innocuous details from this unique memoir, and blandly abandons the substance. The impression is unavoidable that he mentions Ziv, in fact, only to defend himself against a possible charge of *not* having mentioned him at all.

With respect to Trotsky's public début in 1905 Deutscher uses his sources tendentiously. For instance, I found myself more and more disturbed by what seemed to me an omission of any reference to the St Petersburg daily press, a large, highly intelligent, massive, and ramified institution like that of any great city, then or now. When I consulted it my impression (by now expected) was confirmed—the Russian daily newspapers of the period make it plain that Deutscher's account, going far beyond Trotsky's own honest, sensible, modest account in his autobiography, inflates insignificant episodes quite unconscionably.

---

[4] See Isaac Deutscher, *The Non-Jewish Jew and Other Essays* (1968), and the perceptive comments on it by Professor Max Beloff in "Rootless Cosmopolitans?", ENCOUNTER (November 1969).

[5] Deutscher, who should have known better, accepts Trotsky's plainly doctored account of his earliest schooling; and with regard to Trotsky's equally plain distortion of what must have been his *Bar Mitzvah* studies, Deutscher simply tucks the whole episode—in Trotsky's autobiography simply incomprehensible—into a senseless footnote, pegged to Trotsky's early "Bible lessons", to the effect that later on, too, Trotsky had no greater success in "learning Hebrew."

Granted the smallness of the episode, this footnote struck me as one most characteristic of Deutscher's disingenuousness, particularly since Deutscher seems to have leaned over backwards a little in calling Trotsky's first school, bravely, by the Jewish name Trotsky simply omitted.

[6] Dr G. A. Ziv: *Trotskii: Kharakteristika po lichnym vospominaniyam*, New York, 1921, p. 53.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 1905 Soviet lasted only fifty days; Trotsky's role, though distinguished for a young man of 25, was minor; the trial, wherein he figured as one of many, was plainly a negligible event in the tumultuous life of a big capital. Deutscher, once again, is following the general Bolshevik "line" on 1905—since it was, in Lenin's phrase, a "dress-rehearsal" for 1917, its cardinal importance was somehow immanent in the merely *apparent* triviality of the episode itself—a typical piece of Hegelianism.

Trotsky was, in a way, a bluestocking, great with immense ability, virtuosity, and passion that under the protection of someone else's authority could inflame multitudes. Deutscher, too, was a bluestocking, knit somewhat smaller. Dazzled by all those qualities of Trotsky he yearned to share—his oratory, his masterfulness—he persistently failed to perceive the flaws in Trotsky that help explain his destruction.

THE LAST TIME I saw Isaac Deutscher he insisted on reading aloud one of Trotsky's great speeches, which I had omitted in my edition of Sukhanov's *Russian Revolution 1917*. There were three others in the room: myself, who had told him I knew the speech well, his wife, who knew it by heart, and my own wife, who was falling asleep.

Deutscher, sitting down, began reading the speech—a very long one—from his microscopically tiny handwriting, acquired, he told us with pride, during his days in the underground.

By the time he reached the second paragraph he was standing up, declaiming the speech in a splendid round voice, dramatically waving his arms about. He came, after slow and calculated emphasis, to his peroration with a crescendo that one felt could be justified only by the applause of thousands.

And this was the man, whom, because of the pervasive bias in his biography of Stalin, Trotsky's widow thought to be an agent of the Soviet Political Police! Deutscher, too, had his personal complications. He longed so much to be Trotsky—a successful Trotsky, to be sure!—that it is a pity he failed to emulate his integrity. Behind the mask of erudition he remained, essentially, an apologist and hagiographer.

The Consolations of Failure

TROTSKY'S FATE as a human being was harrowing. One daughter died in youth, the other committed suicide after losing her mental balance while sharing his exile; the younger son vanished, the elder (a friend and colleague in day-to-day work) was assassinated, no doubt by the Soviet Political Police, a couple of years before Trotsky's murder. All his political associates, allies, friends, and even acquaintances were simply wiped out, often after being forced through a public ritual of recantation and denunciation of himself.

The loneliness of his later exile, in Norway and Mexico, must have been intense. Toward the end he and his sole surviving associate, his loving second wife Natalya, did not even have anyone to talk Russian with. Despite Trotsky's enduring physical vigour, they gave the impression, although only in their late fifties, of a lonely, rapidly ageing couple.

Yet Trotsky's political and personal frustration was really no more than a symptom of something more profound; from his own point of view it was, no doubt, his true tragedy, all the more poignant because he could not possibly acknowledge it. This was the failure of his ideas.

It is this failure that accentuates his personal suffering, at the very moment during his final exile when he was writing some of his finest essays (notably on German politics). His suffering was not *merely* personal: his formidable intellect was outdistanced by his circumstances.

Trapped by the preconceptions of a lifetime, he found them, at last, inadequate as an explanation of the titanic events that were destroying his world and himself. In "the final analysis" Marxism proved a broken reed.

Yet it goes without saying that he could not abandon it. His ideas had crystallised to coalesce with his ego; it was 1917, after all, that had made him an historic figure, that had catapulted him on to the stage of world events as the embodiment of a new state power and also—this was indispensable for his emotional integrity—as the exponent of a Great Idea.

How could he admit that the whole thing had been a deplorable misunderstanding!

AGAINST THE BACKGROUND of Trotsky's ordeal the recent revival of "Trotskyism" in odd capitals of the world makes a curious impression. Trotsky's ideas, linked at their best with the crisis of a Marxist party degenerating in the wrong place and time, were never in any case more than the ideas of Marx and Engels and, perhaps, Lenin, though in the last case with the nuances I have indicated. He never thought of himself as more than a faithful disciple: the sloganising of his name by people who by rights should find his ideas irrelevant would have caused him, no doubt, acute embarrassment, an anguish, that one fancies Marx himself would have felt bitterly, ironically, as he contemplated the absurdities of the human condition.

If an element of greatness is timeliness of arrival, perhaps a consolation of great failure is

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

timeliness of departure. Trotsky's murder spared him knowledge of the scope of the "Purges" that were just coming to an end, of the consolidation of Stalinism on foundations that have endured to our own day, of the renascence of capitalism and bourgeois society amidst the ruins of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, of the sustained apathy of the American working class *vis-à-vis* Marxism, and of the emergence of a Revolutionary China, to say nothing of various other peoples of Africa and Asia, all professing some *very* peculiar varieties of "Marxism."

Despite Trotsky's passion for commitment, a favourite remark of his was Spinoza's maxim—"*Not to laugh, not to weep, but to understand. . . .*" In the strange jungle of our age this imposed an intolerable strain on his great strength of character.

FILM & THEATRE

The Light and the Dark

By John Weightman

THE TWO MAJOR show-business successes of the moment—the rock "oratorio" *Godspell* and the Stanley Kubrick film *A Clockwork Orange*—have been commented on a great deal already, so that I risk boring the pants, rather than charming the knickers, off the gentle reader by re-opening the discussion at this late stage. My excuse is that no one seems to have thought of comparing them. I attended the two performances within the same fortnight, and they struck me as being in some mysterious way alike. Now, after an illuminating stroll among the tombstones of the Hampstead Cemetery, that useful thinking-ground, it has come to me that they have the similarity of opposites: *Godspell* is an exercise in angelism, *A Clockwork Orange* a venture in diabolism. It is difficult to say what the proportions of genuineness and commercialism may be in either, but on the whole, in respect of interest, the devil wins, as he usually does.

I take it as axiomatic that Christ is a super angel and the Devil a fallen one, with the result that they balance each other as brothers in God, operating on the right hand and the left hand of the Creator. Alex, the diabolical hero of *A Clockwork Orange*, is presented as an attractive young thug with a band of recalcitrant disciples, and he is given the charm of innate and independent wickedness. The hero of *Godspell* is Jesus himself, another personable young man, but of positively honeyed sweetness and with something of the soulful clown surrounded by a harlequin band of fey worshippers. Whereas the group of the wicked are dressed in black bowler hats and white track-suits with bulging jock-straps and are armed with sticks and bicycle chains, the band of the blesséd are in various kinds of motley and play with feathers and yo-yos. Both groups are completely balletic and their movements are set to music. To complete the parallel, the Devil, no less than Jesus, undergoes a Passion. Actually, in *Godspell*, the *chemin de la croix* is prettified almost out of existence, but in *A Clockwork Orange* it is rich and variegated: Alex is betrayed by his disciples, stripped of his raiment, scourged, spat upon, given a crown of torturing electrodes and ends up as a plaster cross on a hospital bed. Then, in the last scene of the film, he resuscitates with the same diabolical impishness as he had at the beginning. By comparison, Jesus' implied resurrection in *Godspell* is very insipid, because God has been on his side all along. One show is so angelic that it doesn't even begin to give the Devil a run for his money; the other is so diaboli-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal that it gives the Devil the inverted prestige of a black Christ.

IT WOULD BE INTERESTING to know if the two performances appeal to the same schizophrenic public in different moods. The vast queue in Leicester Square waiting to see *A Clockwork Orange* seemed to be made up of the same mixture as the enthusiastic audience at *Godspell*, except that there was a sprinkling of dog-collars among the latter; perhaps a clergyman who goes to see *A Clockwork Orange* feels obliged to remove his vestimentary sign so as not to dishonour the cloth. But I thought I noticed some rather red ecclesiastical faces during the interval at *Godspell*. "I suppose it's like a mediaeval mystery play", said one parson to another without much conviction as they stood behind me in the back of the stalls, watching the audience rush up on to the stage to partake jovially of the blood of Christ in the form of free plonk.

A moment's reflection is enough to persuade one that *Godspell*, music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, conceived and directed by John-Michael Tebelak (both 23 years old, according to the programme, which however refrains from specifying whether or not they are Christians), is very far from being a mystery play. It is not a naïve and spontaneous presentation of Christian myth within an illiterate Christian society; it is show business in a literate, predominantly non-Christian society, a jazzed-up version of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, which does not require any Christian belief at all on the part of the makers. They could have done the same with the Old Testament or the Koran, and may indeed be already at work on these other holy libretti for different publics. The emotional conviction is all in the beat of the music, not in the imaginative treatment of the material. If it is objected that the same might have been said of the Salvation Army in the good old days when it blew into cornets and rattled tambourines, I would reply that the Army was, or is, an activist organisation applying Christianity literally. Its music was functional and served the purpose of bolstering faith in cold winds on street corners. The score of *Godspell*, like the dancing, the music-hall tricks, the miming and conjuring, stands in a contingent relationship to the Christian message; being neither functional nor illustrative, it is at best entertaining. Of course, if one could overlook the intellectual contingency, the throb of the music and the vitality and mobility of the young performers created a sense of collective excitement, which the audience, judging by their unwillingness to go home at the end, took to be a confirmation of faith. In fact, it is religion turned into *divertissement*, a development that would have surprised Pascal.

LET ME GIVE one or two examples. The show begins with "The Tower of Babble", a chorus in which the company jig up and down bearing placards identifying them individually as noted miscreants: Gibbon, Nietzsche, Sartre, *etc.* I couldn't make out the words they were singing, but I suppose that was the point. They weren't meant to be intelligible; they were only there to be swept aside when the horn blew and John the Baptist began his refrain: *"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."* This tune, the best in the show, consists of one strong, splendid phrase indefinitely repeated without development. However it emerges from nothing, because disbelief and evil have not been given their effective music—no Monostatos or Queen of the Night here—and it leads into nothing, because Jesus, when he appears, is just a winsome, bare-chested young man in soccer shorts (there must be a degree of nakedness in any contemporary show), who does a curiously effeminate little dance, the import of which escaped me. This Jesus didn't attempt to be the Lord; he was sugar and spice and all things nice. When he delivered the Gospel words straight, he said them with carefully rounded vowels, like a child reciting a lesson written by a grown-up. None of the harsh statements of the New Testament would have fitted into his mouth, and in fact he wasn't provided with any. Obviously, all disturbing implications have to be filleted out of show-business Christianity.

As a matter of fact, very little of the Gospel text was delivered straight. The parable of the mote and the beam was given as an "I say, I say" dialogue; that of the sower was mimed by different groups, and the seeds which fell on stony ground or grew among weeds got very good laughs; that of the Good Samaritan was done as a kind of charade, and again was great fun. But in each case, the theatrics, as they now seem to be called, were independently amusing and were not geared to the significance of the parable. In other words, the show mainly exemplified the aesthetics of publicity, not of art or conviction.

After all, Mr Tebelak's young life may have been nurtured on the television commercial, the technique of which is to fuse an obsessive musical jingle or verbal phrase with some memorable little action so as to drive home the name of the product. Sometimes these commercials can be very enjoyable; I loved the recent one about Tetley Tea Bags, with acrobats inside white sacks somersaulting out of a large box; it had a kind of lunatic poetry. But there was no inherent relevance to tea; I was not moved to buy a tea bag, and the white packets could have contained bicarbonate of soda for all I cared. Similarly, Messrs Tebelak and Schwartz might have been doing a commercial for Christianity,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reminding us of its existence, helping us to sit through the sermonising part by disguising its nature with rhythms and stage business and implying, without argument or organised aesthetic force, that religion, like Tetley Tea or Shredded Wheat or Omo, is a *totally good thing*. That part of advertising which is not based on fear or envy depends on the myth of angelism, that is, on the belief that evil can be eliminated. Even Christ's lament on the Cross was deliciously pretty and unreal; who would not like to die so charmingly? Mr Schwartz, more perhaps than Mr Tebelak, is a man of talent, but *Godspell* is not a notably Christian work. At most, it is a parasitical product depending on the fact that a lot of us thirst vaguely for religion, as we thirst for gracious living or the perfect car.

I HAVE FORGOTTEN whether Anthony Burgess' novel, *A Clockwork Orange*, contains an explanation of its title, but I suppose the expression refers to man, who can be thought of in both mechanical and organic terms. Alex, the diabolical hero, takes a lyrical delight in thuggery and rape, "the ultra-violent and the old in-and-out." This is his organic aspect; his "soul" is at home in evil. After being caught and imprisoned, he is subjected to reconditioning according to Pavlovian behaviourism. He is forced to watch films of sex and violence after being injected with a powerful emetic. From then on, whenever he is caught in a violent or sexual situation, he will be paralysed by sickness. The government hopes to neutralise all common criminals in this way, not for humanitarian reasons but in order to be freer to deal with political offenders. The plan backfires, because the "liberal" opponents of the government get hold of the freed Alex and subject him to such painful stimuli that he attempts suicide and creates a scandal. Confusion and eating of words on the political level, but Alex is happy again, because he realises on recovery that the shock has nullified the conditioning and reinstated his wicked soul.

In a recent number of the *New York Review of Books* (6.4.72), Christopher Ricks excellently demonstrates how the Kubrick film, although Anthony Burgess has expressed approval of it, softens and distorts the book in several respects in order to make Alex's evil more attractive and to turn him into a sacrificial victim. For instance, the violence he commits is purified by the aesthetics of the dance (influence of *West Side Story*?), whereas the violence done to him is sordidly realistic. I agree, and this confirms my point that the Devil becomes a Christ-figure. But I think the essential affirmation is already present in the book. Alex *is* a hero; the book contains no representative of the good at all; the victims are despicable and get their own back when they can. The book, like the film, forces us to identify with Alex, because we are shown things only from his point of view and he is the only character credited with a soul, although that soul is evil. The message is neo-Sadism: in a world of zombies, dare to be a devil; the lyricism of destruction is the only dignified response to the scandal of the Hidden God or the Absent God. It is significant that the film alters the book by giving Alex/Satan a pet in the form of a snake with the regal-*cum*-ecclesiastical name of Basil; it is almost as if some Freudian structuralist had been at work on the script to round off the implications.

A CENTRAL POINT is that Alex, in addition to doubly distancing himself from prosaic reality by wearing special gear and using his own jargon, made up of transliterations of Russian words and Germanic syntax, has one great passion, Ludwig Van, and more especially the Ninth Symphony, that hymn to brotherhood which some critics have tended to have reservations about, precisely because they think it is tinged with facile angelism. Does Mr Burgess wish us to understand that the angelism of the Ninth is an illusion and that all music, whether "great" or not, is at bottom an amoral patterning of vitality? Could one, for instance, perform a delicate and measured operation of torture to the accompaniment of Gluck's *Dance of the Blesséd Spirits*? Mr Kubrick seems to think so, because the most brilliantly executed scene in the film is a rape and beating carried out by the gang of thugs as they gaily chant "Singing in the Rain." On this reading, the statement that *"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"* is quite wrong, and all those people (like myself) who think that their feelings become nobler as they listen to Beethoven are confusing a musically induced sense of mental and physical well-being with the perception of moral good. The experience of well-being may be equally attuned to sadistic glee. If there is no moral law in the universe, music merely enhances individual functioning; it is an undifferentiated psychological booster, on the same level as alcohol and other drugs.

Well, I cannot altogether accept this. I sense a difference between the Emperor Concerto and a double whisky, and so I would accuse *A Clockwork Orange* of being as one-sided in its diabolism as *Godspell* is in its angelism. A character who can kick an old man in the face to the rhythm of "Singing in the Rain" must be suffering from some kind of mental hiatus. The weakness of Burgess' book, as of the film, is that it does not succeed in its attempt to convey a qualitative lesson by moral negation, because the hero

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who is consciously negating morality goes over the edge into the pathological, that is, he himself is more clockwork than orange, in spite of the constant effort to suggest the contrary. The implication is that he represents the only spark of poetic vitality in the spiritual desert of the new England. His parents are footling, the police are professional brutes, the probation officer has an ambiguous interest in his charges, the prison is a monument of bureaucratic stupidity and the politicians on both sides are shallow tacticians. One sees the grain of truth in each of these criticisms. But it is nothing like enough to bestow metaphysical dignity on Alex by contrast. If it is poetically right for four thugs to beat up an old man, it is also poetically right for two policemen to beat up one of the thugs; the book and the film imply a qualitative difference which isn't there.

Alex's evil is not caused by the surrounding spiritual vacuum, or at least no proof is offered that it is. It is inherent and gratuitous, and its only superiority over the evil of adult society is that it is fresher and more vigorous, since Alex has the appeal of youth. To give the Devil a young face and body and to weight the emotional scales in his favour is to mix up metaphysics with sentiment and sensuality. It is true that a lot of traditional paintings do exactly this in the case of Christ, but one form of artistic excess does not justify, although it may encourage, the opposite excess. Whole art, let us say, is always genuinely Manichean in that it strikes a convincing balance between good and evil.

HAVING SAID THIS, I add that my criticism of the metaphysical core of the film does not make me insensitive to its occasional beauties. Particularly impressive, I thought, was the first rape sequence. The camera dwells to begin with on the ornate proscenium arch of a deserted theatre, then it moves down to reveal the stage, where a gang of leather-boys are ripping the clothes off a nicely plump young girl, who is running wildly to and fro in an attempt to escape. As she is gradually exposed in her tender nakedness, her flesh glows warmly against the black rippling movements of the boys. Eventually, an interruption allows her to dart off into the wings with bobbing breasts. The scene, set in the gilded theatrical frame, is like a moving mythological picture of pearly innocence beset by the forces of darkness. Here the balance is right because the sadistic charm of the episode contains an implied recognition of its own dubious nature.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Poems

The Disconsolate Chimera (I)

Have you met the disconsolate chimera
who despises his triune self?
He sits in a bar and drinks,
killing his delicate health.

He drinks and tries to unravel
his bewildering mystery:
lion, serpent, and goat,
he has no identity.

At times he flickers deceit,
endowed with the venom of lies.
He crawls in the dust and hisses:
"How gifted I am, how wise!"

At times he daydreams of lust
as the hot blood runs through his veins:
a waitress, a girl on the bus. . . .
Useless, it's all in vain:

a roar scatters those beasts
who batten on second-rate thrills
and this stalker of zebras hides
near waterholes, poised for the kill.

No zebra comes. Nothing.
And he waits, continually drinking,
for someone to solve his riddle.
He stares at his whisky, thinking.

Stephen Miller

The Disconsolate Chimera (II)

It would ill become me to describe
His features fat and thin,
The many facets of his many sides
The sorrows outward and the sorrows in.

Perhaps he is vilely inconsiderate?
Or is there too much ruth in him?
The elusiveness of Truth it is
Leaves him disconsolate.

Do What Thou Wilt Not
Is the Whole of the Law—
This way you commit no crime
And your punishment is sure.

I gave up breathing fire some time back,
he would smile.
This Chimera has some interests still,
Even in himself.
He hunts around for a nail file.

How can one abide the cheerful?
(One of my acquaintances once said:
"They have not heard the news")
But who can stand the tearful?
(Not the sort of colleagues I would choose).

Oh well, the first of his tree
Was incongruous. A goat's body
And the mind of a tabid angel.
They should have called him The Incongruous,
Like The Rhinoceros
Bearing his genitals on his head,
And a Name more easily said.

A thing of highbred character, he'd
Remark of himself, putting on the dog.
A moment after, a shade disconsolately,
Actually the word in the dictionary
Is hybrid.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Or, *According to some accounts, I come*
From a long line of extinct volcanoes.
He could still huff and puff. *By most accounts,*
The only good volcano is a dead one.
A joky Chimera, but his jokes
Tended to vanish halfway through.
He had a Gudrun for his money—
that special disconsolate humour—
And we have, he'd say, *a Disconsolate*
In every civilised country.

He was a great one for word-play,
In which he saw the beginnings of language
And the end of life. In this way
He would take his place in the Puntheon.

When he came upon them
Babies would burst into howls of terror,
Or they might break into smiles,
Or they might appear not to notice him.
It was much the same with adults,
But more contained.

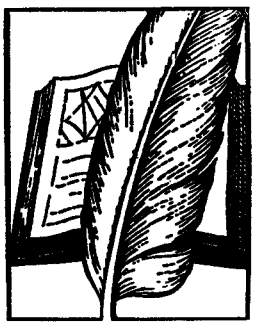
His sympathy was sometimes mistaken for irony,
And his irony for sympathy.
It could be said of him, that if he had a bad effect
On the good, he had a good effect on the bad,
And finally he couldn't tell his friends from his enemies
Because it was difficult to tell.
He was his keeper's brother,
And the bell tolled for him.

At times I think it is possible
That the Word shall be purged and
What lies beneath it.
That out of our prolonged disconsolation
Shall come a quiet recognition
That since we are so many,
On this small earth our portion must be small,
That poetry is what is lyrical
And not our lot, yet we can live with it.
Or is this solace quite chimerical?

Safer, he felt, to fancy doom
(By definition I am always wrong)—
It was a kind Chimera
With which I end my song.

D. J. Enright

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Column

I HAVE THE FEELING that when at last the wedding bells peal to celebrate the union, so long delayed, of Europa and the Bull, the happy couple will find, like so many others before and, no doubt, after them, that they have a great deal to learn about each other. Of course, the preliminaries to the wedding have been excessively protracted; the marriage brokers have been at work, the lawyers, the diplomats, the financial advisers, and all those others who take it for granted that they should have a hand in a complicated dynastic affair of this kind. At times one has wondered whether the young couple, embroiled in so many legal, financial, even genealogical complications, would ever have a chance of really getting to know one another, or of surrendering themselves to those genuine affections of the heart which are the only dependable foundations for any lasting union.

But when at last the preliminaries and the festivities are over and they finally find themselves alone, locked in each other's arms, in the darkness and privacy of the bridal chamber, what on earth will they find to say to each other? They will certainly have many unexpected and surprising discoveries to make. Not least, shyly unveiling, about their own natures, and which of them is to play what part in the marriage. Who is to be male and who female, who is to demand and who yield, who is to strike a dominant attitude and who employ a woman's soft seductive arts? Or is it to be some modern progressive unisex affair, one of those gay-women's-lib couplings, in which no one quite knows who is biologically what, and in that case what hopes can we cherish for a fruitful outcome of their union?

The opportunities for speculation are endless and, for my part, I only wish that the young couple had found some means of cutting the preliminaries short and getting down to the real, and much more difficult business of wedlock. As it is, the whole thing is beginning to remind one of those long Victorian novels which recount in fascinating detail how the lovers overcame the all-but-insuperable obstacles to their happiness but, three volumes later, tell one nothing about what happened to them afterwards. Or of one of those fashionable engagements so beloved of gossip columnists, one day on and the next day off, for so long that at length even the press gets bored with it and the whole thing sinks into deserved oblivion.

I at least hope that this will not happen; too many interests depend on the affair being brought to a happy and successful conclusion. But when it finally is, the bridal pair will certainly have to exercise towards each other a greater degree of mutual affection, tolerance and understanding than they have been accustomed to in the past. How could they, poor things, when they hardly know each other or even speak each other's language?

IT IS NOT FOR ME to enter into the major difficulties they are likely to encounter. We can safely leave that to Mr Enoch Powell, Professor Kaldor, Mr Douglas Jay and Mr Michael Foot, who, like a strangely assorted pantomime quartet of Wicked Uncles, wait in the wings to frustrate the finale. But I think, as one who wishes the bridal couple well, that one may legitimately point out some minor sources of potential misunderstanding which may from time to time lead to difficulties. After all, it is, as everyone knows, the minor irritations that really threaten a marriage. The major ones are easily overcome; it is the little ones that prove insuperable.

One of these, I think, is that the two parties will come together with very different memories of the past, and more especially of the immediate past, if this may be held to cover a period of some 40 to 50 years. In that period, Britain, on the one hand, has been through many and painful experiences, and one hopes that Europe will take these into account and have sympathy for them. But they have not been of such a kind as to cut her off irretrievably from her past and, again, one hopes that this sense of the continuity of things may be one of the real contributions Britain may make to a new and united Europe. For Europe, on the other hand, the last 50 years have been a period of terrifying oscillation between catastrophe and recovery, and even now recovery is not so assured that it can obliterate the memory, and the fear, of catastrophe. As Mr George Steiner has recently reminded us in *Bluebeard's Castle*, that experience is of such a kind that it may be held to constitute an absolute break in the European consciousness, like some volcanic eruption which divides one geological era from another.

I do not mean by this that we in Britain have been immune to that experience or that we do not share responsibility for it. In this at least we have some common ground with our European neighbours. But we have not lived through it so directly and so disastrously, in our own bodies as it were, that they still show the scars of it, and its wounds are still hardly healed; or in our own minds so that to look backwards to the past is a process so painful that we are forced to close our eyes and avert them from the terrifying vistas

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of death and destruction which the past reveals.

For Europe is today, in a very real sense, still a continent of ghosts, of both the body and the mind. One feels this intensely in, say, driving through a prosperous and flourishing city like Düsseldorf, the centre of the greatest industrial conurbation in the world—and suddenly recalling that the last time one was there it was a city of death and destruction, in which hardly a building stood intact, deprived of every resource required to sustain civilised life, and where the last remaining inhabitants scuttled like rats in the ruins. This is not less so in some smiling countryside, in which a name glimpsed at a railway station or at a crossroads suddenly reminds one that its fields have been watered by the blood of millions of the dead, of every nationality, race and religion known to the continent. It is worth remembering also that this feeling comes as intensely to one in Eastern as in Western Europe and in this sense at least Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals is still not divided.

THIS SENSE of a huge disaster only just survived, which embraced the ruin of all, is for most people in Europe so unbearable that it is inevitable that they should try to suppress it, or, even more, to pretend that the disaster never happened. Yet the ghosts of the dead refuse to be laid. From time to time they return to haunt us, often in forms which seem trivial or even farcical, yet none the less real because of the horrors out of which, like some beast in the jungle, they suddenly spring.

An example of how they may return to plague us, long after we had thought they were laid to rest, is to be found in a libel action which at the moment, as we go to press, is being conducted in the district court at Zurich. The question at issue is a very simple one. The plaintiff, the best-selling Austrian novelist Hans Habe, contends that he has been libelled by being called a Fascist in an interview published in June 1970 in the Swiss *Sonntagsjournal* by the defendant, the distinguished Swiss writer and dramatist, Friedrich Dürrenmatt. One of the questions before the court is precisely what the term *Fascist* means, and, given that it does mean anything, whether it is libellous to apply it to anyone. Expert evidence has been called to assist the court in arriving at a decision. On the one hand, Hans Habe has called as a witness for the prosecution the distinguished Spanish liberal Salvador de Madariaga, while on the other the eminent Swiss historian J. B. von Salis has supplied the defence with a thesis on the subject: *What is Fascism and What Makes a Man a Fascist*? I should dearly like to read it.

One hardly knows how seriously an English court would take such an action. In England, by now, it is permissible to call anyone, from Roy Jenkins to the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Fascist and no one will feel particularly hurt by it. It has become so generalised and indiscriminate a word of abuse that an English judge and jury might well decide that it was simply a somewhat energetic way of saying that one politically disagreed with someone or morally disapproved of him. It would certainly be very difficult to assess what damages, if any, one had incurred by saying so.

In Europe, however, things are rather different. There the word still retains its direct and unpleasant association with the dictatorships of Hitler and Mussolini, and suggests some kind of responsibility for, or sympathy with, the monstrous crimes of which they were guilty. One could hardly say worse of any man. What is more, in Europe, there is always the possibility that the accusation, however wildly made, could be made to stick, however respectable its object may have become in the meantime. In Germany, some years ago, I had the slightly eerie experience of travelling in a lift with three eminently responsible German citizens, in no way distinguishable from those with whom I had just been enjoying breakfast in my hotel. They turned out to be the defendants, remanded on bail, in a notorious war crimes trial and were later convicted of the murder of several thousands of Jews, including their babies.

Indeed, the particular circumstances of the trial in Zurich make it very clear why, in Europe, the accusation of Fascism is a dangerous one, with repercussions which may extend far back into the past. For the trial is in a sense a kind of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark and the person whose reputation is really at stake is not formally involved at all. This is Harry Buckwitz, recently appointed director of Zurich's famous theatre, the *Schauspielhaus*. Herr Buckwitz, who is known especially as a West German expert on Brecht, is a darling of the Central European Left, an eloquent opponent of authoritarianism in high (Western) places, and his admirers look to him to revive, in his theatre, the great days of the 1930s, when it gallantly upheld liberal values against the dictatorship which threatened them from across the Alps.

What has enraged Herr Dürrenmatt is that Herr Habe should have discovered that Herr Buckwitz was not always so dedicated an apostle of the radical Left. At the outbreak of the last War Herr Buckwitz, who is half Jewish, was an *émigré* in East Africa. In 1940 he applied for permission to return to the *Reich*, and as the price of receiving it wrote an anti-Semitic pamphlet for the German *Kolonialbund*, describing the emotions of gratitude and joy experienced by an *Auslandsdeutscher* on returning to the bosom of the *Heimat*. In the course of the pamphlet, he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quoted his own proud declaration to an English interrogation officer: "I am a German and therefore a *National Socialist.*"

IT IS PERHAPS TYPICAL of the complicated feelings which are a part of Europe's legacy from the past that this discovery should have provoked Herr Dürrenmatt to attack, not Herr Buckwitz, with whom he is associated in the Zurich theatre, but Herr Habe, now a columnist on Axel Springer's Hamburg newspaper *Welt am Sonntag*. If there are any Fascists about, he said in his interview, it is Habe himself, adding, when asked if he proposed to refute Habe's accusation, that "one doesn't tread in human or animal excrement when one meets it in the street," a remark to which Herr Habe not unnaturally took exception. Herr Buckwitz himself has claimed that the offending passages in his pamphlet were interpolated by the hands of others, who wished to make use of it for Nazi propaganda. Whoever was responsible, the pamphlet seems to have served its purpose for Herr Buckwitz was able to resume his German citizenship and spend the rest of the War busily as an hotel manager in, of all places, Lodz in Nazi-occupied Poland. One feels that he must have had some rather sinister and disagreeable guests.

Was it in Lodz, or later, after Germany's defeat, that Herr Buckwitz lost his enthusiasm for the Third Reich, and discovered his allegiance to radical Brechtian politics? Perhaps this is a question the court in Zurich will not be required to decide. But Herr Dürrenmatt's indignation with Herr Habe is at least partly inspired by the feeling that a sinner who repenteth deserves an even warmer welcome on the Left than a thousand who never sinned at all but never suffered the same conversion to radicalism as Herr Buckwitz. As for Herr Habe, he also has had to account for his past, though in his case this seems to have included nothing worse than a brief flirtation in earliest youth with Prince Starhemberg's *Heimwehr*, a gang of upper-Austrian thugs more distinguished for romanticism and stupidity than anything else.

But ghosts have been resuscitated from an even more remote past. Herr Dürrenmatt has called on nothing less than the spirit of Karl Kraus, from old pre-war Vienna, to testify against Habe, on the ground of the campaign waged by Kraus, in his paper *Die Fackel*, against Habe's father, Bekessy ("Chuck the scoundrel out of Vienna!"). The implication is presumably that like father, like son, and as Kraus so Dürrenmatt. Somehow one wonders whether such evidence, if indeed it can be called evidence, will outweigh the effect in Zurich of the fatal words in Herr Buckwitz's pamphlet: *I am a German and therefore a National Socialist.*

ENGLISHMEN MAY WELL FEEL inclined to conclude that the proceedings in Zurich are nothing more than a storm in a literary teacup and at most only a consequence of the intemperate language which literary men so often use to each other, though not often so publicly. Certainly they are likely to feel that nothing similar is ever likely to occur in our own courts. Somehow history does not seem to press so hard or so directly on our own literary heroes. And no doubt they are right to think so. Yet one hopes that this will not simply induce in them a mood of complacency in which they thank God that they are not as other men are across the Channel. For the libel action in Zurich, absurd as it may seem in some respects, does reflect an aspect of European life with which in some way or other we shall genuinely have to come to terms when we enter into a closer association with Europe than we have ever known before. That is to say, something which we shall have to try to understand precisely because it goes so deep and because, for that very reason, Europeans very often try to suppress it from their own consciousness.

A curious example of this may be found in yet another item from the foreign press. During the legal proceedings in Zurich, the famous woman pilot, Hannah Reitsch, celebrated her 60th birthday and *Die Welt* took the opportunity to recall her many services to aviation, and her achievements as perhaps the most distinguished woman pilot now alive. What *Die Welt* and other German papers (or The Deutsche Presse-Agentur, which signed the story) totally failed to recall is that her fanatical devotion to aviation was only equalled by her even more fanatical devotion to Hitler. Readers of Hugh Trevor-Roper's *The Last Days of Hitler*, will remember, though *Die Welt* does not, that the most spectacular feat of even her career was to fly the last plane into beleaguered Berlin, using the bomb-shattered Unter den Linden as a landing-strip, in a vain attempt to save the Führer's life. She was rewarded by the Führer with a phial of poison, so that they might, not live, but die together. "Hannah", he said, "you belong to those who will die with me" (Shirer, *Rise & Fall of the Third Reich*, p. 1454). To omit such an incident from the record of a distinguished career is surely one of the oddest lapses of memory in journalistic history. It is as if one wrote a congratulatory article on Lord Hunt without remembering that he once climbed Everest.

How does one explain it? Is it fortuitous or deliberate? Does it come from the feeling that the past should be forgiven, or, since that is not really possible, quite simply forgotten? And will similar feats of forgetfulness be required of us too after the forthcoming marriage with Europe?

R

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tory Ideologue

Salisbury as a Conservative Intellectual — By ELIE KEDOURIE

OF ALL Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers, Lord Salisbury is, it seems to me, the only one who may be called an intellectual. The appellation can be justified by an examination, however cursory, of his writings. These writings took the form of articles and reviews published mostly in the 1860s in *The Saturday Review* and *The Quarterly Review*. Much in these articles and reviews is ephemeral and today of little intrinsic significance; but discounting all this, there yet remains a substantial residue which shows a reasoned and coherent view of politics being worked out and illustrated. And it is because he is so articulate about the general character of political activity, and its relation to religion and ethics, because he puts before us a theory of politics, that Salisbury may be described as an intellectual.

The term has, of course, pejorative overtones; and Salisbury has not escaped the criticism of confusing theoretical with practical reason, of approaching politics with that rigid *esprit de système* which intellectuals sometimes mistakenly bring to bear on practical affairs. Thus Mr Maurice Cowling, examining the role he played in Derby's administration in 1866-7, declares that he was "dogmatic, intense and too clever by half", and that he had a desire "to be something between [a] prig on the one hand and [a] doctrinaire on the other."[1] It may be that, as Mr Cowling argues, Salisbury was then utterly wrong in his assessment of parliamentary reform and its consequences, that he failed to appeciate the character and intent of Derby's and Disraeli's policies and that this failure was due to the doctrinaire cast of his mind. It is debatable whether such strictures are justified. But whatever his practical failings then, his understanding of political activity, free of cant and illusion, subtle and sceptical as we shall see it to be, exemplifies the *esprit de finesse* rather than the *esprit de géometrie*.

BUT IT IS NOT ONLY for their own sake that Salisbury's writings on politics, sharp and original as they are, are worth examining. The student of British Conservatism does not find it easy to describe its distinguishing characteristics, the frame of mind and temperament associated with it. This difficulty has somewhat to do with the fact that there does not exist a systematic and coherent body of Conservative doctrine from which to make a start, by which to take one's bearings. To be able therefore to understand Conservatism, the temperament and *persona* associated with it, one has to examine the utterances and the record of a succession of Conservatives who are articulate and aware of what being a Conservative implies, and who, for one reason or another, are in some fashion exemplary for their time and place.

Salisbury became a Conservative Member of Parliament in 1853, and from 1885 to 1902 was the leader of the Conservative Party. It is this record, together with a strongly defined and arresting personality, and the unusual amalgam in him of the theoretical and the practical mind, which serves to make Salisbury into an exemplary Conservative. He is, of course, not the only kind of exemplary Conservative. If, making use of William James distinction, we were to divide Conservatives into those who are "tender-minded" and those who are "tough-minded", it is the latter whom Salisbury may be said to represent and exemplify. And if today he seems to us a very remote figure, this is not only because the assumptions and conditions of British politics have changed utterly since his day, but also because during Baldwin's ascendancy and afterwards it is largely a tender-minded Conservatism which has set the tone and dominated the Party's rhetoric.

[1] Maurice Cowling: *1867; Disraeli, Gladstone & Revolution* (1967), pp. 21-23.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALISBURY, as is well known, was all his life a devout Anglican. If, as has been said, "the Church of England is the Tory Party at prayer", then Salisbury by virtue of his Anglicanism was a natural member of the Conservative Party. He himself, in a letter to a friend in April 1867, at the height of the controversy about the second Reform Bill, declared that except for the suffrage and the Church of England there was nothing of which the Conservatives were in any special way the protectors. Some nine years before, speaking against the so-called Jew Bill in March 1858, he declared that he was opposed particularly to the introduction of the sincere believing Jew into the House of Commons, because in proportion to his sincerity, such a Jew must take a view "hostile to their whole body, and to all their institutions"—must be "opposed to all in a religious sense that they were there to uphold."[2] It is clear that for Salisbury the protection of the Church of England, and the preservation of its privileged position in the state, went hand in hand with the protection and preservation of the British Constitution.

> Theoretically [he observed in an article of 1861] there is no reason why the secular position of the Church of Christ in any country should determine the precise form of its civil polity. But, practically, the spirit which abhors a national Church has been found also to abhor the institutions which give political predominance to the educated classes.

And he went on to quote with approval a speech of 1854 in which Lord John Russell opposed the abolition of Church rates:

> We have a national Church [said Lord John Russell], we have an hereditary aristocracy, we have an hereditary monarchy, and all these things stand together. My opinion is, too, that they would decay and fall together.[3]

But if defence of the Anglican establishment is a corollary, which Salisbury accepted, of the notion that the Church of England is the Tory Party at prayer, other corollaries of such a position he would have rejected. Such corollaries are those which Gladstone attempted to prove in his treatise on *The State in its Relations with the Church* (1838). Gladstone's propositions, it is true, have something extravagant about them, they are pervaded by a smell of the midnight oil, and smack of academicism. Yet if these propositions are loosely phrased, and are not taken to the logical extremes to which the zealous young Tory of 1838 felt called upon to take them, they would, in his own and in Salisbury's time, quite generally have been accepted. These other corollaries would have defended the alliance of Church and State not for Lord John Russell's and Salisbury's reasons, but rather on the ground that right political action was the outcome of right religious belief, that morality depended upon true Christian teaching, and that therefore the propagation of truth and discouragement of error were among the ends for which government exists.

IN DENYING ASSENT to such views, Salisbury was at his most unexpected and most original. In the penetrating chapter on "Religion" which occurs in the first volume of Lady Gwendolen Cecil's biography, she declares that a permanent characteristic of her father's thought was "the uncompromising acceptance" of the unsolved mystery of the Christian revelation. This acceptance, she writes,

> rested upon a spiritual vision which had an existence altogether apart from his intellectual processes and which was more compelling of conviction than any evidence which they could produce.[4]

Learned and acute as he was in theological matters, he seems to have been rather indifferent to theological disputes, and to be quite averse, by temperament, to the imposition or propagation whether by an individual or a state (in the manner, say, advocated by Gladstone) of a particular dogma. "If I myself", his daughter reports him as saying, "am satisfied that I believe what is true, what can it matter to me what others worshipping beside me believe?"

Salisbury's religion led him to two consequences which he accepted unreservedly and affirmed boldly. He refused, in the first place, to justify God's ways to man or to comfort himself with a theodicy; and in the second place, he denied that belief in Christ necessarily entailed acceptance of the Christian ethic. God's action in the world was to him utterly inscrutable, and human reason was quite unable to explain it satisfactorily. His daughter quotes an entry from a note-book which he kept between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-five in which he expresses

---

[2] Lady Gwendolen Cecil, *Life of Robert Marquis of Salisbury*, vol. 1 (1921), pp. 264, 126.

[3] "Church-rates", *The Quarterly Review*, vol. 110 (October 1861), p. 545. A selection from Salisbury's *Quarterly Review* articles edited by Dr Paul Smith, *Lord Salisbury on Politics*, has just been published by Cambridge University Press (£6.80). The Editor contributes a long introduction (109 pp.) which is interesting and valuable: interesting in its attempt to relate Salisbury's ideas to the cast of his mind, and valuable in placing his writings within the party-political context of the time. In his concluding sentence Dr Smith says of Salisbury that he "resisted modernity with its own weapons: not an insignificant contribution to the intellectual respectability and vigour of English Conservative thought as it confronted the age of democracy."

[4] Cecil, vol. 1, pp. 113-114.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his scepticism of any claim to discover the ways of Providence:

> When our Saviour was dying the death of a felon, the spectators thought they saw in the event a proof that God's providence was against Him. But they were mistaken; the reaction on that murder has—by His grace—filled the world. . . . In the great French Revolution, when her altars were overturned and her Head was in prison, men thought that the hour of the Church of Rome had come, but it was only a winter to be followed by a more vigorous spring of life than she has seen since the days of Loyola. Which was the aim of Providence? Her foes said the stroke; her friends say the rebound. . . . What folly, then, to shape our conduct according to a rule of which it is quite clear that it is precisely an even chance whether it takes us with God or exactly against Him.

The entry is a long one, and in it Salisbury argues vehemently against the fallacy involved in the attempt to discern divine facts from human analogies. This seems to have become a life-long attitude. His daughter reports a discussion in which he exclaimed "with almost defiant energy": "God is all-powerful and God is all-loving,—and the world is what it is! How are you going to explain *that*?"

Divine purpose, then, cannot be fathomed. But also there can neither be discerned a pattern nor meaning in the purposes of men, their actions and the consequences of these actions, nor can we see much congruence between what men desire and what in the end comes to pass. This led him to be sceptical regarding the worth or beneficence of any action or its outcome. He was asked for advice in the case of a young man who, in deciding his future profession, was anxious to be guided by the "good that he might do." Salisbury

> deprecated this attitude with the greatest earnestness. . . . "He is preparing himself for a most bitter disappointment." . . . it was urged that, after all, good was done in the world. He answered back, with the rapid, intense utterance which characterised his rare moments of unreserve, "yes, but not by you—never by you—never allow yourself to believe that for an instant."

But such scepticism did not lead to a passive fatalism. On the contrary, liberating him as it did from the burden of consequences over which man has so little control, it seems to have given him a blithe assurance in his decisions and sure-footedness in his actions. His daughter has fixed for us a memorable scene in which Salisbury, standing in a doorway at Hatfield, distinguished between the burden of decision, which was real, and the burden of responsibility, which was an illusion. The burden of decision depends, the statesman declared

> upon the materials for decision that are available and not in the least upon the magnitude of the results which may follow. . . . With the results I have nothing to do.

CHRISTIANITY, THEN, implies and commands *no theodicy*. Even more boldly, Salisbury held that the Christian ethic was no argument for the truth of Christianity:

> He disputed its value. . . . He declared that while he had never known what it was to doubt the truth of Christian doctrine he had all his life found a difficulty in accepting the moral teaching of the Gospels. He added that, in fact, the process relied upon was reversed in his case and that, even then, his acceptance of Christ's moral teaching was an act of faith due to the divine authority upon which it rested.

Salisbury's difficulty in accepting the Christian ethic, as expressed in this remarkable passage, may seem, at first sight, perverse and paradoxical, but enquiry reveals that on ethics he had worked out a position at once subtle and imaginative. What he seems to object to in the Christian ethic is a rigorism which fails to do justice to the variety of moral decision we are called upon to make, and which serves therefore to make it unfit as a guide to conduct. Anyone scrupulously watching his own conduct, Salisbury observed, will soon be aware of the delicacy of the gradations by which right and wrong fade into each other. A moral rigorism which, of necessity, requires that the boundaries between right and wrong should be "sharp, clear, and easily discernible" itself becomes a demoralising fiction, and ends by throwing doubt on the existence of right and wrong altogether:

> A man who is taught to believe in the dividing line [between right and wrong] when he finds in practice that it is a pure figment of his teacher's imagination, soon begins to doubt whether there is, in reality, anything to divide. Such an inference is very absurd. The great duty of truth or the antagonism between a truthful and a false character, is not destroyed by the fact that there are falsehoods which it is consistent with truthfulness to tell. . . . To teach a child, in the name of truth, that all falsehoods are equally guilty, and that he is to pass through life without ever being in duty bound to tell one, is a lie which can hardly be called white; for when the child finds out the real state of the case, he is very apt to infer that all falsehoods are equally innocent.[5]

It was the same dislike of moral rigorism which led him to attack the Northcote-Trevelyan report on civil service reform, with its notion that merit ascertained by means of examinations ought to be the sole test for fitness in public employment. He quotes from William Godwin's *Inquiry Concerning Political Justice* a statement to the effect that "I *ought* to prefer no human being to another because that being is my father, my wife,

[5] "White Lies", *The Saturday Review*, 14 (1862), p. 591.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or my son, but because, for reasons which equally appeal to all understandings, that being is *entitled* to preference." The doctrine, he remarks, is "manifestly repugnant to the commonest and not the worst feelings of our nature." Is this seemingly stern morality, he asks, true morality or not?

> Is it an evil that . . . a certain *prima facie* preference should be conceded to a man who is connected with those who are already known and trusted . . . ? Why should favour and friendship, kindness and gratitude, which are not banished by men from private life, be absolutely excluded from public affairs?[6]

JUST AS HIS DENIAL of a theodicy liberated him from the useless burden of consequences, so his refusal of rigorism freed his discourse from sententiousness or censoriousness. As his daughter remarks: ". . . he never laid claim in his speeches, even obliquely, either for himself or for his auditors any peculiar right of moral condemnation or special loftiness of moral standpoint."[7]

SALISBURY'S DIFFICULTIES with the Christian ethic increase when social and political issues are particularly in question. "No formal code of ethics ever put forth", he observes, "has been found to be really applicable to the ever-varying circumstances of human life." This is particularly true of "the purposely informal records of our own revelation", which centuries of casuistry have tried and in the end failed to make applicable to the great variety of circumstances which Christians have encountered during the passage of two millennia.

Consider, for instance, poverty. In the New Testament it is looked upon as highly favourable to religious excellence, but, Salisbury observes, it is difficult for an Englishman of today to believe that it can conduce to the reception of truth or the practice of morality: "Excepting the faults of mere intellect, there is no crime and scarcely any vice, to which the poorest have not more motive than those above them." The reason must be, he concludes, that the "capacity for an enthusiasm more powerful than any pressure of care, or toil, or want, which was possessed by the poor in other climates or ages, is wanting in our own." But the most difficult problem raised by the Christian ethic was that it was incompatible with the life of politics. No one would dream of conducting politics according to this ethic, the "meek and poor-spirited among nations", Salisbury argues, "are not considered to be blessed, and the common sense of Christendom has always prescribed for national policy principles diametrically opposed to those that are laid down in the Sermon on the Mount."[8]

The problem raised by this incompatibility becomes compounded in modern times by the fact that more and more private individuals participate in politics, even if only through their votes, and the painful dichotomy which a small number of statesmen had to face and accept in the past, now has to be wrestled with by the multitude. But the multitude cannot bear much reality, and is unlikely to show the strength and fortitude necessary to enable one to accept and live with such a dichotomy. What is more likely is that it will gloss over and ignore this conflict, and insist on dealing with politics in quite inappropriate language.

As is well known, Salisbury was at his best in foreign affairs; one reason was that he considered it (as his daughter has written) free from "the atmosphere of falsity which penetrates democratic politics from the surface to the centre." This falsity was incomparably greater than the "restrictions of candour or even the rarer and more direct violations of verbal truth" which occur in diplomacy. The falsity is the outcome of the confusion whereby Nations are personified under a singular pronoun, and the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount indiscriminately applied to their actions and the actions of those who officially represent them. The falsity arises from the failure to see that the conjunction of Christianity and Politics necessarily involved a tragic paradox: for while it is true, as Salisbury held, that the action of the statesman, whether public or private, always remained subject to the Christian law of morals, yet "by that very law" he was bound to place the interests of which he was the guardian "in front of all others which he might have to consider."[9]

However, it is not only that a Christian politics is paradoxical, it is also that Christianity and Politics are actually antithetical. For the necessity of the statesman acting against the Christian Law of morals is imposed not only by "that very law" but also by "every obligation of honour and loyalty." In Salisbury's writings on politics, honour is a recurring *motif*. Tories, he affirms, in an article in *The Quarterly Review* of July 1860, must not think chiefly "how they may 'take office'." Such a preoccupation is "a degrading error which has squandered away the fair fame

---

[6] "Competitive Examinations", *Q.R.*, 108 (October 1860), pp. 569, 572-3.

[7] Lady Gwendolen Cecil, *Biographical Studies of the Life and Political Character of Robert Third Marquis of Salisbury*, privately printed, n.d. p. 10.

[8] "Moral Entrenchments", *The Saturday Review*, 19 (1865), p. 533; "Poverty", *ibid.*, 17 (1864) pp. 129-30.

[9] Cecil, *Biographical Studies of the Life and Political Character of Robert Third Marquis of Salisbury*, pp. 45, 72.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of parties and made a byword of the honour of public men." Peace without honour, he also contends, is a disgrace. Again, discussing British policy towards Denmark in the Schleswig-Holstein question, he observes:

> Denmark is but a weak state to struggle against the unwieldy but still huge enemy that menaces her independence. She needs every aid that chance, or promptitude, or strategical advantages can give her. If, in deference to our officious counsel she foregoes those aids, and then, abandoned by us, is crushed in the unequal conflict, a stain, which time could not efface, would lie upon England's honour.

But, as Winston Churchill acutely remarked, it is "baffling to reflect that what men call honour does not correspond always to Christian ethics."[10] This is because the desire to act honourably is inspired by pride, and pride is the first of the seven capital sins, a vice particularly repugnant to God: as is declared in the first Epistle of Peter (v.5): "God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble."

But one can be more specific. In many cases, Salisbury says "the policy of honour is also the policy of peace." But in other cases, to uphold one's honour, and the honour of the state on behalf of which one is acting, one must go to war. Wars are "not made with rose-water"[11] and wars sometimes end in victory, and in the advantages which victorious wars sometimes bring.

> In some sense, every seizure of territory, or of anything else, is a crime. If the ethics of private life are to be applied rigorously to the acts of nations, it is quite clear that any nation appropriating to itself that which belongs to another is decidedly guilty of violating the direct language of the Eighth Commandment, and therefore may be pronounced guilty of a great crime.

The magnitude of the crime varies of course with the circumstances, but that even in the best circumstances war involves a crime Salisbury does not doubt. And as he *also* believed that "There is nothing abiding in political science but the necessity of truth, purity, and justice",[12] we might well conclude that here is a man who was perpetually torn between right and expediency, and thus condemned to political impotence. Or else, since he was manifestly successful as a statesman, that he had somehow forgotten or put behind him such dilemmas.

IT IS, OF COURSE, TRUE that the statements quoted here come from writings published before Salisbury became a prominent politician. But the testimony of his daughter shows that in this later period, too, Salisbury remained quite as fully aware of the tension between religion, ethics, and politics. This tension, and his awareness of it, are in striking contrast with the outward poise and solidity which is the hallmark of his style in politics. Such a tension might have condemned others to a feeling of guilt and to impotence, but in him it served to sustain decisiveness and readiness to act as and when necessary.

A well-known passage of his which is sometimes cited as though it illustrates his own attitude in fact expresses strong objection to a government waiting passively upon events instead of seeking to control them. Gladstone's government (he noted in a *Q.R.* article of 1871) lacked that decisive policy "which each man in his own private affairs would consider indispensable to success":

> They are content to float sleepily down the stream, letting it carry them whither it lists, only stretching out a hand now and again to avoid some obstacle that is close upon them or avert some immediate danger. And so we comfortably drift on, little heeding the reckoning that awaits all, nations or men, who prefer to indulge in the pleasing illusions of the present rather than bear the pain and discipline of foresight.

He himself saw nothing wrong with fighting, even with seemingly hopeless prospects. "Did the great classes whose battle had been so fierce"—he asked after the passage of the Reform Act of 1867, harking back to what happened after 1832—"respect each other less when it was once lost and won? Did Sir Robert Peel, who fought it to the end, lose by his tenacity in the estimation of his countrymen? Did the cause he represented suffer through his temerity? He was indeed beaten down in 1832, vainly struggling for a hopeless cause. But before six years had passed he was at the head of half the House of Commons. . . ."

THIS CALM DECISIVENESS might be attributed to Salisbury's class, to the self-confidence which its position in the mid- and late-Victorian period gave him. But Salisbury's view of society and politics—whether at home or abroad—was far from confident. The striking fact about him is how impressed he was with the fragility of the social order, with the extent to which the position of the upper classes, and of the propertied classes in general, was threatened by the democracy which ever since the Revolution in France had become bolder, the claims of which seemed to impress (and the strength of which to cow) those who had every reason to be its resolute opponents. "Intellectually speaking, we live in one of those

[10] Winston S. Churchill, *The Second World War*, vol. 1 (1948), p. 251.
[11] "Poland", *Q.R.*, vol. 113 (April 1863), p. 452. Salisbury applies this remark to wars of aggression, but it is clear that he would not have dissented from its being applied to any war whatever.
[12] "Lord Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*", *Q.R.*, vol. 109 (April 1861), p. 559.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

periods of anarchy which are the consequence and the sure punishment of a period of civil war." This intellectual anarchy, the outcome of the struggle between Christianity and its various modern opponents, is now accompanied by another, equally fateful kind of warfare, occasioned by

> that ancient and perennial source of animosity which, unhappily, has never ceased, and never will cease, to flow in every civilised community—the quarrel of the poor against the rich.[13]

In the last article which he wrote for *The Quarterly Review* (it appeared in October 1883, and was entitled "Disintegration") he does not disguise his pessimism over the outcome of this battle: "By a process of political evolution, which affects not us only, but the whole western world, ultimate power is passing into the hands of much larger multitudes than ever exercised it before." This, Salisbury believed, was quite disastrous. Democracy is a wholly vicious mode of government:

> In the collective deliberations of any body of men, reason gains the mastery over passion exactly in proportion as they are educated and as they are few. Passion is fostered equally by the two main characteristics of the democratic sovereign—ignorance and numbers.
>
> Moderation, especially in the matter of territory, has never been characteristic of democracy. Wherever it has had free play, in the ancient world or the modern, in the old hemisphere or the new, a thirst for empire, and a readiness for aggressive war, has always marked it.

Freedom in the democratic view means "the supreme unchecked power of the majority" and must therefore in reality signify despotism:

> The bestowal upon any class of a voting power disproportionate to their stake in the country, must infallibly give to that class a power *pro tanto* of using taxation as an instrument of plunder and legislation as a fountain of gain . . . and when universal suffrage was reached, it would be a simple despotism.

And if it were said, as Gladstone said, that there is no reason to fear the way in which the poor would use the vote ("that they are fellow Christians, our own flesh and blood, and so forth"), then Salisbury's answer would be that the

> depositaries of absolute power have often been fellow Christians, and have generally been composed of flesh and blood akin to that of those over whom they ruled. The Emperor Paul, Robespierre, Ferdinand of Naples, were all baptised, and all of the same race as their subjects: but those circumstances did not make the absolute power which had been lodged in their hands less of a calamity to their fellow men.[14]

Salisbury was all the more convinced of the despotic tendencies of democracy by what he took to be happening in the United States during the Civil War. He has a passage in which he compares the proceedings of the government during the Jacobite rebellion of 1745 with those of Lincoln's administration, greatly to the latter's disadvantage:

> . . . the English Government of that day did not think themselves justified, by the imminence of the public danger, in suspending, of their own authority, every guarantee for civil liberty. They did not suppress hostile newspapers, or enforce a conscription, or establish martial law, by Royal proclamation, or forbid any Englishman to leave English shores, or throw men into prison for twelve months without cause assigned or hearing granted, or send men to the Tower for expressing, within hearing of a policeman, a pity for the volunteers who were marching to the war. Still less did they venture to arrest judges for giving judgments which were not to their mind.[15]

All this happened in the United States—because it was a democracy. A democracy is moved by passion; it will therefore compromise nothing and will give no quarter to a minority. Again, a democracy *ipso facto* seeks to establish and maintain equality and must thus be despotic in its character and operations: "Old King Tarquin knew what he was about when he symbolised the surest way of enslaving a community by striking off the heads of the tallest poppies."

SALISBURY WAS AWARE that there was great advantage in a people feeling at one with its government, that a feeling of "participation" increases the cohesiveness of the state: ". . . it may be said", he wrote in his first long essay "that the best form of Government (setting aside the question of morality) is one where the masses have little power and seem to have a great deal."[16] Under modern conditions possession of great power by the masses is an illusion, and cannot but be so. Governments, he pointed out (in an essay on "Equality" published in 1864), have at their disposal "the costliest apparatus of warfare that science can supply", and they are therefore "becoming more and more powerful to set insurrection at defiance." If this is so, then democracy does not mean direct rule by the people. The despotism which democracy means is in fact exercised by a handful of fanatics such as those at the head of the Commune who would go to any extremes to make their views prevail:

> If the combat is once commenced, one or other of the combatants must perish. It is idle to plead that the schemes of these men are their religion. . . . The Thugs had a religion of their own, with a goddess

[13] "The Commune and the Internationale", *Q.R.*, vol. 131 (October 1871), p. 578.
[14] "The Reform Bill", *Q.R.*, vol. 119 (April 1866), p. 542.
[15] "The Confederate Struggle and Recognition", *Q.R.*, vol. 112 (October 1862), p. 561.
[16] "The Theories of Parliamentary Reform", in *Oxford Essays* (1858), p. 66.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> to preside over it: and its tenet was this—that anybody who possessed anything they wished to have must die.

Or if it is not fanatics who rule, then it is the methodical and systematic controllers of mass organisations. Electoral reform has been opposed from the fear that it might lead to greater corruption of the voters, but Salisbury on the whole

> pray[ed] for King Publican and his merry rule. . . . Elagabalus is more tolerable than Caligula. All the evils that we inveigh against in the constituencies where freemen prevail, the chronic corruption, the sickening debauchery, the widespreading fraud and wholesale perjury . . . would be ill-exchanged for the strong, steady, deadly gripe of the trades' unions.[17]

Another conclusion follows from the observation that under modern conditions, the multitude does not prevail against an existing government. If such a government is nonetheless overthrown, this is because the rulers have chosen either to make concessions or actually to run away. This is what Louis Philippe did in 1848. But it is in making concessions that the failure of nerve which sometimes afflicts rulers most commonly manifests itself. Revolutions start with the unwitting help of the ruling classes:

> the one point of similarity which distinguishes all revolutions of a democratic tendency is this, that they are invariably started with the aid of sanguine and benevolent people, who have not the slightest thought of bringing about the confusion to which their efforts ultimately lead. Any one who in 1640 should have prophesied the horrors of 1649 as the probable result of the early proceedings of the Long Parliament might have been truly assured that no person could attach greater importance to the rights of the Crown and the integrity of the Constitution than Hyde and Falkland.[18]

Hyde and Falkland stand for all those who think that reform, redress of grievances, improvement of government constitute a sure recipe for averting revolution. It was this delusion which possessed the French nobility in 1789 "with all their ablest and most earnest members at their head, who in a wild philosophic delirium kindled the conflagration in which they perished." The goodness or badness of a government has in fact no necessary connection with its stability: "There was no danger of revolution under Louis XV, though his court, his nobility, and his people, were tainted with every vice that can debase a nation. It was not till the strength of the Government had been paralysed by the amiable concessions of the vacillating Louis XVI, that the catastrophe came."

Again, the condition of Ireland during much of the eighteenth century was quite wretched, the laws in force then against Roman Catholics were "a byword for blind ferocity", and the commercial restrictions, adopted at the bidding of English mercantile interests, "exaggerated the same selfish policy as that which had inspired the Navigation Laws." Yet during this period Ireland was quiet. But after 1780, when there began a steady stream of concessions to the Irish, the history of Ireland "has been a continuous tempest of agitation, broken by occasional flashes of insurrection." Catholic emancipation, in particular, has utterly failed to fulfil the expectations which its advocates entertained:

> Lord Melbourne is reported to have said before he died, "Everybody but the fools was in favour of Roman Catholic Emancipation; but it has turned out that the fools were right."

In Ireland as in France before 1789, the cycle of concession, discontent, and insurrection was initiated not by the downtrodden, but by members of the dominant group,

> by the Irishmen of English and Scotch extraction—by those whom the Nationalist newspapers of today now revile as "West Britons." It was the worst day's work for themselves they ever did in their history. They little dreamt for whose use they were establishing the maxim, that England's necessity is Ireland's opportunity.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION in 1829 was the doing of a Tory government, and a decisive part in the episode was played by Robert Peel who when he obtained office in 1828 was generally believed to hold Protestant opinions. This action. Salisbury held, demoralised the Tory party, and contributed to the passing of the first Reform Bill three years afterwards. In spite of his strenuous opposition to it, the Reform Bill was in effect as much his work as Lord Grey's "because if the strong fortress of Toryism had not been carried, the Reform party would have achieved a less overwhelming and less destructive victory, and would have done the work they had to do in a less democratic spirit." It is true, Salisbury points out, "that Sir Robert Peel did not lead the assault; but he made the breach. And the worst of the case was that he made it from the inside." As in Ireland, and in France, therefore, surrender of power—for this, not "reform" is what in the end is involved—is the outcome not of a successful assault on those who held it, but of their own failure of nerve. The Reform Bill of 1832, in spite of what was said at the time, could not be a lasting settlement. Lord Grey had attempted to create a provisional aristocracy out of the trading and manufacturing classes, but such an aristocracy has no staying-power: "They were too timid heartily to resist the assaults of the lower classes, too jealous of their antagonists to combine

[17] "The Budget and the Reform Bill", *Q.R.* 107, April 1860, pp. 539-40.

[18] "The Coming Session", *Q.R.*, vol. 119 (January 1866), p. 271.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cordially with the upper." The middle class could not be a governing class: "It is not a class militant; it has no internal cohesion—no consciousness of unity to enable it to maintain political predominance . . . . The revolution of 1832 was, therefore, in its ultimate results, a democratic revolution."

This democratic revolution must eventually put the wealthy few at the mercy of the numerous poor. This, of course, was the basis of Salisbury's opposition to the Reform Bill of 1867. Conservative democracy—*i.e.* the notion "that the poorer men are the more easily they are influenced by the rich" and that the working class, being antagonistic to its middle-class employers "must on that account love the gentry"—this notion is a "phantom." The plain truth established by experience is that working men, organised in trades unions, will act in unison to advance their own pecuniary interests:

> Armed with political privileges, these organisations would wield a power against which no other political influence could make head. The power of any organised body of men depends upon the fidelity with which they obey their leaders. . . . Of all the arguments that can possibly be used to reconcile us to the preponderance of the working men in the constitution, the plea that they will not act *en masse* is the most absurd that can be devised. They act *en masse* with a success which no class or order of men not bound together by religious ties has ever succeeded in attaining to before.[19]

The prospect, then, is of a multitude whose representation in Parliament is out of all proportion to its real stake in the country and, as has been said, using taxation as an instrument of plunder and legislation as a fountain of gain. Salisbury insists on another aspect of this apprehended dominance, namely its effect on the Constitution and on the working of Parliament. Throughout his writings Salisbury takes for granted (and sometimes explicitly states) a theory of the Constitution which was current among all shades of political opinion in the eighteenth century, and which the Conservatives themselves invoked in opposing the Reform Bill of 1832. But the widespread acceptance of Utilitarian dogmas and categories thereafter did much to discredit this particular theory, which is now only rarely invoked by writers on the Constitution. (A variant of it occurs in Leopold Amery's *Thoughts on the Constitution*, and attempts to revive it—which have so far not met with much success—have been recently made in various ways by Professor Vile and Mr Geoffrey Marshall.)

THIS THEORY HAS MANY FACETS and variants. It can be evoked (but by no means fully described) by some such expression as "the balanced Constitution": balanced either in the sense that it took account of, reflected, and produced a balance between the various interests which exist in the country, or in the sense that no one branch of the government was able to dominate the other branches. Neither notion is, of course, exclusive of the other, and indeed Salisbury invokes them both. "The principle . . . of constitutional perfection", he declared in the House of Commons in March 1859, "was to check every class by another class." Therefore, the best and most adequate form of representation was—he wrote in 1858—that which sought "to represent men not places: the classes and interests into which mankind are divided, not merely the bits of soil on which they dwell", and indeed "nothing can be more rude and irrational than a geographical representation." Geographical representation combined with an extensive (or, *a fortiori*, a universal) franchise must lead to the "great and monstrous anomaly" of wealth being given no security whatever. Conservatives, he declared in 1866, do not object to an extension of the franchise as such:

> Their doctrines are not adverse to the claims of any particular class, except when that class is aiming to domineer over the rest. And, therefore, there is nothing inconsistent with their principles in any system of representation, however wide its scope may be, so long as it does not ignore the differences of property which exist in this country, and maintains, with an even hand, the balance of power among the various classes of which the nation is made up.[20]

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BALANCE of power between the classes in the country has, in turn, a fateful consequence on the character and functioning of political institutions. In the eighteenth century there was a system of checks and balances operating on and controlling the action of Ministers and of the Houses of Parliament. This is no longer the case, for the House of Commons has attained "a supremacy in the State more decided than it ever possessed before." But at the same time, Salisbury points out, it seems to "be entirely losing one of the most necessary attributes of a ruler. The broad distinction between a civilised and an uncivilised community is this—"

> that in a civilised community individuals or bodies of men who quarrel submit their difference to an arbitrator, while in a savage state they fight it out . . . . It is of the essence of the civilised system that the arbitrator should be in the main impartial; and the kings or chiefs, to whom in ruder times the

[19] "The Past and the Future of Conservative Policy", *Q.R.*, vol. 127 (October 1869), pp. 541-2, and "The Reform Bill", *Q.R.*, vol. 119 (April 1866), pp. 543-5.

[20] "Theories of Parliamentary Reform", *Oxford Essays*, pp. 56, 75; "Parliamentary Reform", *Q.R.*, vol. 117 (April 1865), p. 572.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> power of arbitration was confided, satisfied, or were believed to satisfy, this requirement. . . . Assemblies have inherited the function of political arbitration where it has dropped from the hands of kings; and while their power was undeveloped, or while they were drawn from a limited portion of the community, their impartiality, though not quite unimpeachable, has sufficed for the preservation of their moral authority, and of the confidence reposed in them. With us, as in other Anglo-Saxon societies, the Representative Assembly is no longer taken from a limited section of the community, and it has succeeded with us, far more than any assembly in America, in shaking itself free of all restrictions upon its power. But with this development of its character and strength, the loss of its fitness to arbitrate has become apparent. The movement of society is reversed; we are going back to the ancient method of deciding quarrels. Our ruler is no longer an impartial judge between classes who bring their differences before him for adjustment; our ruler is an Assembly which is itself the very field of battle on which the contending classes fight out their feuds. The settlement by arbitration has given place again to the settlement by civil war; only it is civil war with gloves on. Of course the decisions thus given vary in their character without limit; and all confidence in fixed principles or a determinate policy is gone.[21]

This precarious, unstable, and arbitrary mode of government results from the fact that the House of Commons "has come into its position, as it were, by accident. It is like the junior member of a great mercantile firm, who has suddenly become all-powerful, not in pursuance of any articles of the partnership, but simply because the senior partners have fallen into poor health, and have retired. No provision was made in the articles to meet such a contingency; and his power is absolutely unrestricted."

IT IS IN SUCH TERMS, then, that Salisbury would describe, and condemn, the theory of the Constitution which became accepted in his day, and which is still dominant, the theory which—to borrow Dicey's description—holds that the (unrestricted) legal sovereignty belongs to the King-in-Parliament, and that it is in turn governed and controlled by the equally unrestricted political sovereignty of the electorate. On such a theory, the freedom of the individual, property, and contract alike become precarious. Salisbury held that it was not the business of Conservatives to promote and lend authority to such a theory:

> An organic change proposed by Conservatives, with no one to check it except those who were by profession bound to aggravate it, was a phenomenon hitherto unknown to the Constitution.

For the Conservative Party to assume such a role aggravates the disorder and instability which the coming of democracy has introduced into the Constitution. It also demoralises the Party and makes it unfit to pursue its role. Catholic Emancipation, Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Reform Bill of 1867 were either good measures or bad measures. If bad, "they ought not to have been passed at all; if good, they ought to have been passed by other men." This, because just as the conservatism of Liberals will be hypocritical, so the liberalism of Conservatives will be "clumsy and probably extravagant." For the "Conservatives have their special duties to the Constitution; and finding forced labour to assist in Radical demolitions is not among them."

The special duties of the Conservatives lie in resistance to change because the "perils of change are so great, the promise of the most hopeful theories is so often deceptive, that it is frequently the wiser part to uphold the existing state of things, if it can be done, even though, in point of argument, it should be utterly indefensible." Resistance to change is justified on two grounds, one which holds in every age, and another particularly relevant to the present day. In the first place,

> it is possible, as the celebrated dictum of Tacitus records, that a nation may not be strong enough to bear the immediate remedy of even intolerable evils. New wine will burst old bottles; a healthy diet will kill a sick man outright. Sir Robert Walpole's bribery saved his country; Necker's purity ruined his.

Again,

> a violent isolated artificial improvement in the institutions of a community, undertaken without regard to the condition of the other portions of the machinery in concert with which it is to work, is a danger so great that no improvement at all is almost to be preferred.

In the second place, the present age is taken with "the assurance that constant future progress is a certainty, and that there must be within reach of legislation some remedy for every evil . . . " and the "alternative of not changing at all has been put out of court as beyond discussion." This "optimist view of politics assumes" as Salisbury also wrote in discussing Ireland,

> that there must be some remedy for every political ill, and rather than not find it, will make two hardships to cure one.

"But is not the other view," Salisbury asks, "barely possible?"[22]

What Salisbury would have said in answer to his own question is not in doubt. If the question, now exactly one hundred years old, were to be put today to Salisbury's Party, it is equally not in doubt that they would unite with their opponents in dismissing out of court his own answer to it.

---

[21] "Disintegration", *Q.R.* (October 1883), pp. 565-6.

[22] "The Commune and the Internationale", *Q.R.*, vol. 131 (October 1871), pp. 570-1; "The Position of Parties", *Q.R.*, vol. 133 (October 1872), p. 569.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

Quest for La Tour

By Benedict Nicolson

IT IS NOT OFTEN that one has the chance to apply A. J. A. Symons' technique to the visual arts, but I find it possible to tell the story of the discovery of a Georges de La Tour in the form of autobiography—not starting conventionally with La Tour's birth at Vic-sur-Seille in Lorraine in 1593 and ending with his death in Lunéville in 1652, but starting with the appearance in an attic of a house outside Middlesbrough in January of this year of an unknown picture of dramatic importance in the history of art, and concluding with a Leicester banking firm in the late nineteenth century.

I received a visit in my London office on 19 January from a young man called Christopher Wood who is employed by Christie's. One of his jobs is to travel around the country making valuations for insurance of works of art in private and public ownership. He told me he had been sent up to a house called Preston Hall outside Middlesbrough, an extension of the Teesside Museums, for a routine valuation of some pictures; they were stacked in an attic there pending the construction of a museum suitable to house them. The pictures had been bequeathed in 1934 to Stockton Corporation (before the borough boundaries had been changed) by a certain Annie Elizabeth Clephan, and were now the property of a newly created Teesside County Borough Council. He had by him (as I have in front of me as I write) a copy of the inventory of the Clephan Bequest dated 19 July 1934 headed "COLLECTION OF WATER COLOURS, OIL PAINTINGS ETC., FOR STOCKTON-ON-TEES CORPORATION. STORED IN QUAY WAREHOUSE." There are about eighty pictures and drawings listed, mostly by artists one has never heard of, dating from the late nineteenth century such as "Mrs Alma Tadema" and "Sir Roger Fry"; but a few thoroughly respectable British water-colourists are represented. As Christopher Wood was leafing through the dusty pile, he came on an extraordinary picture of soldiers playing dice by candlelight which stood out a mile from the others, and on turning to the inventory he found it listed as *"De la Tour (Old Painting) 'Throwing the Dice'."* Wood has just published an excellent book on Victorian painting and does not pretend to be conversant with the byways of French art in the seventeenth century. But he remembered I was working on a book on La Tour in collaboration with Christopher Wright, and on his return to London informed me of his find. I naturally asked Wright to be present at our interview, when Wood produced some colour transparencies of the picture—just sufficiently legible to persuade Wright and me to take a train to Middlesbrough.

We were received in the most friendly manner by the Curator of the Teesside Museums, Mr Watson, and taken direct to the Museum, where the *Dice Players* had been dusted down for our benefit and hung on an easel in a decent light. Within seconds we recognised it as an original, in spite of the forty years of the soot of Teesside that had settled on its surface. Since reading Mervyn Jones' anti-pollution article "Foul Air over Teesside" I can understand why the La Tour proved so inscrutable at first. (People's lungs, I read in the *New Statesman*, are a mixture of coal-dust, iron oxide, ammonia and sulphur; the death-rate from respiratory causes is 12% above the national average.) Nevertheless with the help of powerful torches and electric light bulbs, Wright and I knew we were safe to stick our necks out, and by the middle of the following week the picture had been insured for half-a-million pounds, sent to London for cleaning, and earmarked for exhibition in Paris in May. By good fortune there was a meeting of the Borough Councillors two days after our identification, and it speaks well for Teesside that they cut out all the red tape. They agreed without demur to our recommendations, and expressed their desire, I understand, to keep this prize which had fallen so unexpectedly into their laps (much to the shame of the Dulwich College Picture Gallery which has recently disposed of one of its comparable possessions). The majority at the meeting showed the right spirit in being proud of their windfall, and apparently gave no thought to half-a-million pounds in their pockets.

ON MY RETURN to London that night, despite the lateness of the hour, I rang up my friend Michel Laclotte, head of the paintings department in the Louvre, at his flat in the place de l'Estrapade. He listened to my breathless tale without a murmur, except for an occasional *"sans blague"*, presumably imagining that I had gone out of my mind. Perhaps it was the whisky in my voice that made him cautious. Wright and I are on the organising committee of a comprehensive La Tour exhibition which opened at the Orangerie on 9 May (continuing until 25 September), and Laclotte acts as our unofficial boss—"unofficial" because the whole organisation is agreeably free and easy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well as efficient. Already two La Tours had been selected for the exhibition from Great Britain: a picture of beggars fighting belonging to a private collector which has practically never been seen by any La Tour enthusiast; and a half-length figure of *St Jerome* in the Royal Collection at Hampton Court. Laclotte could not believe his ears when I announced that a third, unknown composition was being sent out to him. There are only about thirty La Tours in existence, and we have obtained almost all of them for the show; but the *Dice Players* and the *Beggars' Brawl* will be among the very few quite unfamiliar ones. As well as the 30 or so originals, we planned to have a *Salon d'étude* in a separate room, of La Tour compositions only surviving in copies. (This will be more for the benefit of the scholar than for the public, but for the scholar a rich quarry.)

That was on a Saturday. On the following Wednesday, 26 January, Curator Watson brought the picture down to London in the back of his little car—evidently much safer than an armoured vehicle with police escort. We succeeded in keeping the address of the restorer secret from the London press, which throughout this drama has not been guided by an overriding regard for the truth. Though the restorer has an admirable security system, we agreed that it would be better that no burglar should be encouraged to test it. But since the picture will by the time this article appears have boarded the plane to Orly airport, there is no harm in revealing that it was sent to Mr Bull in Wimbledon, in whom I have had for many years the highest confidence. And I was at his premises a few minutes after the picture's arrival.

THE ONLY THING that had puzzled Wright and myself on our Middlesbrough expedition was the fact that the 1934 inventory gave the correct attribution, before anyone in Stockton or almost anywhere else had heard of La Tour. And here I must allow myself a further digression, in proper Corvo-like fashion, to explain why it was we were so perplexed.

After La Tour's death in Lunéville in 1652 his name disappeared from the face of history. The grave rigidity of his style, a certain pessimism or piety in his outlook were not in accord with the exuberant art of Versailles, nor with the gay Rococo of the following century; and it was not until the austerity of Synthetic Cubism at the beginning of the first World War induced historians to turn sympathetically to his stylisations, that his name could emerge once more out of the shadows. In the nineteenth century his name was not quite unknown. This was the period of the great archivists who went back to the original documents to discover the existence of forgotten artists; and the Lorraine scholars, swept forward on this tide, had dutifully recorded in their local publications the occasions on which a certain painter of Lunéville, Georges deL a Tour, had acted as godfather to somebody's children. During the same period pictures were entering French provincial museums signed by a certain Georges de La Tour which were dutifully catalogued in successive museum publications as the work of an artist about whom nothing was known but his name. Nobody ever thought of putting two and two together. Just as the archivists never thought of raising their eyes from their documents to read an inscription on a picture, so the museum staffs never thought of consulting the *Journal de la Société d'Archéologie Lorraine* for 1863—until a brilliant young German scholar named Hermann Voss, in an article in an obscure German journal of 1914–15, linked the archival material to the pictures. On account of the War his findings did not percolate to Paris until the 1920s, with the result that by the time the Clephan inventory was drawn up, La Tour's style was still only known to a handful of *avant-garde* scholars and painters. It is only since then that he has been recognised as the greatest French artist of his day working outside Rome.

So we decided that the only explanation of the inventory listing was that the picture was signed, and indeed so convinced were we of this that with the aid of our torch we persuaded ourselves we could read part of the signature beneath the Teesside grime. One can convince oneself of anything when one is determined to find it. And the first thing I asked the restorer to do on its arrival at Wimbledon was to stroke the area where I had thought I had detected a *"G. de La"* with his turpentine and cotton wool. Nothing came out. He tried in a second likely place, and again drew blank. On his third stroke, the signature rose like a phoenix: *"George De La Tour Inve et Pinx"* (invented and painted) on the table beneath the hand of the boy in profile to the left. The *"Inve"* for *"Invenit"* seemed a little peculiar, but a picture of a *Penitant St Peter* in the Museum at Cleveland dated 1645 is inscribed in the same form—which gave me one clue to the *Dice Players'* date.

The rebacking with a new canvas and cleaning were completed rapidly. The picture emerged in almost impeccable condition. I went again to Wimbledon the following week to see it stripped, before any retouching had been begun. There is a slight abrasion by the right hand of a smoker on the left, and small paint losses at the top of his head and in the cheek of a child on the extreme right. It was only then that I was able to "read" the picture and discover its splendour. The scene takes place in, one supposes, a barrack room

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against a flat wall. Two soldiers are playing dice at a table by candlelight. The flame of the candle is partly hidden behind the sleeve of the helmeted soldier on the near side. The open palms and hooked fingers of their right hands indicate that they have shot the dice at the same moment. Three dice have been thrown, all showing an ace on the upper surface. There are five figures in all. The game is watched by a third youthful soldier who rests his hands on the table, an older man smoking on the far left half cut by the frame, and on the far right by a child, the most beautiful head in the picture, like a Vermeer—so far out of this world that it made me wonder whether Vermeer might have known it. We are sometimes reminded of Vermeer in La Tour's other night scenes, and perhaps a few were circulating in the Netherlands in the 1650s, or Vermeer as a youth had made the journey from Delft to Lunéville. There is no knowing. Any more than are Vermeer's genre scenes, it is not at all a realistic picture. In spite of the pedestrian subject, the games players have withdrawn from ordinary life, and taken up abode on a plane of pure form, where masks stand for faces, and lights from the candle shimmer on the breastplates. In fact the "subject" is not so much a game, as light picking out masks and armour and embroidered jerkins, growing dimmer as it gropes its way into the recesses. The colours are bottle-green, deep red, light red, brown, helping along the purity of the forms by their retreat from real life, rather naive as in a primitive picture. But this is as one would expect from an artist in a provincial town like Lunéville about 1650 into which the Baroque of Rubens and Pietro da Cortona had not penetrated.

AFTER EVERYTHING HAD been removed from the canvas except the original paint I arranged for Laclotte and a colleague in the Louvre, Pierre Rosenberg, to visit the Wimbledon premises. I accompanied them not at all in trepidation since I knew they would be as astounded as I had been. They were. We went on from Wimbledon to Hampton Court to inspect the *St Jerome*. And there to the consternation of Wright and myself, the Louvre authorities pronounced it an original La Tour, and as soon as the word was spoken, we had to agree they were right. We had only recommended it for exhibition at the Orangerie as a good studio production. So that made three originals from Great Britain in our show, when a year ago we were still doubtful if we could provide a single one.

My next step after their departure was to find out whatever I could about the Clephan family, but the results so far have proved disappointing. My first clue was provided by an exhibition at a place called Fairfield near Stockton where a number of pictures from the Clephan Bequest, including the *Dice Players* (again as "De La Tour") were shown. This was during the last week of August 1944, at a moment when the handful of people in England who would have been interested in the appearance of a new La Tour were either working in MI5, or were entering Paris or Grenoble with the Allied armies. The exhibition closed on the day after the Liberation of Paris, as the news was coming through on the Stockton ticker-tape "*Le carillon de Notre Dame proclame la délivrance.*" From the catalogue, a photocopy of which I have in front of me (and which must be one of the rarest bibliographical items of the second War period), we learn that the pictures comprising the Bequest came to Stockton Corporation under the will of Miss Annie Elizabeth Clephan (*d.* 1930), in commemoration of her father Edwin Clephan, J.P. (*b.* Stockton 1817, *d.* Leicester 1906).

I set two stalwart retrievers on to the Clephans' tracks, and they both dropped some succulent prey at my feet, but in none of the documents they unearthed was there any mention of the La Tour. The family came originally from Scotland, and this adds a glimmer of light to a French connection. We still cannot be sure whether the picture belonged to the father as well as to the daughter, but this appears to be the case, considering that he was known as a collector (chiefly of water-colours), and left his daughter in his will a large part of his estate. Moreover, the daughter's will (which I also have in front of me) specifies that she is leaving her paintings to Stockton "with the object of commemorating my late father Edwin Clephan J.P. . . ." They both spent most of their lives, not on Teesside where he was born, but in the up-and-coming city of Leicester, where Edwin Clephan became Manager of Paget's Bank and built up a huge fortune. He was a devoted Liberal; a member of the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society from 1856 onwards; a member of the Governing Body of the Art School for 36 years and President of it; for some time on the Leicester Art Gallery Committee, and President of the Leicester Society of Artists. An article about him in a local Leicester newspaper of 1893 describes him as "a great lover of art, and no mean judge of a picture."

The La Tour, of course, came into his possession by chance rather than by design. Perhaps there was a gap on the wall of his drawing-room that needed filling, and that attractive picture of people playing dice by candlelight (signed by an artist called *Inve* whose name was not recorded in his reference library) that he had noticed in a Leicester antique shop was just the right size to fill it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr Livedog's Day

The Novels of Anthony Burgess—By SHIRLEY CHEW

IN *The Novel Now* (1967),[1] Anthony Burgess suggests an approach to the contemporary novelist which can be usefully adopted in relation to himself:

> We can no longer expect the one big book, the single achievement, to be the author's claim to posterity's regard. We shall be more inclined to assess the stature of a novelist by his ability to create what the French call an *oeuvre*, to present fragments of an individual vision in book after book, to build, if not a *War and Peace* or *Ulysses*, at least a shelf.

For one whose first book was published in 1956 and who only decided to become a professional novelist in 1960, Burgess' shelf is impressively solid. *MF* (1971)[2] brings the number of his novels to eighteen. Each of them is an attempt to rework with extraordinary imagination themes which were introduced in the Malayan trilogy (*Time for a Tiger*, 1956, *The Enemy in the Blanket*, 1958, and *Beds in the East*, 1959) and which have since become for him increasingly engrossing. The types of characters originally encountered in Malaya are often re-engaged and tried afresh under the pressures and lights of new circumstances. In this manner, Burgess establishes his conclusions about human nature, the relationship between power and character, between the artist, his art, and reality.

The kind of hero Burgess writes about is the one most likely to draw forth these conclusions. He is usually a teacher, though the pedagogic strain runs in all the main characters—in Paul Hussey, an antique dealer, who has constantly to enlighten ponderous Russians in Leningrad on the nippy habits of English prepositions; in William Shakespeare and his colleagues who could not gossip about a new rival without turning out a miniature tutorial on the Elizabethan drama of humours. A teacher, however unworthy, sometimes plays with ideas or with words. He has the inconvenient habit at times of seeing the other side (or sides, even) of the case. His instruction can easily get out of step with the strides of power and the direction of propaganda so that he finds himself working against a situation which continually outruns him and among people to whom he is either a fool, a weakling, or a villain.

When Victor Crabbe, an expatriate teacher and then an Education Officer in a Malaya fast becoming independent of British rule, is accused of corrupting the minds and morals of the young, explanations, however nugatory, can be drawn from political and racial suspicions to gloss the injustice. Power is leaving the white man and Crabbe's ineffectualness is to some extent linked to "the twilight of British rule," just as in a later novel, *Honey for the Bears* (1963), Paul Hussey's fumbling failures are meant to appear symptomatic of the inert British condition, a source of contempt to the American and Russian giants. If Crabbe strikes us at times as an exasperated version of Fielding, it must be that he is in some ways going over the experience of E. M. Forster's Englishman in India without the confidence the other still had, in spite of the Turtons and Burtons, in the fitness of British authority abroad. Again like Fielding, Crabbe believes in the capacity of human beings for rational conduct and honest thinking, despite daily evidence to the contrary. This, strange as it may seem, is an attitude that pleases nobody and achieves little. People are seldom inclined to be responsible for themselves. Liberal ideas about human beings who are at best difficult to keep in order, the plea for tolerance among races which have never regarded themselves as having anything in common—these are of doubtful value to a Malaya which wants tangible aid and rapid results.

However, even in *Beds in the East*, the last of the trilogy which carries the story up to *"Merdeka"*, the problem is adumbrated rather than pressingly rendered. One reason is that Burgess had other fascinations to attend to—for instance, the comic possibilities of a situation which housed the truculent Syed Omar, the clannish Jaffna Tamils, the nicely detached Chinese, and which required

[1] Revised edition, Faber & Faber, £2.75, paper 90p.
[2] *MF*. By ANTHONY BURGESS. Cape, £1.60.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them overnight to consider themselves one nation. He had set out to record the Malaya he knew. And even as Crabbe travels inland towards Durian Estate on official business, a colourful procession passes him by—affable Chinese towkays, pig-trotting Temiars, mystical Malays, a beer-promoting Englishman, a mad anthropologist, an aseptic American linguistician. A whole world unknown to Somerset Maugham's planters who as a rule kept the kampong and the country outside the rubber estate at arm's length. Secondly, Crabbe's destiny in Malaya turns out to be a private matter, begun before he saw the East. Against the bitterness of this, the accusations and grumbles of the Malayans are diminished to idle gossip, voices inconvenient rather than ominous.

BESIDES HIS PUBLIC INEFFECTUALNESS and concomitant with it are private humiliations that Burgess' hero has always to bear. Obstinate dentures are a constant source of distress. More serious is the inability to please his women. Quite often a poor lover, Burgess' hero likes to believe that affection and compassion are acceptable substitutes for love until the day arrives when he finds himself abandoned for a rival apparently his inferior. On other occasions, though too prone to infidelity, he is so weighed upon by a sense of guilt that he is more than ready to give up the liaison. Crabbe parts from Fatimah, the Malay cabaret girl, in order to be fair to Fenella, his second wife. But his true loyalty remains with his first wife who is dead. For this reason and because she cannot get used to Malaya, Fenella leaves him. At the end, Crabbe is in a sense impelled to his death by the painful revelation that the woman whose memory he has long cherished had been prepared to run away with the callow George Costard, now by a strange twist of chance manager of Durian Estate.

In *The Worm and the Ring* (1961), a similar charge of corrupting the young is brought against Woolton, headmaster in an English provincial town. His humanistic values sort ill with the narrow prejudices of the townsmen and the recalcitrance of his pupils. Denied the grandiose political subterfuges available when the accused is a foreigner—here is a local and a Westerner harassed by his own people for the kind of liberal ideas which are generally considered the products of the West—Woolton's deposition more than Crabbe's difficulties pronounces firmly and generally upon human nature and power. And in the drab environment of the small town there is little to distract attention from the grimness of the problem.

Woolton's failure points to something unregenerate in human nature—what Catholics (and non-practising Catholics like Burgess) call original sin—and this encourages the forms of control and authority repugnant to any civilised human being. Significantly, Woolton's successor has nothing but contempt for people and for learning. In order to gain the post, Gardner is prepared to flatter the businessmen who dominate the community and the board of Governors, and to plagiarise a subordinate's research. "Not that he really cared all that much about education", however. "Most people were ineducable, like those stupid yappers and sniffers of the kennel that was the borough: they would soon have to be brought to heel." Gardner wants power for its own sake and sets out to get it by ruthless methods. He feels no guilt and that is why he is so successful. As for the townspeople, what interests them and keeps up their confidence in him are the trappings of this power—the flashy Ph.D. gown, the Bentley, the school that sprouts into a commercial enterprise.

Next to him, Woolton, riding to school on a bicycle, yearning for his Plato and Horace, seems incompetent and anachronistic. Like Crabbe, he has personal embarrassments to face—the grotesque demonstrations of a senile mother and a briefly unbalanced wife, the unrelenting advances of a sexually frustrated secretary. Burgess' talent for rendering the nightmarish patterns of the sick imagination and the uncanny logic of the warped mind gives Woolton's difficulties the semblance of something solid into which he is always walking.

But there are compensations—the recovery of his wife, the support of Haworth, the unexpected legacy from his mother which enables him to resign with honour and aspire to his dream of a private school.

> Greek and Latin as a basis, taught by himself. A couple of assistants to cope with the other subjects. The humanities. No big smelling laboratories, no sweating gymnasia. Riding, games on the beach. He thrilled at the prospect of teaching again prosody—Alcaics and Sapphics—evoking the classical sun-drenched porticos, the white walls which never peeled. There would not be many pupils, that went without saying.

This is clearly an escape, but what other way is open, given the sort of conclusions which his experiences have forced upon him?—that power and Woolton are incompatible, that "the qualities required in a civilized human being were opposed to those most desirable in a ruler," that "people *want* to be good," which is different "from actually *being* good." His one satisfaction so far must rest with the opportunity provided him for denouncing with scathing rhetoric the benighted Governors. Yet even that is marred by his coming immediately upon the diehard Rich, impudent again in class, and finding himself without the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ability or will to resort to the violence which is the alternative to the kind of incentives he has been advocating. Perhaps, like Dr Spindrift in that most delightful and sustained caper, *The Doctor is Sick* (1960), Woolton's control operates only with words.

IT MAY BE that soon there will be little room for enlightened and old-fashioned people like Woolton. Certainly none in the achieved technological future of *A Clockwork Orange* (1962). This rebarbative world is overrun by hoodlums and policemen, and presided over by sinister scientists with the power to wind a person's very instincts contrariwise. Advanced knowledge has merely confirmed the belief that man is depraved, yet, fortunately, little more than a mechanical toy, a clockwork orange. The only form of individualism left resides in someone like Alex and finds expression in slick brutality. In concentrating here on the flair of the young for physical and sexual violence, Burgess provides an answer to the charge of corrupting their morals which the teachers of the earlier novels were faced with.

In his dual role of villain and victim, Alex resembles Milton's Satan. The structure of the plot is circular and the Alex of the second half of the novel, reclaimed by clever doctors so efficiently from violence that the very thought of hurting anyone even in self-defence nauseates him, is punished in sequence by each of his former victims. Finally, for political reasons and by the process of hypnopaedia, he is returned to his original nature. In this manner, his crimes are offset by evidences of the same strong sadistic tendencies in other people. His teen-age friends and enemies have been from the first soulless brutes, as apt hoodlums as policemen. The experts in behavioural transformation are more sophisticated in their enjoyment of vicarious violence. The so-called idealists who oppose the existing government are quite ready to destroy Alex to further their cause. And in a fantastical scene, maundering nonagenarians in the public library turn wild and attack Alex in vindication of old age. This episode lines up with the scene earlier in the same novel when Alex is set on by savage cats while robbing a house, with the war of the sexes in *The Wanting Seed* (1962), and the imperturbability of Vythilingam before Crabbe's drowning in *Beds in the East*, as an instance when Burgess' macabre imagination working sheer and intense reaches a breathtaking weirdness.

Alex is a hoodlum with a difference. He cannot bear dirt, or drunkenness. He is devoted to serious music though characteristically its beauty and passion only move him to glorious visions of violence. He has a proper contempt for the impersonality of institutions, and the language he

RICHARD HOFSTADTER
AMERICA AT 1750
A Social Portrait
'One of the most ambitious and potentially significant historical works of our time.' THE TIMES *£3.25*

UNCENSORED RUSSIA
Edited & translated by Peter Reddaway
The full text of the first eleven issues of the 'Chronicle of Current Events', the most important Moscow underground journal. 'The immense care, thought and scholarly accuracy with which Mr Reddaway has edited this presentation of the text is beyond praise.' SUNDAY TIMES *£5.00*

RICHARD CROSSMAN
INSIDE VIEW
Three Lectures on Prime Ministerial Government. Their theme is that Cabinet Government in Britain has become Prime Ministerial Government – a view opposed to that expressed in Patrick Gordon Walker's *The Cabinet*. *£1.95*

PATRICK GORDON WALKER
THE CABINET
'Easily the most revealing of recent books about British politics. Lets slip a surprising amount of information that is quite new.' T.L.S. *£2.95*

ISAAC DEUTSCHER
MARXISM IN OUR TIME
'Deutscher at his best' GUARDIAN *£2.95*

JONATHAN CAPE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uses reflects his dauntlessness, his intelligence, his exuberance, as well as his limitations. It is an ingenious invention, onomatopoeic, concrete, and vigorous, swelling every now and then to the orotund flourishes of religious preachers. In case the reader fails to make sense of it, Burgess allows Dr Branom of the reclamation centre to describe the origins of this language: "Odd bits of old rhyming slang. . . . A bit of gipsy talk, too. But most of the roots are Slav." Moreover the context is so carefully created that the meaning of Alex's words becomes evident even if one has no knowledge of Russian—a method of instruction familiar to language teachers.

> Mother Slouse, the wife, was sort of froze behind the counter. We could tell she would creech murder given one chance, so I was round that counter very skorry and had a hold of her, and a horrorshow big lump she was too, all nuking of scent and with flipflop big bobbing groodies on her. I'd got my rooker round her rot to stop her belting out death and destruction to the four winds of heaven, but this lady doggie gave me a large foul big bite on it and it was me that did the creeching, and then she opened up beautiful with a flip yell for the millicents.

The idiosyncratic language, the neat structure, the absence of any character with whom we can readily identify—these make the closed world of Alex convincing and vivid. They persuade us that it is a fable we are reading although we recognise in it trends in normal society which have been pushed to the extreme. So that when at the end, for a very naturalistic reason (the fact of growing up), Alex tires of his hoodlum ways and begins to hanker for a sedate domestic life with wife and baby, the novel loses its integrity and falls into the sentimental. Realism has impinged awkwardly upon fantasy. Alex's ways in *A Clockwork Orange* have been so deliberately narrow and consistent in their perversity that they belong to the world of allegory. We need only compare him with those heroes of Burgess upon whom sufferings have been imposed in excess of their follies to realise that his punishments are ritualistic rather than in measure. The conclusion of the novel invokes therefore new criteria for judging Alex's conduct which make the preceding savagery seem gratuitous and something of an exercise in the brutal on the part of the author.

BURGESS IS REPEATING HERE the tolerant view of youthful protest and heedlessness put forward in *Beds in the East* in connection with the small-town teddy-boys, and in *The Worm and the Ring* with the refractory pupils. The interest in violence is inborn and especially sharp in youth. Sin is the human condition. The Pelagian man who does not know sin is a clinical product, desirable to governments no doubt, but essentially unnatural. After Alex has been reconditioned not only does he cease to be a wrongdoer, "he ceases also to be a creature capable of moral choice," in brief, a human being. Until then, his justification for being bad has been "But what I do I do because I like to do." The treatment deprives him of his ability to enjoy music as well since "the sweetest and most heavenly of activities partake in some measure of violence." The death of civilisation as Enderby will tell us follows upon the killing of the Minotaur. On the other hand, the dark Augustinian view of man "as a sinful creature from whom no good at all may be expected" is also mistaken since, as Woolton discovered, "people *want* to be good." This desire in wayward man is the source of guilt and one characteristic of the Burgessian hero is his ready, sometimes almost eager, embracing of punishment. Significantly, it is when the established attitude to man is most pessimistic that the effort to produce the sinless creature becomes the more intense. But where once religious sanctions might have hoped to prevail, advanced scientific methods now operate successfully.

The tidy but unrealistic division between Pelagian and Augustinian man is the subject of *The Wanting Seed.* This novel presents another fantasy world where the prose, crisp and nimble, chats the horrors of death, war, and cannibalism out of the way. As a novelist Burgess' preference for the comic view of life is voiced by Derek Foxe, Tristram's twin, and like Gardner a man whom power adorns:

> "Instincts tell us one thing and reason tells us another. That could be tragic if we allowed it to be. But it's better to see it as comic. We were right—to throw God out and install Mr Livedog in his place. God's a tragic conception."

So, smilingly, Derek floats to success whatever the circumstances, as adept a homosexual as a lover of his sister-in-law, Beatrice-Joanna.

Part of the novel's comedy is dependent upon the optimistic theory of history which Tristram teaches and which, as the framework of the action, he lives through—a cyclical movement of three phases: Pelagian, Augustinian, and in between the Interphase. Man is expected to be good and rational in the *Pelphase*, to be hopelessly sinful in the *Gusphase*, while in the interim "the brute steps in."

Tristram also holds the view that

> "We are both God and the Devil, though not at the same time. Only Mr Livedog can be that and Mr Livedog, of course, is a mere fictional symbol."

In this he is less sound than his brother who admits readily to the coexistence of contradictions in the human being, both God and the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Devil, anagrammatised to Livedog. Perhaps Tristram's theory of history and human nature is a kind of consolation he has fabricated for himself against constant change and frustrations, his means of escape, just as for Woolton it was a private school, for Alex growing up, and for poor Crabbe death in the heart of Malaya. Certainly by interleaving Tristram's history lesson with accounts of his wife's unhappiness and adultery, Burgess shows us the neat schema subverted. And who else but Mr Livedog harries Tristram from the *Pelphase* into the *Gusphase* so that whichever government is in power "he would always be against it"?

In the world of the future, population growth threatens universal famine and the character of each phase is revealed through the attempt of its government to cope with the problem. Each is as arbitrary as the other in its assumptions about human nature. The only difference is that while the government of the *Pelphase* relies on gentle persuasion that of the *Gusphase* resorts to deception and force.

THE POLICY in the *Pelphase* is to deplore childbirth and to celebrate infertility and homosexual relationships. Every death is a double triumph—being one mouth less to feed and another corpse to convert to phosphorus pentoxide. The situation offers scope for Burgess to display the mannerisms of the epicene—a fascination beginning with Ibrahim in *Time for a Tiger*. Then, in the *Interphase*, revolt against these unnatural restraints takes the form of cannibalism and free love run wild. Being a history teacher and therefore a kind of world memory, Tristram is able during the *Interphase* to note, with the detached curiosity of a scholar whose research comes alive suddenly before him, the brief retrogression to fertility rites, the emergence of popular drama, journalism, private enterprise, the rise of organised religion, the invention of money. It is a happy medley of primitive and sophisticated practices since Burgess never forgets that he is writing of a future world which has suffered a momentary lapse into the past. Out of the intermixing comes the following macabre dialogue, so typical of the grotesque wit and irony that dance through this novel:

> "And," said Tristram, "if I may ask, what's been the purpose of your journey?"
> "This journey? Oh, we'd had a report of a police ammunition dump along the road from Ealing to Finchley. Some swine had got there first, though. One of these gangs. They knocked off my corporal. He wasn't a very good corporal, but they shouldn't have knocked him off. Probably eating him now, blasted cannibals." He spoke quite calmly.
> "It would seem," said Tristram, "that we're all cannibals."

The M.I.T. Press

New Paperbacks

Two Chicago Architects and Their Clients
Frank Lloyd Wright and Howard Van Doren Shaw
Leonard K. Eaton
'Much architectural history is being written, and much of it is moderately good. Very little of it indeed is in this class.'—*Encounter*
£1·85 illus.

The International Corporation
A Symposium
Charles P. Kindleberger, editor
'The International Corporation is a seminal work.'—*Times Literary Supplement*
£2·80

The Economics of Insurgency in the Mekong Delta of Vietnam
Robert L. Sansom
'Robert Sansom has produced one of the few genuinely original and systematically researched studies of the war in South Vietnam. It deserves a wide audience.'—*Times Literary Supplement*
£1·40

The Traditional Crafts of Persia
Hans E. Wulff
'This is a book of fundamental importance, which will be indispensable for students of Persian technology.'—*Bulletin of the School of Oriental and African Studies*
£3·75 illus.

Violence and the Police
A Sociological Study of Law, Custom and Morality
William A. Westley
'The single most accurate description of the police world available . . . Westley's study is an essential guide to the collective mind of the police.'—*New York Times Book Review*
£1·40

The M.I.T. Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The University of Chicago Press

Faraday as a Natural Philosopher
Joseph Agassi

Michael Faraday (1791–1867) has been described as the Cinderella of science, because of his rise from a childhood in the slums of London to the pinnacle of scientific achievement as an experimental physicist by the mid-nineteenth century. In this study, Joseph Agassi focuses on the interplay between Faraday's theories, his personality and his social and political background. The result is an illuminating portrait of one of the most brilliant figures in British science.
£5·65

Modern French Criticism
From Proust and Valéry to Structuralism
John K. Simon, editor

This collection of essays explores and reviews the work of the major French critics of the twentieth century, an area of intellectual activity surprisingly neglected in English-speaking countries. Each chapter examines an important critic's work or a coherent body of criticism and is supplemented by an annotated bibliography of works by and about its subject.
£5·65

The French Communists
Profile of a People
Annie Kriegel
Translated by Elaine P. Halperin

The entrenched position of the Communist party in twentieth-century France is directly related to its societal party structure: this is the conclusion reached by Professor Kriegel in her ethnographic study of an acknowledged political phenomenon. She brings to her analysis a background of participation in party activities, as well as a scholar's understanding of Communist ideology and the sociological character of its adherents.
£5·65

The University of Chicago Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1

"Yes, but, damn it all, we in Aylesbury are at least civilized cannibals. It makes all the difference if you get it out of a tin."

The whole weird situation reaches its climax in the battle of the sexes—another instance of a cliché turned in this novel into keen literal experience. This takes place in the *Gusphase*. An army having been formed of the riff-raff, an enemy has to be found to keep it occupied. But the world is no longer at war and an enemy has to be invented. Somewhere to the west of Ireland battles are regularly contrived—in the dark, complete with battle noises produced off-stage, opposing battalions of men and women shoot to kill, ignorant of who exactly the enemy is. No survivors are permitted, the organisers of the war finishing off what fighting in the dark leaves unaccomplished. This, as Tristram discovers, is the method the *Gusphase* has hit upon to rid the country of undesirable surplus population now that the ban on having babies has been lifted. And even in the *Gusphase*, there are economic uses for the dead.

"When a soldier is discharged dead the soldier's paybook is collected and a letter of condolence sent to his—or her, of course—next-of-kin. After that the War Department has no further responsibility. Civilian contractors take over. We've learned something, you know, from the past: waste not, want not. What the civilian contractors do is their own affair. But the money comes in handy. The money keeps this corporation going. . . ."

IF THE ORDINARY HUMAN BEING is an unheroic figure, the artist in Burgess' view seems at times antipathetic, divorced from the wonderful and significant art he produces.

In *Beds in the East*, *Inside Mr Enderby*, *Nothing Like the Sun*, the musician or the writer is a creature apart and too close an involvement with the world impoverishes his genius. The Muse, a very possessive lady, will permit no rival claimant to the attention of the artist whom she has chosen for herself. Robert Loo's music is original and intellectually sophisticated until he grows more devoted to the warm fleshly charms of Rosemary Michael than to the vague female image always present in his mind's eye as directing his composition. Perhaps the highest music is only a matter of numbers and arrangement, remote from human concerns, but certainly Malaya lost a genuine national composer when Robert Loo became a man.

The propensities of Enderby the poet suggest again the retarded adolescent. The plot is an elaboration of the Robert Loo story and the surname of the Chinese musician might well have given the cue for Enderby's habit of writing in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the lavatory. However, the tone of the novel and the gnomic verses reproduced as evidence of his art leave the quality of his poetry ambiguous, while the distinction of Robert Loo's music was never in doubt.

Shakespeare being who he is, the reverse process from Loo and Enderby occurs. Suffering incurably from pox caught from the Dark Lady, a Malay girl living in Elizabethan London, Will Shakespeare continues to write of "improbable Edens all remote from this afterfall state of a dishonoured body . . . creatures of Arden . . . sans holes sans rods sans even the most minuscule pimple." Soon enough the bitterness of the body inspires comparison with the corruption of government and the baseness of heroes. But it is only when the Muse takes him up—and in this case she need fear no future rival—that he creates his darkest yet most triumphant vision of life.

The lesson has to be intimately learned and endured. "Love is both an image of eternal order and at the same time the rebel and the destructive spirochaete." Nevertheless it is the latter aspect of love, and filth not much ennobled, that takes Burgess' imagination. In *Nothing Like the Sun* more exists that is recognisably Burgess than Shakespeare. For one thing, the playwright's vision is rounded off not with evil but with those last plays where reconciliation is the theme, and chaos appears to have broken out in order that restoration may be effected. Burgess has imposed a little heavily upon Shakespeare's life but his ideas are important ones, and compelling enough as we have seen to inspire the creation of self-contained worlds which in turn confirm their viability. The characters and the action of *A Clockwork Orange* and *The Wanting Seed* possess interest and vigour to a degree that they do not appear forced or manipulated.

BURGESS' LATEST NOVEL, *MF* (Miles Faber, *mezzo forte*, male and female), is as ingenious as ever but an air of contrivance now sits upon the invention. It may be that the young hero who narrates the tale is really a remote and faceless character despite retaining some of the traits of his predecessors. At the same time the action, which is in the shape of a quest, is often less interesting in itself than for the cunning examples of word-play with which it is knotted.

Though discouraged by the narrator from hunting for a moral in this book, one likes to think with Dr Fonanta that "art takes the raw material of the world about us and attempts to shape it into signification." Perhaps the central idea in the novel is that just as the largest gesture of liberty in sexual relationships is also the most restrictive so total freedom in art does not exist.

Keynes... and after

The Life of John Maynard Keynes
R. F. Harrod

'Mr Harrod has not merely written a biography of J. M. Keynes. He has produced a great document in the history of 20th century Britain; at once a study in the history of ideas, a survey of the development of economics and a portrait of the outstanding intellectual of the age' – *TLS*
A Pelican Biography £1.00

The Second Sex
Simone de Beauvoir

This great study of Woman has become a modern classic. Available for the first time in a one-volume paperback, it observes its subject from biological, historical, sociological, literary, psychoanalytical and mythological standpoints. 75p

Freedom in a Rocking Boat
Geoffrey Vickers

The ordering process in human affairs is the concern of this book. Geoffrey Vickers is less concerned with the physical facts of exploding population, wastage of resources and rising pollution than with the cultural and institutional backgrounds which nurture attitudes to these threats. 40p

Penguin Modern Poets 21
George Mackay Brown, Norman MacCaig, Iain Crichton Smith. 35p

These titles are available from your bookseller or, in case of difficulty, from J. Barnicoat, PO Box 11, Falmouth, Cornwall, enclosing the price of books required plus 6p per volume postage.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the riddling manner of the narrative focuses attention not so much upon real significance as upon what is of ephemeral interest and locally perplexing. The reader is likely to spend much of his time piecing out the word-game (for the solution to Dr Gonzi's riddle see p. 209).

It appears that Burgess has fallen temporarily into Dr Spindrift's predicament—becoming so absorbed by the fascinating life there is in words that he forgets they are "part of the warm current" of a larger life. However, he has given fragments enough of his individual vision to convince us of its intensity and importance, and of the continuing vitality of his work.

The Devil and Mr Ruskin

By Francis Watson

WHAT WAS IT—aside from a possibly inherited tendency—that drove John Ruskin mad? And does it matter? To Ruskin himself it certainly mattered. The symptoms that might today be classified, and treated, as manic-depression were closely watched by the self-observant subject and frankly discussed, not only in private correspondence but to a remarkable extent in print. His dreams, of which he was inclined to regard the later bouts of dementia as prolonged extensions, were habitually chronicled without benefit of Freud and with many fragile resolutions anent muffins and base thoughts, over-excitement and second helpings at dinner. In the three-volume edition of his diaries[1] the dreams are indexed under 134 separate topics. In the recently published *Brantwood Diary*[2] the curious will find more of them, as well as the absorbing log of his mind's journey to the mid-night edge of the first identified collapse into madness on 22 February 1878.

The climacteric year, however, had been 1871, when the dreams that accompanied Ruskin's mysterious illness at Matlock had been strangely euphoric in contrast to what was to come: and always remembered as such, and found worthy of detailed inclusion in one of his eccentrically digressive Oxford lectures. It was the year of the Franco-Prussian War, "digging, as the Germans should have known, a moat flooded with waters of death between the two nations for a century to come"; setting Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, as it were, against French Gothic; and weaning Ruskin from chivalric fantasies about the war-game into the scourging of merchants of death, propagandists of competition and conflict, and inventors of destruction at a distance ("the misuse we have made of our discoveries will be remembered against us in eternal history.") It was the year of the first monthly issues of *Fors Clavigera*, the one-man underground organ of Ruskin's alternative society, and already his vision of public questions was overcast by what he was to call *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*. It was the year in which his old nurse Ann Strachan, and then at ninety his widowed mother (muttering among other things that Ann had been possessed by the Devil) had at last followed his proudly protective father to the grave. Which meant that in his fifty-third year, and with the brief, unsuccessful marriage to Effie Gray seventeen years behind him, Ruskin felt free to settle—so far as his obsessive mobility would allow him—into a home of his independent choice, backed by the substantial but morally embarrassing inheritance of a fortune which he was at generous pains to disperse without depriving himself of any coveted comfort or possession. Chance offered him Brantwood on Coniston Water, and the centenary of his occupation has been marked with a portfolio of 23 drawings of the haunted site,[3] and with the National Trust's acquisition of the Coniston Hall estate on the opposite side of the lake.

WHEN HE HAD moved in his heavy furniture, his Turners and his misattributed Titian, his missals and minerals, his faithful servants and Joan and Arthur Severn to keep house for him and raise their family, Brantwood was quite a place, after the first of many additions and improvements, in which to go mad. The *pied-à-terre* that Ruskin retained in London, in the house that he had already made over to the Severns, was (significantly enough) the nursery of his childhood, with its barred windows. He had also, with the Oxford professorship, his rooms as a Fellow of Corpus. On his protracted travels, at home and on the Continent, the correspondence of his multifarious schemes for St George's Guild, and the proofs of his incessant publications, followed

[1] Edited by Joan Evans and J. H. Whitehouse (Oxford University Press. 1956–9).

[2] *The Brantwood Diary of John Ruskin*. Edited and annotated by HELEN GILL VILJOEN. Yale, £11.25, $25.

[3] *Ruskin and Coniston*. By JAMES S. DEARDEN with drawings by K. G. THORNE. Covent Garden Press. Limited edition £1.50. Special signed edition £6.30.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him on a highly organised system. But it was at Brantwood, where he had expected—or said he expected—"simply light and air, instead of darkness and smoke, and ground in which flowers will grow", that the enemy crept up on him.

"Ruskin has fallen into thick, quiet despair again on the personal question," Carlyle wrote to Emerson at the end of 1872, "and means all the more to go ahead with fire and sword upon the universal one." But the two questions, of course, are not to be separated. The "fierce lightning-bolts" of *Fors Clavigera*, which at first enraptured Carlyle but finally disturbed him, came to be regarded by others as a fatal overstimulation. Ruskin himself saw them as the necessary and healthy release of his "chronic fury" against social enormities, religious hypocrisy, scientific arrogance, moral and material pollution. His private sense of sharing in the guilt shows through: remorse for the comforts of his existence, rage against his insulated upbringing, the search for moral principles to redeem aesthetic self-indulgence. But on masturbation, which is now fashionably hunted through Victorian coverts even to the diaries of Mr Gladstone and Miss Nightingale, Ruskin was comparatively clear-eyed. Distressed by recurrent "foul serpent-dreams", and by others more explicitly "unclean" or "disgusting", he wondered whether they could be made "nobler." To be worthy of Rose La Touche he strove to extirpate from his solitary private life an "evil which was its death", and apparently felt that he had done so. But the self-comparison with Rousseau, which was his way of confessing the fault in a letter to Mrs Cowper-Temple, was not entirely deprecatory. Nor did he follow the widespread belief of his time, on which Dr William Acton had set the professional seal, that masturbation (like other forms of sexual incontinence only more so) tended inexorably towards insanity.

What Ruskin did come to recognise was that his temperament demanded the fulfilment of marriage that it, or his destiny, denied. He was nearly seventy, and had five attacks of madness behind him, when his second nympholeptic passion—so closely parallel to the "Romaunt de la Rose" (La Touche) which he was hoping to repair—reached its pathetic climax in his last surviving letter to young Kathleen Olander:

> . . . And you *will* be happy with me, while yet I live—for it was only love that I wanted to keep me sane—in all things—I am as pure—except in thought—as you are—but it is *terrible* for any creature of my temper to have no wife—one cannot but go mad. . . .

Deprived of this sunset gleam by Kathleen's parents and his own vigilant cousin, Joan Severn, Ruskin suffered one more crisis of insanity before

TAVISTOCK

The Archaeology of Knowledge

MICHEL FOUCAULT

Translated from the French by A. M. Sheridan Smith

In his most recent work, Michel Foucault pursues further the critical enterprise outlined in *Madness and Civilization* and *The Order of Things*, interrogating the methods, limits, and themes proper to a mode of historical analysis freed of anthropologism. £3.00

METHUEN

Grub Street

Studies in a Subculture

PAT ROGERS

A highly original account of Grub Street, its inhabitants, ethos and the myth which grew up around it. £5.50

A History of the Chinese Communist Party 1921-1949

JACQUES GUILLERMAZ

Deals with the beginnings of Communism in China and the evolution of the Party. The author's first-hand experience of events in China during the 30s and 40s has enabled him to make an original and valuable contribution to the subject. £5.95

Environment and Archeology

An Ecological Approach to Prehistory, Second Edition

KARL BUTZER

The standard work on man and his environment in the Pleistocene era, dealing with theory and methods of research, and now presenting comprehensive information on all parts of the world. £8.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the final silent decade of his Brantwood retirement. But Kathleen's intense episode had been very much shorter—only a year from start to finish—than the agonising fluctuations of the long relationship with Rose, from her 12th year to her death at 27. It was also, on the evidence of Ruskin's last writings, the epilogue to *Modern Painters* and the unfinished *Praeterita*, relatively serene in its influence. For although Miss Olander, like Miss La Touche before her, felt the call to improve Ruskin's religious condition, the patient had by then found his own way back to a personal faith. The septuagenarian Ruskin, though still affronted by the religious climate of his time, was a much more docile subject than the middle-aged, near-atheist rebel who could be driven to wild anger by the pietistic *longueurs* with which Rose had so often met his demand for a total commitment of love.

IN BOTH THESE CASES, again, the object of attentions from a much older and much admired man had at first—though not for long—felt a certain relief when apprised of the ostensible cause of Ruskin's separation from his wife. But whereas to Kathleen the story of Ruskin's impotence (which he firmly denied) came gently from a sympathetic source, Rose's mother had obtained from Effie Millais, and used upon her unhappy daughter, a stinging statement of her case against Ruskin. It was for Rose, whose mind he believed to have been poisoned against him in this and other ways, that Ruskin had added, in that key-year of 1871, the Preface to *Sesame and Lilies:*

> No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion. What I might myself have been, so helped, I rarely indulge in the idleness of thinking; but what I am, since I take on me the function of a teacher, it is well that the reader should know. . . . Not an unjust person; not an unkind one; not a false one; a lover of order, labour and peace. That, it seems to me, is enough to give me the right to say all I care to say on ethical subjects.

That right had been ominously challenged more than a decade earlier, when the social and economic theories which had forced their way through the aesthetic humus scared Thackeray, as editor, into discontinuing their publication in the *Cornhill*. In the seminal form of *Unto This Last*, these singular essays were destined to make their way through the world, absorbing Tolstoy, inspiring Gandhi to transform his life-style, reputedly influencing Mao Tse-tung and admittedly dazzling the pioneers of the British Labour movement. But for ten years after the book's appearance the injection of ethical considerations into the merciless "science" of *laissez-faire* economics had been pointedly ignored. People were not prepared, as a critic had stoutly pointed out in the *Fortnightly*, "to be preached to death by a mad governess."

As Ruskin feelingly remarked, "the moment I have to scold people, they say I'm crazy." But on his own account he had already made an effort "to define the limits of insanity." So he told his American friend Norton in July 1870, and humorously added: "My experience is not yet wide enough. I have been entirely insane, as far as I know, only about Turner and Rose." His experience was certainly to be widened. But, as it happened, the last piece of work that he was able to do before the initial breakdown in February 1878 was the preface to a London exhibition of Turners. And this was subjectively concluded in a Brantwood dawn with a lament for those whom he would "never meet more": his parents, remembered with an ambivalent remorse and resentment; and Rose, who had been ecstatically reconciled with him in 1872, only to fall away again into deepening religious mania, and into death—"seal of a great fount of sorrow which can never now ebb away." She was now a private cult, identified in Ruskin's work with Carpaccio's St Ursula or with Proserpine, deliberately conjured as a ghost, speaking through any reference to roses and in other secret ways, a spirit that sent him messages for his good and that had appeared,

MALAMUD

THE TENANTS

'Malamud's astonishing gifts have never been more brilliantly displayed.' *Francis Wyndham, The Listener*

'Few novelists write so accurately and rewardingly.' *David Caute, Guardian*

'A terrifying fable, immensely realistic and credible . . . very precisely and alarmingly developed.' *Isabel Quigly, Financial Times*

'A novelist of rare skill and imagination.' *Peter Porter, New Statesman* £1.95

EYRE METHUEN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he managed to be convinced, at a country-house séance laid on for the purpose by his friends.

IN THE RECORD of the slide into delirium, as now lengthily revealed in the *Brantwood Diary*, the Hamlet-image of a tormented filial relationship offers Ophelia as another role for Rose ("Let in—that out—Departed, never more"). And as it moves into increasingly free association one might imagine Joyce, as well as the attested instance of Proust, among Ruskin's literary legatees.

> ... To Joseph Severn—Keats—Endymion—quenched in the Chaste beams—yes—oh yes—Proserpina mine, I have not looked back, nor took my hand from the Jason plough.
>
> And when Gold and Gems adorn the plough! Oh—you dear Blake—and so mad too—
>
> Do you know what Titians good for *now* you stupid thing?
>
> I didn't know where to go on—but don't think I should stop.—And Andrea Gritti—then? quite unholy is he, you stupid? And Dandolo then, I suppose? and the Blind Guide that had celestial light? Yes—and you barefoot Scotch lassies—Diddie and all of you you dears—if only you *would* go barefoot a bit, in the streets. So pretty—so pretty.
>
> Naked foot.
>
> That shines like snow—and falls on earth—or gold—as mute.
>
> Oh—dear doge Selvo, I want to know the shape of your cap, terribly. I don't know which is best—yours—or Gritti's. Tell me all about it—Raphael dear—from the angle then and please angel of the lagoons from the Paradise—tell me what my own sweet Tintoret meant by those—Yes
>
> Send for the lady to the Sagittary.
>
> (And praise be to thee—oh God. We praise thee. Oh God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.)
>
> Finished, and my letter from "Piero" my Venetian gondolier put it in, here, and all. I am going to lock up with the Horses of St. Marks. ¼ to one (20 minutes by my Father's watch)—22nd February 1878.

The diary breaks off for the months of dangerous illness and slow recovery. But the rest of that night's story, as Ruskin later told it to his physician, was printed in the *British Medical Journal* immediately after his death in January 1900. Convinced that the Devil was on his way to seize him, and that "the only way to meet him was to remain awake waiting for him all through the night, and combat him in a naked condition," he stripped and walked up and down his room in the chill darkness until a feeble blue light drew him to the window to see whether it "really was the heralding of the grey dawn." At that moment, he seemed to recall,

> a large black cat sprang forth from behind the mirror. Persuaded that the foul fiend was here in person ... I darted at it ... grappled it with both my hands and ... flung it with all my might and main against the floor ... A dull thud—nothing more ... I had triumphed!

NEW HUMANIST

An exciting new publishing event occurs this month—Humanist magazine becomes a national monthly as New Humanist, price 15p, and is available on all news-stands, through newsagents and dealers as well as the well-established postal subscription. The first issue, available now, includes:

Kenneth Allsop talking to **Peter Hain, Richard Neville, Juliet Mitchell** and **Ron Bailey**

ROGER MANVELL *Censorship*
MAURICE EDELMAN *Politics*
EVA FIGES *Current topics*
'JONATHAN SWIFT' *The Press*
MORRIS RUBIN *The word from Washington*
Dr ANNE DALLY *Medical and social matters*
HEINZ FRAENKEL *Chess*
SUSHANTO DAS *The future of Bangladesh*

Poems by **Philip Larkin, D. J. Enright, Jon Stallworthy, Elaine Feinstein,** and **Iain Crichton Smith**

Book reviewers include **H. J. Eysenck** and **Eva Figes**

The NEW HUMANIST
88 Islington High Street, London N1 8EL Tel. 01-226 7251/2

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For three years, a provocative yet thoughtful monthly has been reporting, interpreting and effecting the remaking of higher education in America—and the world. Now

Change
MAGAZINE

. . .has become international. Mixing incisive journalism with colour and independence, **CHANGE** features the issues and alternative answers reshaping higher education specifically and the world in general. Supported by the Esso Education and Ford Foundations, it can afford to give articulate voice to traditional and radical educationalists alike.

Well-known writers such as **BRUNO BETTELHEIM, ROBERT NISBET** and **KATE MILLETT** have appeared in **CHANGE**, alongside contributions from an important variety of sources—Lecturers to Deans, Students to Government Officials.

Together, in feature articles and in monthly departments, they have covered such diverse and timely subjects as **Faculty-Administration-Government Relationships, Campus Psychiatry, Different Styles of Educating or Non-Educating, Education and Foreign Policy, the Drug Situation on Campus, New and Coming Publications, and Significant Colleges and Educators.**

The scope of **CHANGE** is typified by its April, 1972 contents, which include: **Blacks and Colleges—The End of the Movement—Teaching: The Uncertain Profession—Women's Lib and the Women's Colleges—Speaking for the Humanities—Effects of the PhD Glut—What is Innovation, Really?**

Now air-delivered to London for European subscribers, **CHANGE** is available at £5 a year for ten issues (including two double issues), with payment due after the first issue is received.

Send your subscription order to this address:

CHANGE Magazine
Freepost
London SW1X 9BR

His mind "racked with ecstasy and anguish", he cast his freezing body on the bed where he was found in the morning, naked and bereft of his reason.

PASSING OVER the other troubles of Ruskin's documented phases of dementia, it was the "great definite vision of the contention with the Devil, and all the terror and horror of Hell" that dominated this 1878 experience. The second, and shorter, attack of 1881 was remembered as showing him "the exact connection of pride with insanity," since in "the period of highest exaltation . . . I thought I had a kind of crucifixion to go through—and to found a farther phase of Christianity and that Rose was as the Magdalene to me." But this delirium too produced "quite narrowed demoniacal vision." In Ruskin's revolt against the crippling dogmas of his own upbringing and of Evangelicalism in general, Satan had indeed come off better than a Deity who, content with faith as a qualification for man's salvation, permitted cruelty and injustice and squalor to flourish so freely that "in fearful truth, the presence and power of Satan *is here*; in the world, with us, and within us, mock as you may; and the fight with him is at present sore, and widely unprosperous." To Norton Ruskin wrote that "to see the Devil *clearly* is in the 19th Century all that less than saints can hope for." And when he had begun to re-fashion his Religion of Humanity into something more specifically Christian (while disappointing Roman Catholic hopes of a convert) he had been entranced to hear at second-hand "the first entirely clear and perfect account of the vision of an Evil Spirit that has ever been given to me."

It is this essential Adversary who significantly presides over a dozen years and more of Ruskin's almost daily weather-observations, to furnish at length the evidence for the two *Storm-Cloud* lectures which he gave in London in February 1884. That their delivery followed upon weeks in which sunshine in the capital had been officially recorded as *nil* was not wholly coincidental. For Ruskin's claim to have been studying, since 1871, phenomena new to himself and to meteorology, is confirmed in a general way by the available statistics. The unprecedented duration of sunless gloom (with which Ruskin further associated a peculiar "plague-wind") might plausibly be blamed upon the steep increase over the same period in industrial development and the output of coal. But man-made pollution, against which he fulminated with such prophetic eloquence, could not by itself satisfy his cosmic addiction. At Matlock in the darkened summer of 1871 he had written:

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> It looks partly as if it were made from poisonous smoke. Very possibly it may be: there are at least 200 furnace-chimneys in a square of 2 miles on every side of us. But mere smoke would not blow to and fro in that wild way. It looks more to me as if it were made of dead men's souls . . .

There were still beautiful days to be vividly described. It is indeed the alterations of weather and mood that feed the hyperaesthesia which, at the stage of delirium, would make "all beautiful objects . . . a thousand times more lovely" in proportion to the terrifying exaggerations of evil, so that "I feel a kind of regret to have come back into the world—Life and Death were so wonderful, mingled together like that." But the ill weather was always gaining, it was always malignant, and its effects were co-extensive with Ruskin's travels—as far south, therefore, as Sicily. "Why does, how *can* God do it," he asked his diary, "and spoil His own work so wretchedly?"

The Devil was undoubtedly in it, sometimes in alliance with human greed and recklessness to thwart God's purposes, sometimes in mere visitation. But in Ruskin's own involvement in the "pathetic fallacy" that he had perceived in Wordsworth, there was the pang of Nature's treachery:

> Of all the things that oppress me, this sense of the evil working of *Nature herself*—my disgust at her barbarity—clumsiness—darkness—bitter mockery of herself—is the most devastating.

So he confessed to a friend at the beginning of the climatic infliction. When it came to the act of exorcism performed in the *Storm-Cloud* lectures, his stance was as that of a Hebrew prophet, requiring of his audience a *generalised* return to "the paths of rectitude and piety."

> Blanched sun,—blighted grass,—blinded man. . . . What is best to be done, do you ask me? The answer is plain—whether you can affect the signs of the sky or not, you *can* the signs of the times. . . .

One calls to mind the story, related by Ruskin himself, of the sermon which he preached at the age of five for the benefit of his parents and their guests. "People, be good!" said the gifted infant, and sat down again.

THE TROUBLE was not only that people would *not* be good but that they didn't, in the main, want to be instructed. Ruskin's compulsion to seek, or to invent, eternal principles to govern the most disparate phenomena—a compulsion more poetic than scientific—partly reflected the effort to control the increasingly unmanageable range of his mental activities, "a thousand things in my head, pushing each other like shoals of minnows." The zeal to be effective in his time brought him to regret his early reputation for "decorative"

John Berger

G.

A novel on the theme of Don Juan, set in the period 1880-1918

G is pre-eminently, monumentally, the sexual man: an embodiment, perhaps, of the life-force itself. In him, the claims of sexuality are total, leaving no part of his life and fate untouched. G's ineluctable preoccupation with women and the life of sex gives unexpected foundation for an astonishing new vision of the physical world and its inner life.

£2·50

Weidenfeld Nicolson
5 Winsley St London W1

T. S. Eliot

Bernard Bergonzi

Masters of World Literature
General Editor:
Louis Kronenberger

This book provides a coherent, chronological account of T. S. Eliot's life, with a commentary on his poetry and plays, and a discussion of his writings.

£3.50

Macmillan

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prose and to mistrust the applause at his lectures as a tribute to mere entertainment. But the histrionic temptation became irrepressible, and although he protested to the Brownings that "one cannot be always bellowing the right road to a generation of drunken cabmen," his zest for rhetorical invective was manifest. And so was the frustration of trying to make people unwrap what he had to say from the way he said it. Under all the extravagances of *Fors Clavigera*, he insisted after his first breakdown, there were "truth and soberness" and "consistent purpose."

> Whether there be one God or three—no God, or 10,000—children should have enough to eat, and their skins should be washed clean. It is not *I* who say that. Every mother's heart under the sun says that, if she has one. . . .

Or again:

> I have always been misunderstood in the strangest way. People *will* have it that I want them to be moral and unbusinesslike, whereas my assertion has always been—you cannot be businesslike *but* by being moral. Meet to injure each other, and you will all be injured. Meet to help each other, and you will all be helped. That is absolute common-sense in all human business, morality altogether apart.

If sense could not be communicated to others, a man might forfeit his own hold on it. "The doctors said that I went mad . . . from overwork. . . . But I went mad because nothing came of my work." The resulting sense of solitude, paranoiac in its attribution of treachery even to his closest friends, "at last became too great to be endured."

Yet in fact the widening fame and circulation of Ruskin's writings dated roughly from the mental illness of 1878, when bulletins of the Master's condition were published in the national press. The Victorians accepted "brain-fever" with comparative indulgence, and Ruskin wrote to Norton in 1886:

> How many wiser folk than I go mad for good and all, or bad and all, like poor Turner at the last, Blake always, Scott in his pride, Irving in his faith, and Carlyle because of the poultry next door.

But the teacher must expect less tolerance in this matter than the poet, and in one of the active intervals between his attacks Ruskin found it necessary to issue a public correction of reports that he was again on the sick-list. His helper, W. G. Collingwood, in the biography that he published before Ruskin's death, faced the question: "We all admit him to be sincere; but is he sound?"

> I believe that when his work can be looked back upon as a whole, with proper understanding of its environment and with full knowledge of its circumstances, the common reproach of insanity made against each new manifestation of his mind will then be scorned as an exploded prejudice.

To look back on Ruskin's work as a whole, cased in the 39 massive quartos of his collected works, demands today a stamina restricted to specialists. Anthologies ("a sort of mince-pie" of which he disapproved, but Lord Clark has given us a good one), and biographies (multiplying by the queer fascination of his character) remain the ordinary means of approach to his "message." It was at quite an early stage in his output that the formidably hostile Lady Eastlake introduced the argument from quantity into a review in the *Quarterly*: "Only on the wrong road could so much have been said at all." Wilensky forty years ago attributed the virtual oblivion of Ruskin's writings to the mistrust of didactic eloquence and propaganda sown by the First World War. Today, when shouting is to some extent back in fashion, protesters of many sorts could find riches in Ruskin if they knew how to look for them. But if he died with a sense of failure, it was for lack of adequate evidence that any of his ideas had taken root.

The evidence to the contrary to which at this distance even critical students of Ruskin are accustomed to point is drawn from the whole fabric of the Welfare State, from free compulsory education and the network of social services, security and benefits, from long chapters of industrial legislation of which he would not have had the patience to read a single White Paper, and from a range of voluntary public enterprises from the National Art Collections Fund to the National Trust. There is certainly a Ruskinian gleam from the new name-plate of the Department of the Environment. To be no less topical, the man can be quoted for the eloquent advocacy of a European trading community. But he didn't like the look of the Gross National Product.

"The Devil," Ruskin noted on the way to his first experience of madness, "put a verse into my head just now—'let us not be desirous of *vain* glory.' I am NOT, oh Devil. I want useful Glory."

Goad Press, publisher of first works of Ferlinghetti, Creeley, Charles Olsen, will return to publication of poetry for Fall, 1972, with 20 poems of **Joshua Roland.** Mr Roland is a young San Francisco poet of great promise. His book, "Gathering the Decade" will retail for $12.50. The printer is Grabhorn Press of San Francisco and we expect this book to become a collector's prize.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Let the Ear Hear

MARINA TSVETAYEVA was born in 1892, the year before Mayakovsky, and she committed suicide in 1941, eleven years after her "dear enemy" as she called the Soviet poet had dispatched himself, and the poetry of these two paradoxically similar yet dissimilar people does seem, at any rate in English translation, remarkably alike in tone. Tsvetayeva supported the White cause during the Revolution and Civil War and she spent years of exile, at first in Prague and then in Paris, before returning to the Soviet Union in 1939. But she was not really a political creature and she was no more attracted or accepted by the majority of the white emigrés than she would have been by the revolutionaries.

It is good to have her *Selected Poems*[1] in English. Before the publication of this book I knew only the handful of prose translations in *The Penguin Book of Russian Verse*, and there is enough of her work collected here to show something of her range and authority. How closely Miss Feinstein captures the flavour of the originals is a matter for conjecture. Angela Livingstone, who assisted Miss Feinstein by supplying literal translations, refers in her useful *Notes* to Marina Tsvetayeva's "consistent adherence to rhyme and to metrical regularity." Miss Feinstein's versions are unrhymed and the stanzas are composed in a fairly loosely sprung rhythm so that a number of these poems read rather like the less carefully organised verses of Sylvia Plath, and the similarity is occasionally strengthened when Tsvetayeva produces a note of jaunty desperation and defiance in the contemplation of self-destruction.

I am no more than an animal that
someone has stabbed in the stomach.

Burning. As if the soul had been
torn away with the skin. Vanished like steam
through a hole is that well-known foolish
heresy called a soul.

That Christian leprosy:
steam: save that with your poultices.
There never was such a thing.
There was a body once, wanted to

live no longer wants to live.

Unrhymed and metrically irregular, it is still pretty effective.

I was made a little apprehensive when, in Miss Feinstein's Introduction, I read that Tsvetayeva's "essential demand of poetry" was "To let the ear hear, the hand race (and when it doesn't race—to stop)," and I was afraid that this manual speeding might easily leave me outdistanced, but apart from one or two of the earlier poems she is anything but breathlessly self-indulgent, and in poems like "Praise to the Rich" she commands a fine note of irony which elsewhere, as in "An Attempt at Jealousy", corrects a wobble towards self-aggrandisement.

The two longest works in *Selected Poems* are, to my mind, by far the most impressive. They are the sequences, "The Poem of the Mountain" and "The Poem of the End", both of which deal with a doomed love affair that the poet went through while living in Prague between 1922 and 1925. Here there is an emotional candour, a lack of reticence and a kind of exultant embracing of tragedy that is scarcely ever found in personal poetry in English, but the danger of sentimentality and melodrama—hysteria even—is almost always averted because Tsvetayeva works with rock-hard, crystalline images that really do hurt and connect. I have the feeling that in these two poems at least Marina Tsvetayeva is writing poetry of a very high order and, while I wish I were able to read the originals, I am grateful to Miss Feinstein for the devotion and skill to which these versions provide eloquent testimony.

Vernon Scannell

[1] *Selected Poems*. By MARINA TSVETAYEVA. Translated by ELAINE FEINSTEIN with a foreword by MAX HAYWARD. Oxford University Press, £2.30.

Laws of Life

LIKE his brother twenty years ago, Mr Shiva Naipaul has fled to literary London from "half-dead" Trinidad, about which he has nevertheless written this very good first novel[1]—while regretting with his brother that he has "no society to write about" (the quotations are from V. S. Naipaul's recent interview in the *TLS* but their sentiments were echoed by the younger Naipaul in a sad talk he gave at the Commonwealth Literature Conference at Aarhus in April 1971).

The reader of *Fireflies*, a novel as alive with a keen (and more compassionate) awareness of the pathos and absurdity of Trinidad Indian life as V. S. Naipaul's early works, may doubt the sincerity of Shiva Naipaul's disillusion with his subject-matter. Yet it *is* an amorphous society he depicts, fundamentally materialistic, bogus on its spiritual side, as unpromising to the sensitive artist as the English society of Dickens' time; but it falls short of that society, in Mr Naipaul's presentation, in lacking centres of moral growth. No such centre is provided by the Hindu Khoja family which, weakly propped by tradition, is shown crumbling in an insecure atmosphere of selfishness and opportunism. The jungle laws of competition regulate everyone's actions. Everyone's, that is, except Mr Naipaul's triumphant creation, the simple and simple-minded Mrs Lutchman. Despite her husband Ram's follies and early death, her superior relatives' petty tyrannies, her son Romesh's brutal alienation, she endures in the midst of decay, salvaging what she can in the name of a stability which is its own justification.

[1] *Fireflies*. By SHIVA NAIPAUL. André Deutsch, £2.10.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Love had always been irrelevant: her marriage was "one of the laws of life, a purely formal arrangement . . . entered into at a suitable age, demanding duty, not love." To have concentrated for over 400 pages upon so barren a life without forfeiting interest and sympathy is, especially when seen against the love agonies of our customary novelistic diet, a uniquely admirable achievement. It is sustained in a Wellsian manner in Part I by scenes of bitter-sweet comedy centring upon Ram's confrontations with photography, gardening and his Morris Minor, and throughout by dramatic set pieces involving the "clan", such as the Khoja "cattha" ("No Khoja function was ever considered complete without a beating [of a child]"), the elder Mrs Khoja's dying (the death of the past) and an anachronistic Hindu "Christmas." These parts of the narrative convey, without authorial comment, a strong impression of the sterility and aimlessness of the society both Naipauls have despaired of. Yet it is to be hoped that Shiva Naipaul will not desert the Mrs Lutchmans; after her lumpish son Bhaskar has sailed for England and educational enlightenment, this moving, commonplace heroine is left in a memorable last paragraph longing "for nothing", soothed only by a breeze from the sickly canefields. She will go on needing Mr Naipaul's compassionate plea.

Michael Thorpe

Magellan's Voyage

IN SEPTEMBER 1522, eighteen survivors of Magellan's expedition returned to Spain in the *Victoria*,[1] having accomplished the first circumnavigation of the globe. The commander had been killed in a fight on a small island in the Philippines; the fleet continued on to the Moluccas, where the Spanish pilot Elcano obtained a cargo of spices, and then completed the voyage *via* the Cape of Good Hope. Among the survivors was an Italian volunteer, Antonio Pigafetta, the only participant whose narrative of that epoch-making voyage was ever printed. The surviving manuscripts of his "Relation" are four, one in Italian and three in French. Volume II of this handsome publication is a fine reproduction in colour of the best of the French MSS, now in Yale University Library, beautifully written in "a clear and careful humanistic miniscule", and twenty-three map-sketches, also decoratively coloured. Volume I is a straightforward and very readable English translation by R. A. Skelton (whose death following a road accident in December 1970 is a sad loss to scholarship), with an introduction dealing mainly with the relationships of the MSS and their history. As the text is set out clearly and the footnotes and variant readings have been moved to the back, the reader can enjoy without interruption the intriguing and at times exciting narrative of Pigafetta's experiences.

Magellan's name is indissolubly linked with the first circumnavigation, and there is a fairly general belief that Elcano simply completed the plan of his dead Captain. As the Introduction emphasises, there is in fact no evidence that Magellan had planned a voyage of circumnavigation. His consuming ambition was clearly to establish a foothold in the East, outside, or in defiance of, Portuguese control, from which the spice trade of the East Indies could be exploited; that is, he saw himself as the emulator of Almeida and Albuquerque, the founders of Portuguese India, rather than as the hero of a revolutionary geographical enterprise. Pigafetta never outlines any plan of circumnavigation nor does he record any of the discussions which must have taken place before Elcano decided to sail for home, thus initiating the circumnavigation. He never mentions Elcano at all, and writing after the return, seeks to give all the credit to Magellan; "no other had so much natural wit, boldness or knowledge to sail once round the world, as he had undertaken."

THE VOYAGE WESTWARDS from Spain implied the crossing of the unexplored hemisphere which lay between the known parts of America and the coasts of eastern Asia. The theoreticians of the day simply extended eastern Asia further east and filled up with islands real and imaginary, bringing Cipangu (Japan) close to the American west coast. Magellan was rather in the position of those who planned the circumlunar navigations; they assumed there was a back side to the moon. Magellan's assumption was that there was a back side to the known world. His achievement was to launch out boldly across this other hemisphere, and so to discover and cross the Pacific Ocean.

Pigafetta's account falls into three distinct sections. First there is the narrative of the voyage to the Philippines, short of detail, but notable for the encounter with the Patagonian "giants", the episode which most fascinated his contemporaries, and for some vivid reminiscences of the punishing Pacific crossing; "we ate only old biscuit turned to powder, all full of worms and stinking of the urine which the rats had made on it. . . . And we drank water impure and yellow. We ate also oxhides which were very hard because of the sun, rain, and wind. And we left them four or five days in the sea, then laid them for a short time on embers, and so we ate them. And of the rats which were sold for half an ecu apiece, some of us could not get enough."

The second and most important section is the description of the peoples and islands of the south-eastern archipelago. These chapters are packed with intriguing incidents and acute observations of great value for the early history of the islands; the ceremonial pomp of the rulers and their passion for ostentatious display, intermingled with minor detail—the delight in cockfights, the addiction to *betel* chewing, the potency of arack, the ceremony of blood brotherhood. . . . The local sexual life was a subject of constant interest (some of this material proved too much for subsequent editors and was struck out). Unsatisfied by the debility of their menfolk, the women

[1] *Magellan's Voyage: a narrative account of the first circumnavigation.* By ANTONIO PIGAFETTA. Translated and edited by R. A. SKELTON, 2 vols. Yale University Press, £33·75.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be said to have welcomed the strangers with open arms.

As the Spaniards behaved much more circumspectly in the Moluccas than they had in the Philippines, they received a warm welcome from the local rulers, who saw in them potential allies against the Portuguese, though Pigafetta may have been overstating this when he recorded: "And a few days later our king (of Tidore) told us that he was like a child who was taking milk and knew his sweet mother, who on departing would leave him alone; but that more especially he would remain desolate because he had already known us and tasted some of the things of Spain", and that if his affairs went awry he would embark in a junk for Spain. As it turned out, the Portuguese commander, sent posthaste from Malacca, had no difficulty in rounding up those Spaniards who had jibbed at the long voyage home with Elcano.

The last section is a perfunctory account of the voyage of the *Victoria* to Spain *via* the Cape, and a second-hand listing of the countries of southern Asia. All this could have been written by any contemporary cosmographer. No doubt its general tone is to be attributed to a desire to avoid any praise of Elcano; Magellan was Pigafetta's hero; the survivors had reaped where that noble captain had sown.

IN HIS CAREFULLY WORKED-OUT introduction, R. A. Skelton concentrates on the question of the interrelationship of the various MSS. He is not able to date them closely, and their precise relationship to the original account written by Pigafetta on his return is not clear. One question which arises in the reader's mind is why, since the "Relation" is that of a Spanish expedition written by an Italian, three out of four surviving MSS, and the first printed version, should be in French. It is possible that Pigafetta, dissatisfied with his treatment in Spain, sought a more substantial reward in France, a country also interested in breaking into the Portuguese overseas trade monopoly in the east. This might explain the story, which Skelton considers unconvincing, of the presentation of a MS "Relation" to Louise of Savoy, the Regent of France from 1525 to 1526. The suggestion that Pigafetta sought advancement outside Spain receives some support if, as some believe, he eventually took service with the Turks, also vitally interested in what was happening in the east.

The sketch-maps are treated rather summarily; it is difficult to accept them as anything more than symbols, they have no scales, the shapes and relative areas are unrealistic, and names are sometimes interchanged. One notable exception, however, has gone unremarked: in the north of Borneo, otherwise unrealistically drawn, there is a fair attempt at representing Marudu Bay, where they spent several weeks refitting. Most of the place-name identifications are acceptable, though "Chelin where dwelt the Malabars under the King of Marsingue" is not Quilon in Malabar but the Chelya or Chola country of Bisnagar or Vijayanagar.

G. R. Crone

Metaphysick

I SUPPOSE anyone who can decide how good a novelist Iris Murdoch is must be on the way to solving the riddle of the universe. Such a dazzling array of talents—wit, ingenuity of plot, social range, scintillating dialogue, and her constant unceasing inventiveness: and yet the recurring suspicion that her world is empty, her characters act arbitrarily, that the whole book is a pretentious gesture to disguise incomprehension. It's not even that some of the novels are good, some bad. None is quite free of some pretentiousness, some mere cleverness; and even in *The Unicorn* (one of the worst novels I've ever read) there are a few marvellous pages about a man about to drown in a bog.

An Accidental Man[1] will please her admirers and convert none of her critics. Its plot is at least as complicated as usual, and its main theme as bizarre. Austin Gibson Grey has a withered hand, can't keep a job, hates his brother, and by half-way through the book he seems so degraded a human being that it's painful to read about him: then the story goes on to ascribe to him a curious talent for living off others, for behaving hatefully and receiving love, and in the end for coming out on top. Sick, sick, sick.

Reflecting on the convolutions of the plot, I realised something about Iris Murdoch's technique: that she uses the methods of farce. "When two of my characters should under no circumstances encounter one another," said Feydeau, "I throw them together as quickly as possible." Iris Murdoch's mind seems to work in that way. When a distinguished diplomat retires and brings back from the East a wonderful collection of Chinese porcelain, the work of his life, you know it's all going to get broken; when two characters are clearly on the road to marriage and happiness, you know they won't get there. It is interesting to try and predict the plot of her novels while reading them. If you study the characters (who's likely to kill, marry, seduce or look after whom), you haven't a hope: all such decisions could go either way. But if you study the plot (what ingenious twist is likely *now*?), then with patience and only a little luck you might get it right.

So am I on the way to solving the riddle of the Murdoch universe? It may sound as if *An Accidental Man* is the mere victim of its own ingenuity, but it should not be dismissed. If you're unsure about the value of a novel as a whole, look at the parts: and some parts of this are brilliant. There are so many things Iris Murdoch can *do*. Sometimes she is a sober, sensitive, thoughtful realist—occasional pages could be Angus Wilson, only better. Then she drops into a series of marvellously individualised letters among the characters, then comes some very funny, very brittle cocktail party chat. Even the characters who act implausibly for the sake of the climax (Ludwig, the young hero), or those who don't hang together (Garth), have moments, even hours, of plausible life and thought.

[1] *An Accidental Man*. By IRIS MURDOCH. Chatto & Windus, £2.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never a dull moment in an Iris Murdoch novel—or not often, anyway. Whether you think the comedy is metaphysical and brilliant, or pretentious and arbitrary, you can't surely—no one can—be *bored.*

Laurence Lerner

Ism

HANDBOOKS to the Isms are a standard enterprise of criticism. However, John Willett has serious reservations about the wisdom of discussing movements and schools instead of individual careers and, especially, individual works of art. He introduces his survey of Expressionism[1] in all the arts with a warning. Artists, he says, seldom if ever see themselves as intentionally part of the movement posterity might later ascribe them to. Every work of art, he insists, is entitled to separate consideration, and once criticism has begun on it both individual and Ism should drop into the background. He therefore sees his book as an attempt to map out the "larger ocean" through which the kind of art he defines as "expressionist" has moved, to provide a context of community within which individual artists and works can be seen in clearer historical and critical perspective.

At a time when *Expressionismusforschung* has accumulated such a large bibliography of analytical studies and editions, it is perhaps natural that a survey such as this should be concerned as much as it is with definitions and clarification, a retrospective "discrimination of expressionisms". Mr Willett has one essential discrimination, quite simply "Expressionism" with the capital "E" and "expressionism" without. The latter is said to be "a quality of expressive emphasis and distortion which may be found in works of art of any people or period." This attempt at general definition of so tricky a word might be helpful, but then one remembers Herbert Read's elevation of "expressionism" to an equal value with "idealism" or "realism" rather than what he called "a word of secondary implications, like impressionism," and Read's attempt seems to have been unsuccessful. There are therefore good grounds for wondering if the word is going to be any less vulnerable, especially among literary critics. Most people will be happier to continue using the term to refer to the particular German Expressionism of 1910-1922, or to what Mr Willett calls "a family characteristic of modern Germanic art, literature, music and theatre, from the turn of the century to the present day."

It is as a survey of the modern German expressionist arts that the book works best. Even so, with the German limitation, the field is so large and this book so short, that the result is a survey frequently clotted with its own information. The book should have been longer, it should have been possible for Mr Willett to say more about individual artists, and to subject individual works to sustained criticism, something which is entirely avoided in the book despite a warning in the introduction that Mr Willett prefers this approach to any other. The impression is that the book was written to fit the format of the World University Library and that the subject was big enough to resist.

ANOTHER IRRITANT is that Mr Willett frequently fails to illustrate paintings which he mentions, even with emphasis, in the text. For example, the reader will look in vain for Marc's "Tower of Blue Horses" which Mr Willett calls "perhaps the most widely popular of all expressionist pictures." The book is copiously illustrated, but I would have liked to see some of the more recognisable favourites. Hofer's "Early Hour", Mueller's "Three Girls in the Woods", or some of the street series of paintings by Kirchner.

Marc's painting was one of those lost after the Nazi's Degenerate Art Law rolled into ghastly motion in 1937. Mr Willett's chapter on the fortunes of the expressionist artists in the 1930s and 1940s is marvellously instructive, and should be read by all artists tempted to flirt with totalitarian politics of whatever trend. So much utopianism, so much rhapsodical apostrophe to Mankind, so much graphic paroxysm and exclamation, so much genuine endeavour to restore the human spirit in the Machine Age—how easy it was to destroy all that. Final solutions await the dangerously articulate as well as unwanted minorities, even if, as in the German case, you could claim that distinguished theorists had praised your work for its "old Gothic soul."

Douglas Dunn

A Different Desert

SOME READERS of *Frontiers*[1] may be puzzled by two assumptions of the story: that an Army lance-corporal could be the central figure in an episode of wartime politics; and that many males are not only bi-sexuals but can, in the male aspect of their sexuality, be active or passive performers, according to the nature of their partners.

The F.S.P. (Field Security Personnel) were "Sections" of a dozen men consisting of an officer, sergeant-major, and other NCOs, whose function was to protect the Army against spies, saboteurs, propagandists and the like, both military and civilian.

Security aristocrats had a lofty contempt for them, as did indeed most regular soldiers of all ranks, partly because few could see any need for them, since most soldiers are political innocents, or could perceive that they actually *did* anything. They were, in addition, the weirdest odd-bods imaginable: dual-nationality inguists, thugs, idealists, failed coppers.

On two sorts of occasion, these intellectual minigangsters came into their own: in a classic theatre of

[1] *Expressionism.* By JOHN WILLETT. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £1.75.

[1] *Frontiers.* By CHRISTOPHER KININMONTH. Davis-Poynter, £2.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war (as the France-Germany campaign), at any moment of chaotic crisis; or in a romantic theatre (as on the periphery of the desert wars), all the time, since here there was perpetual crisis. In the latter case, the solitary F.S. Sergeant on the spot might be the only man having contacts with his own army, with its often hostile allies, with the countless rival civilian candidates for power, and even with the defeated enemy.

So much for one puzzle of Mr Kininmonth's story, in which L/c Fleming, posted to a remote desert outpost on the Syrian-Turkish frontier, becomes, in a political and military vacuum—or rather, cauldron—a sort of dubious Captain Morgan, part *de facto* Governor, part precarious Pirate King. As to the sexual patterns which his hero and the Levantine characters round him take for granted, it is perhaps vain to assure the public that millions of such people do exist. The bemused reader may, at all events, concede that *if* such people are the norm in many regions of the earth, their psychological complexity, which Mr Kininmonth brilliantly explores, adds an additional ambiguity to those intricate human relationships which the pressures of war and extremist politics arouse.

Fleming is a linguist with an intimate knowledge of the Levantine peoples among whom he must now operate. Clearly he is going to infuriate the ignorant and pretentious set above him; it is equally apparent that, knowing far more of what is really going on among "the natives", he will be able to out-manoeuvre these unimaginative "authorities." On this level, the story develops as a Waugh-like comedy of military errors—that is, if one could imagine any Waugh hero being an other rank.

But Mr Kininmonth has a larger ambition which is to make this Candide-in-reverse story a means of revealing the sadisms and occasional nobilities of men whose real natures become apparent in the savage stress of a totally disorganised and peripheral war. This he seeks to achieve by transforming a realistic tale of military adventure into one in which the characters—and even the urban and desert landscapes of the Middle East—become emblematic of human situations larger than themselves. The ultimate message of the story is that warfare, as always, instead of achieving its supposed objectives, releases the human forces—mostly anarchic and ignoble—that lie just beneath the surface of the precarious social structures that the war destroyed.

Not a new idea, of course; but a perpetual theme for fresh variations, and the novelty of this book lies chiefly in the frankness with which the hero's own ambiguity of conduct is revealed. In a political-social-religious mess like that of Deir ez-Zor in Syria, you can't do much good, you can't do much bad, you can only hope, if you are prepared to involve yourself entirely, to find the reality about yourself and those around you; and this Fleming achieves. It's a complex theme that invites muddle, and at times its development seems as confused as the characters become; but this allegory of the unhappy warrior is beautifully written, with elegance, poetry and wit.

Colin MacInnes

WALTER LAQUEUR
Out of the Ruins of Europe

This is a wise and moving book by one of the world's most distinguished younger historians. It has a dramatic and personal point of departure—the memories of a teenager in the summer of 1938, as suddenly a German holiday ends and a desperate flight "out of the ruins of Europe" begins. In chapter after chapter Professor Laqueur ranges widely across the scene of our century: from Germany to Russia, from Europe to Israel, from the Middle East to an America racked by problems which for a historian with a vivid memory appear tragically familiar. Is that feeling of *déjà vu* a deception? With historical scholarship and literary force Professor Laqueur illuminates the similarities and differences. $12·95

LIBRARY PRESS New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Letter from Latin America

Breaking the Vicious Circle

SHOULD I HAVE BEEN so surprised to discover during my travels in every country on this sub-continent that the intellectuals, so many of whom advocate a root-and-branch social revolution, are themselves (if to a large extent unconsciously) steeped in an ancient feudalism? There is, as elsewhere, a great deal of lofty, social-philosophical talk about "the People" and "the exploited Proletariat." But these are far-away grubby realities about which the ideologues know little or nothing, but for whose sake they are prepared to do almost anything in the way of talking, writing, striking and demonstrating—anything that does not entail getting their hands dirty. The socialism which enraptures the intelligentsia, the revolution which is to liberate humanity, consists entirely of generals and headquarters staff—and, of course, innumerable lay-preachers; the rank-and-file is simply lost sight of in their ideological sand-box manoeuvres.

This attitude of mind, which is particularly prevalent among Latin American students, derives essentially from the traditional system of education. The state schools, with their over-large classes and half-educated teachers, are on the whole so bad that middle-class parents who can afford to do so prefer to send their children to the better kind of private school, thus cutting them off from "the lower orders." The secondary schools, most of which are also private, are as a rule run entirely on the lines of the humanistic grammar-school as imported from Europe (particularly France) in the 19th century. The children are stuffed with academic fodder which requires intensive study, but which has no bearing on the present-day world or the realities of their own country, and which fits them for nothing except further education at a university. The state universities are generally free, and many are open to all comers without any qualifying examination, thus bearing witness to the democratic enlightenment of the government; and since both parents and children regard a university education as a sure way to that place in the sun in which the admired upper classes are already basking, tens and hundreds of thousands come swarming in for the first year. The overwhelming majority want to become philosophers, writers, architects, lawyers or doctors—that is to say, to enter the traditionally prestigious vocations—whereas only a few choose the technical and scientific disciplines. For example Bolivia, with a population that is still predominantly agricultural, has only one agricultural faculty, in Cochabamba (with two Swiss specialist instructors, lent under a technical-cooperation agreement), and its students are mainly interested in getting office jobs in the Ministry of Agriculture.

But out of all the thousands only a handful complete their studies. Seven or eight (and sometimes nine) students in every ten give up at the end of the first semester.[1] Lack of ability and inadequate early education are the reasons in a great many cases; but about the same number lack the staying-power and energy needed to keep up with their courses while at the same time earning a living. For all of them the dream of a place in the sun has faded. They sink back in the social scale, and such knowledge as they possess is as a rule too academic to gain them a higher rating in the public or private bureaucracy in which they are trying to make their way. What remains is a sense of grievance against a "system" of society which has denied them further advancement.

The few who make the grade have not been taught by the big-city doctors, jurists, and architects, who also serve as part-time professors in their own subject, to be able to take in the practical tasks involved in the development of the country. The universities turn out brain-surgeons, neurologists, and heart specialists, who

LORENZ STUCKI *is one of Western Europe's leading foreign correspondents. He was at one time chief editor of "Die Weltwoche" in Zurich, and has recently published books of reportage about China, South-east Asia, and now Latin America.*

[1] For example, in Uruguay, in 1967, 4,315 students were enrolled as opposed to 604 who qualified, a ratio of about one in seven. In the Philosophical Faculty there were 1,115 freshmen and only 14 who stayed the course. In Caracas, where during the period 1963-68 an average of 20·6% of the students completed their studies, it was estimated that because of this immense overloading of the early semesters, a qualified scientist cost the State 311,400 bolivars, an agriculturalist 227,300 and a doctor "only" 74,300. (A bolivar is roughly the equivalent of 10p.).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can collect comfortable fees from the well-to-do, but no country doctors, of which there is a great shortage; they produce corporation lawyers but no local magistrates, specialists in 19th-century French literature but no teachers capable of instructing a village school master. This reflects the aspirations of the majority of students but not the needs of the community. So the successful student, regarding himself as a privileged member of a backward society, reacts by campaigning for ideological schemes of world-reformation which he has not learnt to translate into practical politics and for which he lacks the knowledge derived from direct contact with the life of the people. In the end (at the latest, when he has passed his finals), he abandons his youthful notions of change and progress.

Illiteracy

THERE IS THIS PATTERN of inadequacy and frustration not only in the universities but at the lowest educational levels. Illiteracy is still shockingly prevalent in South America, amounting in some regions—and even in some whole countries, such as Bolivia—to as much as 60% of the population over the age of fifteen.

Despite the spread of the transistor radio, the illiterates remain strongly opposed to any change in their way of life. Even more rigidly conservative than other sections of the community, they are an almost unassimilable element hindering the growth of a society that is struggling to transform and develop itself. So the process of *alfabetisación* is a matter of the first importance.

But what this tends to mean in practice is that the young are, with great effort, brought to the point of being able to write their names: they can then be entered as "alphabetised" in UNESCO educational statistics. And even when the so-called "schools" have achieved this much, their pupils will have forgotten it at the end of three years and will never understand why they had to learn it in the first place. If the capacity to read and write is to add a new dimension to their lives, to furnish a doorway of escape from hide-bound traditions and habits, then teachers are necessary who possess some breadth of vision and at least a minimum of intellectual curiosity which they can impart to others. Otherwise schooling remains simply a matter of compulsion, and useless compulsion at that.

In Bolivia groups of some 25 village schools, each with a single teacher, operate under the direction of a supervisor in a central office. Persons who can read and write, but possess no other qualification, apply to him for teaching posts because they can get nothing better. And for the privilege of being appointed they pay him a considerable part of their official salary, sometimes as much as half. Since what remains is not enough for them to live on, even on the most primitive scale, they have to extort illicit "school money" from the children's parents, generally in the form of food and other commodities, in order to stay alive. In consequence the illiterate countryman regards the schoolmaster as a state-appointed blackmailer and social parasite. One can imagine the enthusiasm with which the children are sent to school, particularly at times when young hands are needed to help in the fields. School attendance is, of course, compulsory on paper. The Bolivian Minister of Education, Dr Mariano Baptista Gumucio, informed me that on an average 9,000 teachers produce 10,000 "alphabetics" a year.

What They Don't Learn

BOLIVIA is an extreme case. But even in the far more advanced republic of Brazil compulsory elementary education outside the big towns consists of only three or four years schooling, eight months in the year, in periods of from two to three hours a day, owing to the shortage of teachers, who have to work double shifts or else do an additional job in order to live. Absenteeism of up to 25% is regarded as "normal." Up to a few years ago less than a third of Brazilian children attended the full four-year course: their illiterate parents could see no merit in education, and teachers of both sexes were appointed by the local council for starvation salaries—which meant that only incapables, for whom nothing better offered, were prepared to enter this vitally important calling. Of course, conditions are better in the more developed parts of the country But because it has hitherto been found impossible to improve the system there has been a hardening of the gap between the south and the north-east, and between the coastal towns and those in the backwoods of the Sertão, where only the schools can enable the growing generation to break out of the rut of a sterile tradition.

What is lacking is not only school instruction in the direct sense but something much more fundamental: a course of education designed to stimulate at least a minimal desire to get on in life; one which demonstrates that orderly effort is fruitful, and that the acceptance of discipline, and the subordination of caprice and apathy to a conscious purpose, may be rewarded with personal success.

Persons who are illiterate in the deepest sense, in their whole attitude to life, are of little practical value even if they have learnt to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

write their names. When land reforms are introduced they are incapable of maintaining themselves as independent small-holders. In cooperatives they simply take orders from the officials, and in the wider democratic sense they exist only on the level of the herd. They are unpunctual and unreliable workers. They take no interest in technological developments, whether in industry or agriculture. In consequence they represent an almost insoluble problem for the creation of an internationally viable economy. The economy cannot pay these people better than the very low wages corresponding to their very low productivity—which, of course, is socially intolerable.

Talking to responsible planners—ministers of education, heads of universities, and others—I gained the impression that they are fully aware of the problems presented by a totally outmoded educational system based on false values, and are actively engaged in reforming it on sensible lines. But in South America it is a long step from words to deeds, and from the blueprint to its realisation—perhaps rather longer than it is with us in Europe. Certainly it is no easy matter to take a century-old tradition, with which the administrators themselves are impregnated, and within a few years renovate it from top to bottom. After a conference held in February 1971, the education ministers of Peru, Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Bolivia and Chile issued a joint "Declaration of Lima" announcing a new educational policy. But, although this document was stuffed with fine phrases—about "liberation," "abolition of faulty social-economic structures," "universal participation in the national progress," and so on—it did not contain a single positive and constructive proposal aimed at bringing these things about.

The most promising developments, thus far, are to be seen in Brazil. Here there has long existed a system of further education for school-leavers and talented workpeople (SENAI), to which all commercial concerns are obliged to contribute one per cent of their total wages bill, and which enables students from the primary schools or from industry to benefit by free courses of from ten to twenty months according to their requirements. State-school education has in recent years become very much more technologically and practically oriented, although this is a development that naturally varies in extent in different parts of the country. There are an increasing number of technical and commercial "intermediary schools" affording a useful professional grounding, whose school-leavers can acquire the highly important "status diploma" appropriate to their trade and level, even when they do not go on to High School. Qualified teachers are being attracted to the universities by the offer of appropriate salaries, in place of the practising experts who contribute nothing but specialist knowledge, play no part in university life and are uninterested in the business of teaching—a state of affairs that is still common throughout South America. And since such a shockingly high proportion of students fail to complete the course it is proposed to institute a system of interim examinations with appropriate diplomas, which will ensure that the four or six terms they have spent at the university are not wholly wasted. In short, attempts are at last being made to fill the vacuum existing in every country on the South American continent, and which is at least as much responsible for their backwardness as the lack of capital, infrastructure, and technology—namely, the gap between the illiterate masses and the educated élite whose qualifications are of little value to the community as a whole because the central cogs in the machinery are missing.

According to the latest Brazilian development plan 5·6% of the gross national product, that is to say over two billion dollars, is to be spent on education at the local, provincial, and national levels. If with the aid of this huge subsidy they are able to build up an effective system of vocational schools or polytechnics, and to create the necessary links between brain and ability, on the one hand, and the tasks to be undertaken on the other, they will change the face of Brazil even more than by the building of any number of roads and factories.

Students in the Provinces

EVERY VISITOR to South America, if he goes outside the capital cities, is struck by the contrast between the up-to-date big towns and the appallingly backward rural districts. This discrepancy is largely due to the rudimentary school system, which in its turn arises out of the fact that for generations the towns have been attracting talent from the country and putting nothing in its place. With the development of the towns as cultural, entertainment, and administrative centres even the big landowners have increasingly deserted the land, leaving the management of their estates in the hands of bailiffs, so that the country areas are denuded of even this degree of civilised living.

It is a vicious circle. Because the country people are more or less illiterate and lack local guidance, agricultural production is becoming increasingly insufficient to feed the growing population; and because the people are undernourished they become increasingly dull-witted and apathetic. Hence their poverty: and because of this poverty the local authorities cannot afford

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to pay teachers more than a starvation wage and the most self-sacrificing of doctors cannot live on a country practice. So health declines and illiteracy spreads for lack of competent doctors and teachers, and no educated young man with a career in view is disposed to bury himself in that "underworld" of the provinces, particularly if he has children who need schooling and health facilities. The result is a steady movement from country to town, causing the growth of city slums on a scale that no local authority can cope with. At the same time agricultural production decreases in relation to the population as a whole, and food has to be imported at a high cost in foreign currency, leaving no surplus for the purchase of industrial equipment—which in turn means that no money is available for the development of a country-wide school system . . . and so on.

A possible way of breaking out of the circle is for the State to send a cadre of those persons over whom it possesses some degree of authority, namely the students, to work in the country districts. The medical student would complete his studies while working as a country doctor, the law student would serve on the bench and assist the local authorities, arts and science students would serve as teachers. The student of architecture would teach how a cottage chimney is built, how the walls may be protected against vermin and how the problem of damp may be solved by drainage. Girl students would teach hygiene, child-care and dressmaking; economists and sociologists would organise farm-cooperatives, and students of agriculture would introduce modern methods of farming. There are approximately 100,000 students in Colombia and over 500,000 in Brazil; and since they cost the State a vast amount of money it is not unreasonable that they should devote perhaps a year of their time to assisting in its development.

The Preference for Politics

THIS PRINCIPLE is so attractive that it has been considered and even adopted in a number of countries. In Bolivia, for example, not all students but at least the future doctors and lawyers are required to complete their course by a year of practical work in the provinces.

A more far-reaching plan was outlined to me by Luis Carlos Galan Sarmiento, the new Colombian Minister of Education under President Pastrana, who had himself been a student only a few years before. In Colombia there are about 22,000 teachers in 20,000 schools: the children of the peasantry are here instructed for two years by persons with at the most only four years primary education, who have had no teacher-training and who, in the absence of any binding system, casually do a little part-time teaching. The Minister proposed that the 6,000 students (out of 100,000) who graduate every year should be compulsorily drafted in groups of three to 2,000 selected village schools, so that 10% of all the schools might serve as a prototype for the reform of the entire system. This year was to be reckoned as part of their compulsory military service, to which he (like the majority of students) is opposed.

Minister Galan described the scheme to me after he had spent the night in negotiation with the representatives of the school-teachers, who were on strike. It had not yet been approved by the Government. Colombia at the time was under martial law. Student demonstrations the day before had resulted in several deaths. Three days later, owing to their defiance of the ban on public assembly, there were heavy clashes between students and police in the capital, Bogotá.

The students in all the South American republics except those under severe military authoritarian régimes (Brazil, Peru and Paraguay) are highly active politically, at least in the free state universities. Although, as in North America, Western Europe and Japan, the great majority take little interest in politics, their organisations are driven by the activists of the extreme Left into fundamental, ideological opposition to "bourgeois society," because none of these sons and daughters of the bourgeoisie is prepared to stand up in its defence. In a number of countries, such as Uruguay, Chile, and Bolivia, the students virtually run the universities, deciding who is to be Rector and dictating the appointment and dismissal of professors.

Is it conceivable that governments as weak as those of Bolivia and Colombia will venture to pass, let alone forcibly implement, any law calling for genuine sacrifice on the part of the students?

Lorenz Stucki

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter from Tel Aviv

Jewish Panthers & Other Problems

By Amnon Rubinstein

Jerusalem

MOUNTED POLICE *and water cannon were used to repel several hundred Jewish demonstrators in Jerusalem last night as they stormed police barriers outside the 28th Zionist Congress, which opened yesterday.*

The demonstrators, members of the Black Panthers, Oriental Jewish militants, and Mazpen, the new Left movement, stormed the police barriers in front of the Assembly Hall shouting slogans against Israeli occupation of the territories conquered in the 1967 war.

Thirty-four people were arrested. Four hundred policemen with shields and helmets guarded the hall.

The demonstrators did not disturb the proceedings, but many delegates had to be escorted by police into the hall.

DAILY TELEGRAPH
(20 January 1972)

HOW TENUOUS are the links which hold a democratic society together! Take the case of Israel. Only yesterday, it seems, did it stand out as a resolute, determined, and united nation. To many observers, Israel projected an image of a Prussian-like people with a siege mentality. Others pointed out that Israel had managed to escape the *malaise* and the discontents which plague Western societies. And yet, within a short period of time, the whole image of the country was transformed.

Hardly had the Suez guns stopped firing (8 August 1970) than the first signs of dissent surfaced. Rumbles of dissatisfaction—previously muffled by the sounds of war—have suddenly become audible. With an astonishing ferocity, internal disputes raised their disagreeable, and sometimes violent, heads. The summer of 1971 was particularly bad. It started with a series of nasty demonstrations organised by a small but effective group of youths who called themselves *Black Panthers*. Ugly clashes with the police—though minor by American standards—shocked and shook the complacent Israelis. Increased violence characterised the campaign of ultra-Orthodox groups seeking to terrorise Israeli doctors into giving up *post-mortem* operations. Violence erupted on the least-expected occasions: a demonstration of football fans suddenly turned into a wild fracas. Industrial disputes spread like a plague: successive wildcat strikes almost paralysed hospitals, ports, postal services, the water supply to Eilat and Israel's single airport. The *Histadrut*'s authority was openly flaunted. Governmental requests were contemptuously ignored. (In two cases the Government had to resort to emergency regulations ordering the strikers to go back to work and, at one point, it seemed that the Government's orders were going to be disobeyed.) During August and September 1971, the spectre of a Labour Government sending striking workers to jail hung for weeks over a bewildered country. Now that the wave of wildcat strikes has petered out, a series of scandals and disclosures of corruption in government-financed and -owned corporations is rocking the country.

A dark mood has set in over a land which previously faced grave dangers with the greatest equanimity. Expressions of doubts and self-questioning appear in the press: is it possible that Israel has been so conditioned to waging war that it is unable to cope with the predicaments of peace? And if such disintegrative processes take place while there is a mere "cease-fire"—a non-peace punctuated by minor skirmishes and acts of sabotage—what would happen to Israeli society when the real thing—the peace the whole country has been longing for—comes? Is the new dissent and violence proof that Israel is held together only by external dangers lurking on its borders? The Prime Minister, Mrs Golda Meir, gave voice to this dark mood when in a moment of despair, she declared that the "enemy from within" was more dangerous than the enemy from without.

IN MY VIEW, such a pessimistic, almost apocalyptic, view of the internal crisis in Israel is not warranted by facts. The impartial observer would immediately note that the cease-fire period has not *created* the divisive issues—only exposed them to public scrutiny. All the ills of Israeli society were there all along, simmering under the surface. The cessation of hostilities merely took the lid off a society which for a long time had been under pressure. It would be facile to assume that the Israelis are merely "letting off steam"; but the contrary view, which disregards the natural reaction of people who have been given a respite from war, is equally untenable. Moreover, the semi-peace feeling and its consequences are

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responsible for some healthy signs of responsiveness in the body politic. Thus, when (last November) senior Cabinet Ministers tried to hush up a scandal concerning a government-owned corporation which has been drilling oil in the Sinai, a public outcry forced the Government to agree to the appointment of a commission of inquiry. The daily hearings before this committee revealed an astounding story of waste, inefficiency, and inter-departmental rivalry which left the Israeli public flabbergasted. But the very fact that the lid has been taken off this Pandora's box and that the Government has been virtually forced to wash its dirty linen in public is a sign of strength. When Moshe Dayan insists that Israel cannot hold two flags—"the Flag of War and the flag of internal reform"—he quite unwittingly supports Israeli doves. If, indeed, "the Flag of War"—one of Mr Dayan's less fortunate contributions to the Israeli lexicon—hinders the necessary housecleaning, then every effort should be made to extend the cease-fire and prevent the resumption of hostilities.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, one aspect of the present unrest which has deep roots and which poses a long-term threat to Israeli society—either in peace or in war. This problem lies in the narrowing, but still substantive gap between Israelis of European and American origin on the one hand and those of African and Asian descent on the other. The Black Panthers and their demonstrations are merely the visible top of a dark iceberg. It is this gap which intelligent Israelis fear most. The scandals, the strikes, and the religious extremism can be controlled. The communal gap is a reality.[1]

Israel, as an immigrant society, embodies contrasts and rifts rarely found elsewhere. It is this fact, above all, which explains its perennial unrest and excitability. Because Israel projects to the outside world, through its representatives and dignitaries, a white European face, there is a tendency to forget that Israel took in almost all the Jewish communities of the Arab and Moslem crescent. From the ghettos of Casablanca through the cave-dwellers of Libya to the mountains of Kurdistan, an unprecented mass exodus of Jews brought to Israel refugees from the Moslem world. Most of them came penniless in the early 1950s and filled the sordid transition camps which sprang up overnight all over the country.

They came to a society heavily dominated by people of European extraction and to a life style totally foreign to them. A substantial minority of professional persons—who came mostly from the large cities of the Arab world—had the cultural equipment, education and training to compete with the *Ashkenazi* go-getters (*i.e.* the East and Central European Jews) and to join the ranks and status of the old Sephardi community which had been in Palestine before Independence.[2] But the great majority of newcomers were the poor Jews of North Africa,

[1] The gap was widened by a number of factors over which Israeli authorities had no control. Thus there was a process of negative selection in the immigration from North Africa: the French speaking Jewish intelligentsia often preferred the more lucrative positions and easier absorption offered by France. On the other hand, immigration from western countries, which has increased in recent years, is characterised by positive selection: those who come are those who are highly motivated on ideological grounds—academics, professionals, students. Another factor which has had a detrimental effect lies in the economics of a fast developing country. Many of the sources of wealth—steep rise in the value of real estate as well as profits on the stock exchange—gave *ipso facto* an advantage to old timers. Reparations from Germany acted as a similar factor: these reparations enabled many of the ex-refugees from Europe to move rapidly out of the slums and development towns and climb the socio-economic ladder into the upper strata of Israeli society. It is this feeling of being not only poor but also of being poor and alone, of being left behind, which introduces an emotional element of bitterness into the Black Panthers.

[2] The terms usually used are *Ashkenazi* and *Sephardi* Jews.

But the *Sephardic* (Hebrew for "Spanish") community itself includes European Jews, descendants of exiles from Spain who settled in Holland, France, Italy, Greece, Bulgaria and, of course, England. In Israel, as elsewhere, some of the *Sephardi* Jews form a social élite. Consequently the use of the term "Sephardi" may be misleading.

Orientals will be the term used in this article to designate Israeli Jews who are of African and Asian origin.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yemen, Turkey and Iran. Their literacy was confined, at best, to ritual prayer. To see their descent from the crowded ships into the busy port of Haifa was to witness an event of human drama. The old men would kiss the ground while the frightened toddlers cried in the arms of their distraught mothers. The contrast between the bewildered clusters of dark-faced families and the hustle and bustle of Haifa raised the question whether the twain would ever meet. The newcomers found themselves in a strange world. Their own way of life was encroached upon by unfamiliar manners and morals. Their ancient Jewish religion was eroded by strong secular influences; their patriarchal patterns were washed away when the previously all-powerful father became a manual labourer or was simply put on the dole; skills that were useful in their hometowns became superfluous in the new semi-industrialised society. The great majority of the refugees from the Arab world formed therefore a separate society, "the Second Israel," as they were called in the 1950s.

The *Ashkenazi* old-timers were undaunted by this incorrigible cleavage between East and West. With a typical simplistic naiveté they believed that the parents were anyway lost to Israeli society—the contemporary parallel of Moses' "desert generation"—but that their children would be saved thanks to the amenities of modern Israeli society; education, health, trade unionism, youth clubs, environment. The few pessimistic doubts were spurned. It is this naiveté which explains the shock which followed the first "Black Panthers" Jerusalem demonstration last summer. Many among the demonstrators were born in Israel. Their bitterness attested to the failure of the naive dream. Twenty years after the mass exodus, the cleavage was still there—more vociferous than before, more frightening than ever.

THE NAIVE BELIEF disregarded some elementary truisms applicable to similar immigrant societies.[3] It ignored the vicious circle whereby poverty breeds ignorance, ignorance breeds unplanned families which, in turn, breed more poverty. Moreover, educators in the 1950s put too great an emphasis on formal education (which was, in any case, inferior because of the quality of the teachers who volunteered to teach in slums and development towns). Anyway, school, or even nursery-school, starts too late to inculcate the necessary capacity to learn. The formative years in which a child grows up in his parental environment cannot be compensated for by so many school hours. Worse than that, the very notion of the parents as "a lost generation" and the emphasis on drawing the children from their traditional, primitive home had some disastrous results. The children could not, because of the obvious limitations, compete with the achievements of the *Ashkenazi* children, and in addition to that, lost whatever remained of their parents' already whittled-down authority. The destruction of the home was not compensated for by an adequate learning capacity. The inevitable drift out of both school and family led the immigrants' sons—again, as in other immigrant societies—to the fringes of society, to a subculture of drugs and petty crime.[4] The "Black Panthers" are the children not of the dream, but of its frustration.

WHO ARE THE BLACK PANTHERS? This small group is numerically insignificant and politically powerless. It consists of about one hundred youths of North African origin—most of them with some record of juvenile delinquency—who marched out of the squalor of Jerusalem

[3] The American experience has similar, but not identical, aspects. Thus the Daniel Moynihan report to President Johnson points out the negative impact of the female-based household of the Black lower-class family in America, and it is an impact which cannot be obliterated by the ordinary, or even compensatory education. (The last point was made by James Coleman in his now famous report on American education.) In Israel, as in the U.S.A., "cultural uplift" programmes, in which mothers are taught how to teach their children, are carried out. It is too early to pass judgment on the effectiveness of such efforts.

[4] No Israeli research corroborates the famous work of Arthur Jensen in which he concluded that 85% of the variation in I.Q. could be accounted for by "genetic factors". These conclusions, which have been seriously questioned on methodological and other grounds in the U.S., are incompatible with the Israeli Kibbutz experience. The Kibbutz is a unique human laboratory for examining such questions. There the parental home impact is minimised, and the children are exposed to common educational and environmental experiences from early infancy. The Kibbutz experience has, therefore, universal ramifications. Recent research conducted by Dr M. Smilansky and Dr S. Smilansky—a husband-and-wife team from Tel Aviv University—dealt with children of various ethnic origins who were born in a Kibbutz and, consequently, were exposed to similar social conditions from infancy. The research shows that when children of various communal backgrounds were grouped according to the parents' education, occupation, and other variables, the communal variable disappears. And the same average I.Q. and the same rate of gifted children appears in Oriental and European children. There still remain, however, individual social variables, mainly the level of parents' education. But that factor will probably decrease in importance within the foreseeable future with greater equality among Kibbutz-bred parents.

It should be noted, however, that from a practical point of view, the Kibbutz's contribution towards solving the communal problem has been minimal. The Kibbutz community accounts for 3·3% of the Israeli population, and the number of Orientals among them is estimated at no more than 5%.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slums into the limelight of TV and press coverage. Any resemblance to their American namesakes is purely accidental. One of their major grievances, for example is their *exclusion* from Army service. More like deprived domestic kittens than angry jungle cats, they want to "make it" into Israeli society rather than to destroy it. Despite their small numbers their demonstrations attracted thousands of dissatisfied youths.

There are in Israel an estimated 15,000 youths between the ages of 14 and 17 who are out of school and out of work. The Panthers' protest against *Ashkenazi* domination struck a note among these drop-outs—the great majority of whom are Orientals. On some of their Jerusalem demonstrations, the Panthers managed to attract thousands of adherents. The inevitable chain reaction set in: resort to violence, police reaction, punitive action, headlines, increased popularity, larger demonstrations. By the end of summer, it seemed that Israel had to brace itself for a series of wild disturbances. The usually unresponsive Israeli political establishment reacted with urgency. Government spending on housing for Israelis—as distinct from new immigrants—was substantially increased. The Army had to reconsider its selective policy—which rejected the Panthers and their like—and went to the other extreme of drafting an experimental group of inmates straight from gaol to barracks. Above all, the Panthers were successful in focusing attention on the plight which they represented: while in July 1967, in a public opinion poll immediately after the Six-Day War, 84% thought the intercommunal relations were good, the figure dropped to 48% by the end of 1971.

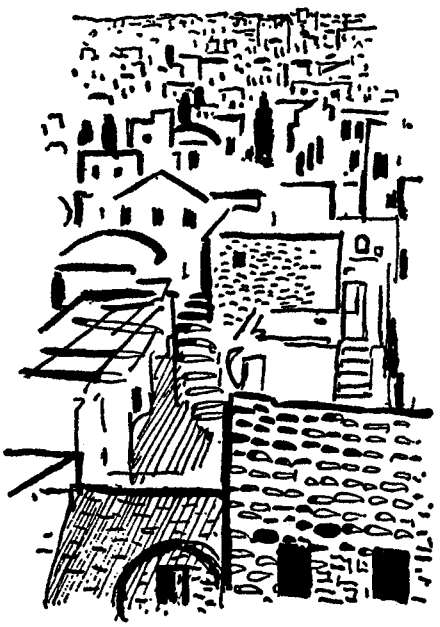
Internal splits and frictions have weakened the Panthers and they have recently become almost ineffective; but the volcano which spewed them out of their dark anonymity into public attention may, and probably will, erupt again. Given Israel's egalitarian outlook, the tension will be there as long as there is a gap between Europeans and Orientals.

THE SOCIO-ECONOMIC GAP which separates Europeans from Orientals is manifest in all spheres of Israeli life. Out of 2,564,000 Jews who lived in Israel at the end of 1970, 674,600 were born in Asia or Africa and 555,600 were born to a father born in Asia or Africa. Altogether, therefore, 1,230,200—about half of Israeli Jews—are of Asian and African origin. But because of the higher birth rate among the Orientals, their share grows as we reach younger age groups. Thus, in primary schools, 61·2% of the pupils are of Oriental origin (as against 26·9% European-American and 11·9% Israeli origin). But the higher we go in the educational system, the lower the percentage of Orientals: 47·2% in all secondary schools, including vocational and evening classes; 30% in ordinary day schools. In universities—where entrance exams establish a pure merit system—the share drops down to an alarming 14%. Among graduate students their share is even lower.

The average gross annual money income per urban Jewish family illustrates another facet of the gap. The figure for the average Oriental family in 1970 is 8,300 Israeli pounds with an average of 4·9 persons in the family, as against 12,000 Israeli pounds for a European family of 3·1 persons.

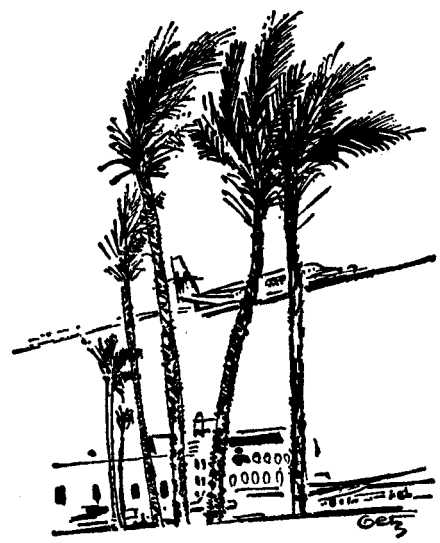
But the figures demonstrate not only the existence of the gap but also the great progress already made.

Thus, in 1958 only 8·2% of Oriental families owned a refrigerator, as against 92·5% in 1970. In that year there was near equality in ownership of durable goods (*e.g.* cooking ranges and washing machines). In housing, too, there is a dramatic and swift closing of the gap. The number of persons per room has decreased in all sectors, but is especially noticeable among Oriental families (from 2·35 persons per room in 1965 to 1·93 in 1970). The number of students in all educational institutions has gone up at a rate double that of the rate of population increase. Wherever you turn, whichever numbers and figures you check, the tremendous progress made by immigrants from Oriental countries is in evidence. It is seen in development towns such as Dimona in the Negev. Fifteen years ago Dimona



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a dreary collection of shacks housing families from North Africa, living on welfare relief. Now it is a flourishing town, one of Israel's most pleasing sights, with schools which can compete with some of the country's best. I think it can fairly be said: no other parallel immigrant society has reached such an achievement within a single generation. In the arts, a young generation of Oriental Israelis play a prominent role—especially in the theatre and light entertainment fields. The most radical of all criteria—the "intermarriage" between the two communities—is perhaps the most evocative of all statistics. Such intermarriage is the final step in an integrative process, and it usually appears only after generations of common education have eradicated the different cultural traces of the mother countries. In Israel, the rate of intermarriages has climbed steadily. In 1969 it reached 17·5% of all Jewish marriages in Israel (as compared with 14·5% in 1960). If all goes well, in 1975 one out of every four weddings will be between Oriental and European, thus further reducing the already narrowing gap.



THE DIFFICULTIES of the Orientals are compounded by the deficiencies of the Israeli political system. Under this system, the party machinery virtually reigns supreme. The centralistic character of this system is reinforced both in the electoral system and in the structure of the Israeli political party itself. The electoral system is wholly proportional and the Party lists are made up by faceless nomination committees which, naturally, prefer familiar and trusted faces. An Israeli party itself is run from above, with conventions and general elections within the party being the exception and not the rule. The consequence has been a self-perpetuating system which gives the Old-Timers a hold over the country's body politic. Again, this is not a unique Israeli phenomenon. In the U.S.A. generations passed before the hegemony of the English Founding Fathers and their descendants could be overcome by late-comers. But in Israel, because of the political system and the total dependence on the central party apparatus of all political cells, an unnecessary burden has been placed on the progress of Oriental newcomers towards full representation in the *Knesset* and the Cabinet. Thus only one out of 18 Cabinet Ministers and only 13 out of 114 Jewish members of the Knesset are of Oriental origin.

This disproportionate representation is not the result of a prejudice, and certainly not of a conscious discriminatory attitude on the part of Israel's political establishment. The very basis of the system gives preferential status to Israel's political old-timers, who happen to be *Ashkenazi* and usually of East European extraction. When embittered Black Panthers point out the fact that all Israel's Prime Ministers and Presidents were *Ashkenazi*, they forget that all of them belonged and belong to the same segment of the Founders' Generation (which is, incidentally, *Ashkenazi*).

The Panthers' charges of "deliberate prejudice" within the government are, in my view, plain nonsense. In the Army, which is perhaps Israel's purest meritocracy and at which no charges of prejudice could possibly be levelled, the share of the Orientals among high-ranking officers is *even lower* than that in the government. On the other hand, in local government as well as in the lower echelons of the *Histadrut*, the Orientals already have a substantial and constantly increasing share. In fact, one of the more encouraging aspects of the communal problem in Israel is the absence of deliberate "racial" discrimination. The existence of subtle social discrimination which is a by-product of the economic and cultural differences cannot be ignored, but wherever these are eradicated, social integration follows. This can be verified by pointing out the almost total integration of those communities which, though of Oriental origin, have (because of their cultural and economic background) been integrated into the fabric of Israeli society. Such communities include the old pre-Israel *Sephardic* community, the prosperous and well-educated community of Egyptian Jews and, to a lesser degree, the upper strata of the Jews from Baghdad.

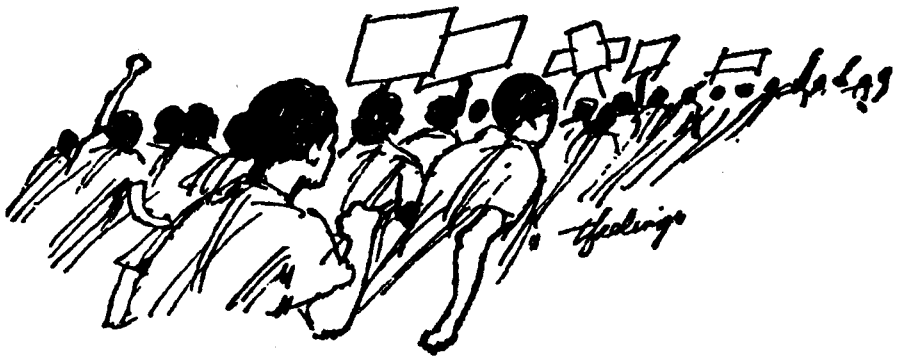
ISRAEL IS A COUNTRY in a state of rapid transition. It grew out of the closely knit family of the *Yishuv* (the pre-Israeli State Jewish community in Palestine). The *Yishuv* was a unique phenomenon. It was a State within a State.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United by a sense of destiny, it was linked together by an amazing self-discipline to a self-imposed and centralistic leadership. The *Yishuv* had its own army, taxation, education system, self-government—all accepted without any enforcement mechanism. It was a selective and élitist society run, as it were, by a Family Council. Contemporary Israel has acquired a totally new character. It is, despite its relative smallness, a mass, semi-industrialised, variegated society. Consequently, Israel has lost the self-discipline of the *Yishuv*, but it has not shed the centralistic structure and philosophy which was founded upon voluntary acceptance.

The resulting tension is obvious. The Establishment's word is no longer a command, and dissent breaks into the open from the dissatisfied classes. This dissent, whether stemming from underprivileged Orientals or from discontented workers—and, often, the two are identical—cannot be checked any longer by resort to authority, moral or legal. This dissent is aggravated by the feeling that the ordinary channels of the democratic process which should make the Government responsive to current moods have been blocked by political clods. This feeling that ordinary responsiveness is absent has been conducive to outbursts of bitter and, sometimes, violent dissent.

AND YET, despite all its flaws, I am not persuaded that Israel's political establishment can be condemned—because it is this very establishment which has been responsible for the impressive progress made by hundreds of thousands of refugees from Arab countries who, within the life span of one generation skipped centuries of poverty and illiteracy and passed from a medieval life-style to the benefits—and the *malaise*—of modernity. Indeed, in judging Israel's communal problem I would suggest that everyone should be wary of making hasty judgments. So much depends on one's point of view. Looking backwards to 1948 & All That, one is astonished at the road covered. Looking forwards, towards the goal of total integration, to a day when the words *Ashkenazi* and *Sephardi* would be obliterated from the common speech, one is overawed by the long road ahead.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTHORS & CRITICS

To Hell with Europe!

By Richard Mayne

THAT REMARK—attributed to Senator Schall of Minnesota in 1935—must have been the reaction of many ENCOUNTER readers when they met the article by "A European" in the April issue. What a nuisance Europe is! First it involves us all in two world wars; then it absorbs countless million dollars of American aid; it splits down the middle; then the Western half starts to unite, but the British include themselves out. When they knock at the door, it's twice slammed in their faces, then opened; but they have to pay an admission fee. Meanwhile, things inside have changed. Some of the original plans have been sabotaged; others, for farm policy and monetary union, have run into trouble; relations with the United States have become strained. And in Britain, the European question has divided the country, as well as boring a large section of it. In the last few months and weeks, especially, the British Labour Party has contorted itself on this and related issues like a mediaeval heretic being torn apart on the rack. So there's no doubt that for many people, except the die-hard Labour Left-wing, Europe is one of those subjects like death and taxes that they'd much rather forget.

And here comes "A European" crying havoc from Brussels and letting loose, if not the dogs of war, at least the curs of controversy. Well-founded rumour has it that the pseudonym conceals the sharp political wits of Dr Ralf Dahrendorf, former professor of sociology at Tübingen, former Free Democratic Minister, and present Member of the E.E.C. Commission concerned with external relations and external trade. Listeners to the B.B.C.'s Radio-4 programme *It's Your Line* may have heard him not long ago explaining the European Community to puzzled telephone enquirers who feared that joining the Common Market might erode *habeas corpus*—a query rather easier to deal with than one that faced me in a later programme: will the price of water in the "Market" force us to flush the lavatory only once a day? He could probably have answered even that one: his knowledge, his command of English, and his kindly patience were all exemplary. But now he comes on stage, as he did some time ago in Germany, disguised as a gadfly instead of an apologist; and he stings the Community in several places where it hurts.

There was hullabaloo in Brussels when the German text of his article first appeared. Treason! cried some cold-footed hot-heads, angry that a putative Member of the Commission should have blown the gaff. Several old stagers from what "A European" dismisses as the E.E.C. Mark I dipped their typewriter ribbons in venom and orthodoxy to disparage and dispute his aspersions; a small horrified band got up a cabal against him; there was huffing in committees of the European Parliament, and puffing on the floor—oh, hadn't we the gaiety for several weeks. Initially, I too was tempted to write a piccolo counterblast to add to this European Phil the Fluter's ball: but wiser counsels, as they say, prevailed. That is, I read "A European" again in ENCOUNTER.

On second reading, it's hard to disagree with much of what he says. The E.E.C. *is* a repository of gobbledygook, including its own nickname "Common Market": seldom has idealism had so uninspiring a slogan. Take this:

> The aim of the draft regulation is to establish a framework for cooperation between companies, integration of their ancillary facilities and means of providing aids on a Community basis, all with a view to the most effective promotion of such activities as contribute towards the security of the Community's hydrocarbons supply.

Was it for this that Monnet delved and Schuman span? Well, in a sense it was—to integrate Europe in a humble, patient way, to make her citizens better off and more independent, to set up a few civilised rules and signposts in the jungle of

RICHARD MAYNE *replies in this article to the critique of Common Market institutions written by "A European", from the E.E.C. Commission in Brussels (*ENCOUNTER, *April). Dr Mayne, who was for many years on the Commission staff and later personal assistant to Jean Monnet in Paris, now lives in London. He is the author of "The Recovery of Europe" (1970), and his latest book, a character-study of the identity of "The Europeans" is shortly to be published by Weidenfeld (London) and The Library Press (New York). Among Richard Mayne's recent articles in* ENCOUNTER *are "Wyndham Lewis" (February 1972), "Demi-Monde" (October 1969), and a critique of Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber called "The Case of Old Bordeaux" (December 1970).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

international relations. But they didn't talk like *that* about it. And the sentence I've quoted doesn't come, believe it or not, from some arcane internal document, written by experts for experts in the leaden jargon of negotiation: it's from the monthly bulletin put out in English "to give a concise view of current Community affairs and to stimulate discussion on European problems in general." It can't be accused of vulgar propaganda, that's for sure. But there's something wrong with anyone who mistakes such gunk for English.

THEN AGAIN, THERE MAY BE too much harmonisation for its own sake—or an effort to get too much. One of the surprises in Brussels is how many experts are beavering away these days with more expertise than perspective. To say this is not to endorse the usual braying complaint against "the Brussels bureaucracy." Not counting doormen, secretaries, and administrative assistants, the officials on the Commission staff number only about 1,500—not many to deal with the economic life of (at present) six countries, including agriculture, transport, anti-trust problems, energy policy, research, regional planning, overseas aid, statistics, legal problems, and external trade. But many of the Brussels officials, unavoidably, spend their days enmeshed in their specialities; and in times of political trouble, which Europe has certainly seen in the last few years, one escape route for a civil servant is into supposedly neutral detail. His superiors may abet this by trying to depoliticise hot issues and turn them into technical minutiae. It may be good for Europe, in the long run, and it certainly helps the organigram: but it makes for dispersal of effort, and it saps morale. Sometimes, recently, the Commission has looked to the outside world as if it needed to play one of those "only one parachute" games that used to be popular before mass air travel: you're in a plane about to crash, and only one passenger can be saved—so whom do you choose? In E.E.C. terms, you're in Brussels, heading for a crisis with one member state or another: there's time to salvage only a handful of E.E.C. policies—which? As Dr Johnson said in another context, such exercises concentrate the mind wonderfully.

ANOTHER FIELD in which "A European" seems to have struck ore is in his critique of the Community institutions. Again, to say this is not to repeat the familiar British guff on the subject, which seems to reflect laziness, incomprehension, or deep unconscious hostility to the whole idea. "Don't talk about *institutions*," one M.P. told me recently: "the word's a red rag to John Bull." "Decision-making machinery", it seems, is the O.K. phrase: it suggests a sleek, honed-down piece of minimal apparatus, probably worked by batteries and cassettes. "Institutions", on the other hand, has a dreadful, abstract ring to it: the blunt, dogged, down-to-earth British imagine some huge artificial paper-shuffling and speechifying assemblage, established on doctrinaire continental principles perhaps traceable to Montesquieu, with vinous baggy-eyed, steel-spectacled, double-breasted foreign parliamentarians quibbling in Latinate phraseology about pointless Resolutions and Orders of the Day. Strasbourg at its worst, in fact, with "faceless Brussels bureaucrats" thrown in.

A house, *pace* Le Corbusier, is not a machine for living in: or if it is, *pace* Polly Adler, it's not a home. The Community, likewise, can't be run by "machinery": it's a matter for men and women; and "institutions" are the means they use to achieve reasonable behaviour. What's wrong with the E.E.C. as it stands is not that it has "over-elaborate" institutions—the customary reproach: it's that the Community institutions are *too* machine-like, and not democratic enough. Also, like many machines, they're not particularly efficient: heat loss alone is considerable, and friction occurs all the time.

One small example "A European" notes in passing: the lack of a budgetary office. In national administrations, the farm support budget is decided on after a fight between the Ministry of Agriculture and the Treasury. It may not be an ideal method, but it keeps costs under some control. In the Community, at least formally, this particular Trojan War doesn't take place. In its stead, the Ministers of Agriculture of the various countries hold a bun fight, or a bean-feast: they settle each year's Community farm prices among themselves, in the relaxed type of auction that becomes possible when only the taxman—or the housewife—payeth. Consumers, as so often, lose out; while owing to the peculiar nature of the common farm policy—more for support than for modernisation—rich farmers get richer and poor peasants stay poor. There must be a better way to run things than this.

But the main value of "A European's" diagnosis lies in his treatment of the relative roles of the Commission, the Permanent Representatives, and the European Parliament. Originally, as he suggests, it may have been thought that the Commission would develop into a European Government, solely responsible to the European Parliament. A notion of this kind underlay the first European Community, the coal and steel pool, whose extranational "Executive" was

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called "the High Authority." But since the mid-1950s it's been obvious that evolution in such a direction, if it ever takes place at all, will be endlessly obstructed and painfully slow. Long before the E.E.C. came into being, the High Authority behaved with all the restraint of the future E.E.C. Commission, essentially making proposals to be decided on by the Council of Ministers, whose members represent the individual States. If the Coal and Steel Community's primeval institutional model was that of Europe Mark I, it's been out of production for a very long time. We're now dealing with Mark III, if not Mark IV. So "Europeans of the first hour", as "A European" calls them, ought not to be scared by having the obvious pointed out so belatedly.

There's no surprise, either, in hearing that the Permanent Representatives of the member States are the—well, the hijackers in the woodpile or the baggage compartment. No sooner had the Community taken off for an integrated Europe, than there they were, holding pistols to the pilot's head and demanding to be put down in *l'Europe des Etats*. Established under an article of the Rome Treaty that doesn't insist on their necessity, the *Représentants permanents* or *Ständige Vertreter* were originally known, to some German-speaking Commission people, as *Ständige Verräter* (or "permanent traitors") since they intruded as middlemen in the Commission-Council dialogue, sometimes trying to head the Commission off from proposals it could have championed politically in the Council, and sometimes even threatening to usurp the Commission's independent role—which would have meant substituting a traditional body of national delegates for an extranational if not supranational executive. "A European" well describes the Permanent Representatives as "officials *de facto* responsible to no one and *de jure* responsible to no parliament." In many respects they have been indispensable, processing some of the minutiae that shouldn't waste the time of Ministers. But they enjoy that "power without responsibility" so strangely ascribed to harlots; and if they fulfil some of Europe's hygienic needs, they nevertheless want watching.

FINALLY, "A European" is probably right to regard more power for the European Parliament as a priority to be tackled before considering its direct election. It's all too easy to imagine the dismally low poll, the artificial excitement of small groups, the pompous nonentities among the candidates, and the general air of wet fireworks that would surround direct elections held today. The world's great Eurobores, of whom Britain has an unfair quota, would have a field day: unsingable European anthems would vie with unmemorable European slogans, and unkind television cameras would spy on meetings of the faithful and the anti-Marketeer fanatics, both equally weird. This isn't to say that the present system of nominating members of the European Parliament is satisfactory, or that ways won't have to be found of making it a real and direct expression of opinion at the polls. But direct elections without greater powers would be an expensive courting of danger; and the immediate question is how the Parliament can gain real influence on what the Community does and what it spends.

IT IS AT THIS POINT that "A European" begins to part company with other Europeans of whatever hour. He suggests that the European Parliament should acquire some control (or *contrôle*, in the weaker French sense, perhaps) over the Council of Ministers. His analysis holds good, I think, in so far as it's clear that power for the present rests with the Council; it's also true to say that the Council as such, when it votes by majority, isn't democratically "controlled." But so long as the unanimity rule is applied to most important decisions, each member of the Council individually has his vote; and each member, ultimately, owes his legitimacy to his national democratic system. In this sense, the Council resembles the Parliament; and if the Parliament, as "A European" hints, is democratic enough on these grounds, why not the Council too? On "A European's" own terms, that is, there seems no reason why the Council should be responsible to the European Parliament, since its members are responsible to their national parliaments. Only when majority voting applies is there a case for parliamentary "control" at the European level—and majority voting in the Council is a feature of Europe Mark I.

But minor contradictions of this sort aren't the crucial issue. If "A European's" analysis led the member States to subordinate the Council to the European Parliament, even logical inconsistencies would have earned their keep. What's much more worrying is the author's prescription for some of the ills he diagnoses so effectively: "European Ministers" and "Davignon Committees" to supersede the present Community structure.

"European Ministers" were first formally suggested by President Pompidou; since he first spoke of them, the proposal seems to have lost ground, except perhaps in Germany, where there's long been concern about the disunited front that German Ministers tend to put up in the Council, the representative of each Ministry

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being quite likely to sing a subtly different song. If one Minister from each Government were appointed to deal with all "European" issues, such cacophony could be avoided, and much of the load could be removed from the (unelected) Permanent Representatives. It sounds attractive —perhaps especially as the nucleus of some future European Government. But its dangers are great. One of the advantages of the present system, whereby Ministers from most departments at some time or other meet in the Council, is that all of them get some stake in the Brussels "machine." Another is that the Council consists of the people who do the job, and face the consequences, at home. They know the dossiers—or ought to; they have command of the national civil servants whose work Brussels affects. Replace them with specialist "European" Ministers, and you lose these benefits. The national Ministers remain remote from their foreign counterparts, and from the Community atmosphere; the European Ministers, at home, have a fatally amateur air. Ways could be found, no doubt, of reducing these drawbacks: a good inter-Ministerial liaison committee, such as France has long had, might do the trick. But for the present, when what the British and other new entrants need is the *bain de foule* of contact with the Community, it seems likely to be counter-productive, if not to make each country's negotiating margin in the Council unworkably narrow.

THERE ARE SIMILAR attractions and dangers in the idea of repeating in other fields the experience of the Davignon Committee of senior national civil servants set up to discuss and, God willing, coordinate the member States' foreign policies. Flexibility seems to be the selling point: look, Sir, it's an all-purpose model that needs no instruction manual—it can do anything. Or nothing. Europeans of the first hour aren't alone, I'm sure, in remembering other bodies of this sort. Is this really the chancy Europe we want? Would such a system even have produced the "mere" customs union that some Europeans now look down on as a fairly minor achievement of the Europe of the Six? Personally, I doubt it; and the tasks ahead are more formidable still. Monetary union; regional development; even the assimilation of four new member States, with a network of links to nearly eighty others in the rest of the world—all this is a great deal to trust to traditional inter-governmental procedures. Let's not throw away the E.E.C. Mark I with too much haste. Soon, the European Community will face Eastern Europe in the European Security Conference. This, as one senior national civil servant has been heard to remark, is far too important a matter to be left to the Davignon Committee, able and amiable as all its members are.

SO WHAT CAN WE DO with the walking wounded patient for whom our doctor's prescription seems not enough? Myself, I'd follow his diagnosis but order nastier medicine.

First, the gobbledygook. Let's start by banning words and phrases like "ancillary facilities", outlawing the passive voice and abstract nouns that end in "-ation": let's oblige all Community spokesmen and writesmen to say what they mean in words understandable by the late Harold Ross.

Secondly, the technical escape-routes. Let's ensure that no Commission department operates in isolation from policy-making and from its colleagues: let's have a planning staff, a set of priorities, and a system of small teams, with teams of team-leaders pyramiding up to the Commission Members; let's knock down the barrack-like Berlaymont building, or quit it, and find quarters where people can meet instead of telephoning and sending each other memos.

Thirdly, the Institutions themselves. Let's appoint effective administrators to the Commission—men with ability and political sense, whether they're ex-Ministers or not. Let's have the Parliament ratify the Governments' choice for President of the Commission, and allow him to choose his own colleagues, to be appointed by the Governments and confirmed in office by the Parliament later on. Let's start a system whereby the Commission President works out an action programme with each new President of the Council, and submits it to the Parliament for a vote. Let's have national direct elections to the Parliament, pending direct elections on a European scale. Let's give the Davignon Committee a political Secretariat, of extra-national officials like the Commission, and site it in Brussels so that the two can work together and eventually merge.

And when we've done all this tinkering, let's get on with building Europe in the immediate practical future—improving the common farm policy, expanding regional policy, saving our continent from *dreck*, setting up a European currency, building up permanent links with America and Russia, and using enlightened self-interest to help the world's poor. If Europe Mark I had an advantage, it was this: in those days unity made sense to everyone, even if they hadn't got it. Now that it's within our grasp, we'd be crazy to lose it by forgetting what the word means.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Ivan Illich's Utopia

AS SECRETARY of an educational organisation which was responsible for Dr Ivan Illich's first visit to Britain in October of last year, and therefore in some measure for the attention now being given to his thought and books in this country, I must express my personal dismay that ENCOUNTER [April] should have given space to a letter so flippant and uninformed as that of Mr James Wellard. Those who had the privilege of meeting and hearing Ivan Illich found him abounding in qualities sorely lacking on the contemporary scene: the qualities of integrity and human compassion, carried by a profound erudition and inspired by a militant passion for justice. Since readers of ENCOUNTER have every opportunity for checking the origin of Dr Illich's name, which Mr Wellard questions . . . and to form their own judgment about the value and purpose of his pioneering work, by reading the sensitive biography in *Divine Disobedience* by Francine du Plessix Gray and Dr Illich's books, I wish to confine myself to one observation only, concerning the article by Professor Sidney Hook, in the January issue of ENCOUNTER ["Ivan Illich's Utopia"].

I am referring to his complete disregard of one of the *main sources* of Ivan Illich's concern and thereby missing the point completely: namely the effect of Western educational systems and present-day Western "values" upon the developing world, the larger part of the world's population. Professor Hook's approach is in itself an illustration of the sickness of the rich nations, West and North, manifested in compartmentalised, selfish thinking and intellectual arrogance. To understand the *roots* of Ivan Illich's ethos, may I refer Sidney Hook back to the vision and educational work of the great Leo Tolstoy. And to make him begin to understand the *sense of urgency* felt by Dr Illich, and by countless other thinking persons, may I refer him to the recent M.I.T. study "The Limits to Growth" and the many other titles bearing on the predicament of the poor majority on this planet.

RENÉE-MARIE PARRY

The Teilhard Centre
for the Future of Man,
London

MY CRITICISMS of Ivan Illich were directed not at his person but at his ideas which I regard as invalid and extremely mischievous in their educational consequences. Whatever Illich's sources, they have no bearing on the weaknesses of his argument and evidence for the extreme and, in my view, irresponsible proposals he advances. It is presumptuous to assume that those who disagree with Illich (or, for that matter, with Teilhard de Chardin) are devoid of concern or "a sense of urgency" for "the predicament of the poor majority on this planet." Intelligent attempts to relieve that predicament should include measures to extend and improve available schooling by deepening and enriching its quality. Why this attitude, rather than proposals to abolish schooling, should be characterized as "selfish thinking and intellectual arrogance", I am at a complete loss to understand. Those inclined to resort to such *ad hominem* arguments might have profited from a more critical schooling.

SIDNEY HOOK

New York University

Johnson's "Third World"

NO ONE DISPUTES that controlled economies have their weaknesses or that Third World nations too often fall far short in realising development goals. A danger in this less-than-inspiring record lies in that it tempts one to conclude as Professor Harry Johnson did ("A Word to the Third World", ENCOUNTER, October, 1971) that the fault lies in controls and development planning. While we agree with much of what Professor Johnson says, we would point out his advice to scrap controls in favour of competition would have the practical consequence of weakening the control of Third World governments over their nations' economic apparatus. Most African and Asian countries favour varying degrees of controls as do Western developed nations despite a Western predisposition against such controls as pointed out by Barbara Ward. Forms of controls were after all a core issue of the international monetary crisis precipitated by the August 1971 U.S. economic measures just as controls are key to the functioning of the Common Market. A planned economy entails strengthening the state. Why, then, should one concerned with a strong Third World realistically expect these nations—with even fewer margins than the West—to abandon controls?

Baron Louis' statement almost a century-and-a-half ago, "*Faites-nous de bonne politique et je vous ferai de bonnes finances*" is as applicable today to the Third World as it is to highly developed nations. The sticking-point on which questions of economic development ultimately fall is politics, as is illustrated by the directorship of the World Bank being in the able hands of Mr Robert McNamara and (as reported by *The Economist*, February 12) by the *political* impact of the August 1971 U.S. surcharge *vis-à-vis* U.S.-Canadian relations. (And future "kinks" in these relations cannot be precluded.)

The obvious comparison of the Chinese and Indian examples further points the scene (although Professor Johnson discussed only former British colonies). While Peking and New Delhi both rely in varying degrees on controls, political realities in China permit, in fact ensure, their largely effective implementation. In India, with its British-bequeathed federal system, civil service, *etc*, political realities do not: the interests

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of India and its people are too often lost amidst the clash of state and federal interests and endless political manoeuvering. Hence while the new-type intensive agriculture has had considerable success in India (New Delhi announced in January that it achieved self-sufficiency in rice production), there is still hunger. The comparison is all the more devastating when one considers the massive foreign aid extended to India over the years with the aid China received, not to mention the economic dislocation China sustained as a result of the ending of Soviet long-term credits in 1957 and the abrupt Soviet discontinuance of technical assistance in 1960.

THE LARGER ISSUE here, however, is not simply Professor Johnson's advocating economics over politics, nor is it his proposing competition. It is rather related to his advocating the *elimination* of controls and, in the same vein, his criticism (Letters, ENCOUNTER, January 1972) of Professor Myrdal's works as "anti-scientific", "humanly irresponsible", and "insultingly condescending" in their reflection of "social determinism". The vast diversity of issues, structures, and processes within the Third World precludes single, simple answers to Third World problems, as Professor Johnson would undoubtedly affirm. Why, then, advocate a one-track approach?

The internationally known economists such as Professors Johnson, Gunnar Myrdal, Dudley Seers, Barbara Ward, Thomas Balogh, J. K. Galbraith, Gustav Ranis, Paul Streeten, Albert O. Hirschman, A. J. Meyer as well as younger people in the field—Robert de 'A. Shaw, Lester Brown, Reginald H. Green, Ann Seidman—for example, are all making valuable contributions. From this multiplicity of views, let Third Worlders—should they wish to do so—select one or a variety of directions for implementation in *their* countries reflecting *their* interests and suitable to *their* problems and economies.

ANDREW CARVELY, IQBAL A. SIDDIQI

Nonaligned Third World Annual,
St Louis, Missouri

I FIND this letter hard to follow, because I cannot determine what the authors' positive position is. They seem to identify controls with national power, and planning with the strength of the state. I would have thought that Bangladesh was a classic demonstration of the consequences for the strength of the state of Pakistan of exercising excessive central control—and there are other examples.

The comparison of India and China seems to me to represent a *parti pris* rather than a reasoned argument. Also, it could be argued that India has performed badly precisely because it has relied excessively on controls of an economically unproductive kind, and been supported in so doing by foreign aid.

In their last paragraph, they commit an elementary logical confusion—besides linking my name with others whose credentials as economists rather than as public figures I might well wish to dispute. The logical error is as follows—either the Less Developed Countries select a wise man who will give them advice based on deep scholarship and a balanced view of the world; or they look at competing views, each probably exaggerated, and choose the one that suits them best. But in a competition of the latter kind, as Leo Durocher said, "nice guys finish last". If they want the LDCs to have a choice of views, they have no right to criticise me for offering strong meat rather than pabulum. I suspect that they want pabulum from me precisely because the views of the others have the palatable taste of an insidious poison—and therefore will be chosen instead of pabulum, if only pabulum is the alternative.

In a competition between scholars and political propagandists, the scholar is likely to lose—because the propagandist not only feels no compulsion to arrive at a balanced view, but trades on the scholar's propensity to concede that any view if stridently enough expressed must have a grain of truth in it, in order to reduce the debate to one between a black-and-white choice and a gray area. The authors of the letter leave no doubt as to which side they are on; the readers of ENCOUNTER can decide for themselves whether their contribution is useful.

HARRY G. JOHNSON

London School of Economics

Cory's "Ezra Pound"

AS ONE WHOSE LETTER to the Editor of the *Times Literary Supplement* (6 March, 1969, followed by another, 27 March) initiated what Mr Daniel Cory calls a "brawl", would you allow me to make a few comments on Mr Cory's article "Second Thoughts on Ezra Pound" (ENCOUNTER, October 1971). First of all Mr Cory's date references concerning the letters in the *T.L.S.* that followed my letter of 6 March 1969 are a bit mixed up. When he says 4 April he means 3 April and when he says 17 April, he means 27 March.

Secondly, my letter of 6 March 1969, did not "accuse" him, as he suggests, of "inventing various comments" that Ezra Pound made to him in Venice in October 1966 *à propos* of the *Cantos*. All it did was to question the source of Professor Roy Fuller's statement, made in the course of one of his Oxford lectures as Professor of Poetry, that Pound himself had admitted that the *Cantos* were a failure. And my letter quoted the telegram I had received from Pound saying that he had never made any such statement. It was only from the letters that followed my letter as well as from Professor Fuller's brief comment published in the *T.L.S.* (13 March) that it became clear that in making that statement Professor Fuller had Mr Cory's article in mind—the article that has appeared in ENCOUNTER, May 1968. However, Mr Cory himself closed the *T.L.S.* correspondence about the *Cantos* with a letter of his own (10 April 1969) in which he declared that he had "no desire to become involved any further in this controversy."

After a period of two years, however, Mr Cory seems to have changed his mind. With his article

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Second Thoughts on Ezra Pound", he now returns to the old controversy, I don't know whether with the hope of stirring, or with the desire to avoid stirring what he calls "a thick pother of indignation" on the part of those who choose to differ from him as to his method of approach to and evaluation of the *Cantos* and as to the significance that he would have us attach to Pound's judgment on them as a failure as it has been "truly reported" by him.

My reason for writing this letter is certainly not that of stirring any such controversy, nor is it that of testing or challenging Mr Cory's claim as a literary critic. It is merely to ask a few questions regarding some of the basic assumptions and attitudes on which his article is based.

FIRSTLY, DOES ONE, whose misfortune it is to have to disagree with Mr Cory in his approach to the *Cantos*, automatically become classed as a "Poundian", "one of the children of light", a member of "a fervent team of cheer-leaders" or of the Poundian household, a devotee, and so forth? And if not, then who are these Poundians and why can't Mr Cory name them? Or is it, perhaps, that in the past Mr Cory himself might have been one, but has now fallen out of grace with the Master?

Secondly, if, according to Mr Cory, in spite of profound depression, Pound still can, "when the hand of the barometer is favourable", "not only tell a hawk from a hand-saw", but he is "as clear as an unclouded sky", then how is one to decide as to when Pound was "as clear as an unclouded sky", that is to say, when he admitted to Mr Cory that the *Cantos* were a failure, or when he sent the telegram to me denying that he made such a statement?

Thirdly, as to Pound's feeling "humiliated at being utterly dependent on a few people", what is humiliating about this? Pound is 85. Miss Olga Rudge, who is 75, looks after him with patience, tact and devotion, one of her worrying duties being that of discouraging, as far as she politely can, people, whether they claim to be Pound's old friends or his young admirers, from visiting him; and if they still insist on doing so, from tiring him too much by goading him about the *Cantos* or something else. What is humiliating or pathetic about this? Mr Cory cannot quote—or report—Pound as saying that he is "content to abide by whatever arrangements are made", without exclaiming characteristically: "What a tragic confession from a proud old swashbuckler!" But what else, according to Mr Cory, could "a proud old swashbuckler" at the age of eighty-five have done? And how many of them would not, instead, be happy to have arrangements made for them and be content to abide by them?

MR CORY'S "Second Thoughts on Ezra Pound" are not merely prefaced by such comments and attitudes, but are to some extent occasioned and even influenced by them. It is not for me to discuss their merit as literary criticism, but I should have thought that a literary critic wanting to discuss the *Cantos* seriously would not normally base his criticism on such attitudes. Nor, for that matter, would one, whether a literary critic or not, who has had, as Mr Cory claims to have had, "twenty-five years with Santayana and long spells under Russell and G. E. Moore."

G. SINGH

Professor, Italian Language and Literature

The Queen's University, Belfast, N. Ireland

I MUST THANK Mr Singh for indicating that I slipped up on a couple of "date references" anent the letters that appeared in the *T.L.S.* after my first essay on Ezra Pound that appeared in ENCOUNTER (May 1966). If Mr Singh were not a Professor of Italian Language and Literature, he would certainly make an excellent checker of trivial items and proof-reader. Perhaps if he peruses my Pound essays again, he may come up with a split infinitive or a dangling participle. Furthermore, I am pleased to hear that Mr Singh himself never explicitly accused me of "inventing various comments" that Ezra made to me in Venice about his *Cantos* in October 1966. This despicable accusation did not arise from him, but he seems to have been a willing tool, or "party", to its dissemination.

Mr Singh is apparently reluctant to be labelled a *cento per cento* Poundian, and I congratulate him on his common sense and dislike of unqualified devotion. On the other hand, I have no desire to list a few disciples I have met and enjoyed discussing the *Cantos* with: I do not go in for personal ridiculing—not to mention any unsavoury blackening of character. There ought to be a give-and-take in literary appreciation that does not stoop to animosity.

As to the problem of whether or not Ezra was in good form or serious when he made his observations to me concerning his *Cantos*, I can only repeat that he answered my questions deliberately, appeared to realise perfectly what he was saying, and that I was and still am prepared to accept them as authentic evaluation. Of course it is quite possible for Tom, Dick, or even Professor Harry, to ignore them completely and fall back on their own infallible interpretations of a baffling text.

Finally, it strikes me as perfectly natural that Ezra should feel rather humiliated in the late evening of his life. He needs desperately the attention and devotion that he receives from Olga Rudge; but the fact remains that he has seen his dream of a better cultural, political and social society dissolve in disconnected fragments. I think his dream was unrealistic, based on a fanatical selection of episodes in human history that appealed to his imagination. For example, as T. S. Eliot commented, Ezra appears to have been interested in everything in the Middle Ages "except that which gave them their significance." But then—as Ezra knows—I have never been a "Poundian." This did not alter the fact that for many years we remained on friendly terms. And if I no longer drop in to see him when I am in Venice, it is not because of any change of sentiment on my part; nor, I suspect, because he himself is unwilling to see me.

DANIEL CORY

Rome

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capetown

BAN: Andre Brink, a leading Afrikaans writer, is prepared to go to jail as part of an all-out attack on censorship in South Africa.

He has suggested that prominent authors and academics, including as many Afrikaaners as possible, should deliberately seek prosecution for possessing banned books, preferably those by some of the world's leading writers and philosophers. If convicted, they should refuse to pay fines and choose jail.

Brink said the Publications Control Board has kept 15,000 books out of South Africa and banned almost 90 per cent. of all important overseas films.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

STAGE BOYCOTT: *I write to comment [writes Sir Robert Birley] on Mr Edward Bond's letter on the playwright's boycott of South Africa. The most harmful thing we can do to those who are committed is to give them the impression that they have been written off by their friends outside. That is what this kind of boycott does.*

Mr Bond seems to think that the South African Government would consider that his agreeing to his plays being acted in their country would be a "concession". I can assure him that he is wrong. When the academic boycott was first announced I can well remember the delight of the Afrikaner Nationalist press. Now, they said, they would no longer be troubled by visiting liberals. I had a picture of some soldiers in a front-line trench under heavy bombardment. A messenger arrives from the rear. "We are not going to send you any reinforcements: that is our way of showing our solidarity with you." The news gets through to the enemy in the trenches opposite and the sound of cheering is heard.

THE TIMES

Athens

BLACKLISTING & CENSORSHIP: *The Greek government, which officially ended censorship in 1970, is quietly putting bookstores on guard against the sale of books that its National Security Directorate has listed as "Communist and anti-government."*

First Deputy Premier Pattakos and Byron Stamatopoulos, the chief government spokesman, denied in interviews that there was such a list. "It would be stupid," Mr Stamatopoulos said. "Just look at Athens, even Brecht is playing at the theater."

A downtown theater is performing the German playwright's "The Good Woman of Szechwan," but the printed text is No. 76 on the Security Directorate's list of 124 books. The contradiction illustrates the erratic nature of the government's attempts to regulate intellectual life.

The lifting of censorship turned the windows of the many bookshops of Athens into displays of dissidence. Despite the black-list, Greek translations of the writings of Che Guevara, Mao Tse-tung, Brecht, Lenin, Trotsky and other foreign Communists continue to be displayed far more widely than their potential readership in this anti-Communist country warrants.

The list has delighted those people who accuse the government of a lack of intellectual sophistication. Among their favorite items is the proscription of the stories of Chekhov, whose works are said to constitute "intentional advertising of Russian literature." The same charge is levelled against a biography of Dostoevsky written by Henri Troyat of the French Academy.

The "History of the Russian Revolution," by Trotsky, is condemned for "Trotskyist content." Lenin's "State and Revolution" is cited for "Communist content." "Trotskyism" is also ascribed to Norman Mailer's "The Armies of the Night."

The plays and poems of Brecht, the most frequently mentioned author on the list, are dismissed by the phrase "the author is a German Communist."

Observers in this strongly anti-Soviet country were puzzled by the inclusion on the list of two Greek books on recent events in Czechoslovakia that are criticized for having "anti-Soviet edges." A book by Roger Garaudy, the philosopher expelled by the French Communist party, is found objectionable for "anti-Stalinist edges," while another of his works is included for "attacks against the present Soviet leadership."

NEW YORK TIMES

New York

GUNSEL: John Hollander's essay on Dashiell Hammett was amusing—I hope intentionally, though this wasn't always clear. Hammett himself, I'm sure, would have been amused by one line in it. Mr Hollander refers to the character of Wilmer in "The Maltese Falcon" as a "gunsel". Hammett once played a prank on a prudish pulp editor by smuggling this word into a story . . . in such a way as to make the editor think that "gunsel" was underworld slang for "gunman."

Actually, of course, a gunsel is a catamite . . . i.e., a boy used for pederasty.

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

London

CANNON FODDER: *Canon Douglas Strickland, vicar of Wimborne Minster, Dorset, has published two four letter words in a church magazine in an effort to persuade the B.B.C. not to allow such language on television.*

He said he hoped his parishioners would read them and protest. The first, he said, was uttered three times in as many minutes by Mr John Horder, the poet, when being interviewed by David Dimbleby on 24 Hours. The second was used by a girl in a light-hearted discussion programme.

THE TIMES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sex, Culture, Censorship, Love

Sexual Offences Bill

LORD ARRAN is characteristically modest about his personal contribution to the reform of homosexual law: but as becomes an Earl by inheritance, he overvalues the contribution made by the House of Lords ["The Sexual Offences Bill: A Personal Memoir," ENCOUNTER, March]. In the end, all Lord Arran's dogged campaigning and all the education received by the nation as a consequence of the debates he precipitated in the Lords would have been of no avail without the elected MPs braving their constituents. The obloquy and abuse suffered stoically by Lord Arran can, as MPs know, be even more pungently expressed in the ballot box. MPs are not, as Lords, cossetted from irrational public opinion.

Lord Arran's engaging and generous account is indeed incomplete, omitting among many other matters the collusion between certain Cabinet Ministers, Whips and myself: and totally overlooking the hundred or so Labour MPs of the 1966 Parliament, many sitting for marginal Constituencies, who supported me in the Commons through every stage of the Bill.

I am presently striving to write a book which will tell of the political and psychological resistances to all the social reform bills with which I have been associated: and I hope this will, incidentally, repair some of Lord Arran's omissions in his personal account of the Sexual Offences Act. Constitutional historians will indeed be misled by Lord Arran's charm if his account persuades them that the Commons played such a subsidiary role in the social reforms of the 1966–70 Labour Parliament. The need to attempt a definitive account of the travail behind these reforms is made even more necessary by the curious but significant suppression of any mention of them by Harold Wilson in his lengthy account of the history of his Labour government.

LEO ABSE

House of Commons

Homo- and Heterosexuality

LORD ARRAN—to whose courage and endurance those who are homosexual owe so much—must not be allowed to remain in the state of modest doubt conveyed by his moving and illuminating article in the March ENCOUNTER. At least a million in this country owe it to him and his supporters that they can, for the first time, begin to accept themselves for the unremarkable people they are.

Nor must Dr E. J. Mishan be allowed without challenge to bracket homosexuality and lesbianism with "incest and the sexual involvement of minors", as he does on page 10 of the same issue; or to suggest (on pages 28 and 29) that "homosexuality can at best invite sympathy as being the symptom of a pathological condition." The first is a confusion of categories, and the second is the assertion of a prejudgment for which I know of no settled evidence.

Many would share Dr Mishan's wish to examine as a serious question whether an exclusive emphasis on sexual pleasure may operate to the detriment of our human concern for other human individuals. But this is another matter, and one to which the accident of sexual preference has no relevance.

To both Lord Arran and Dr Mishan many of us who have studied the question of homosexuality at first hand would wish to say three things. First, throughout history and in all societies (so far as the records go) a sizeable minority, whether under persecution or not, have found it in their profoundest nature to express their sexuality, good, bad or indifferent, mainly with their own sex. Secondly, there is no evidence to show that homosexuals are any less capable than their heterosexual fellows of sharing Professor Mishan's "profound concern for . . . our lives . . . and for our unique planet" (to the overpopulation of which they are, however, less likely to contribute). Thirdly, homosexuals clearly still have some way to go before the limited freedom from persecution which the Lord Arrans have given them is succeeded by the more general ambience of dispassion in which the Professor Mishans will feel safe in accepting them not merely as a numerous and unremarkable phenomenon among the diverse creatures of the unique planet but also as distinguishable from the incestuous, the pederastic, the pornographic and the pathological.

Those of us, both heterosexual and homosexual, who support the Campaign for Homosexual Equality know better than this, if only from our first-hand acquaintance with the many hundreds of homosexual men and women who now find in this organisation a recognition—which they hope eventually to discover in society at large—of their ordinary and richly diverse humanity. The mere existence of this organisation would have been impossible without the legislation which Lord Arran did so much to further. He would know, if he saw its work at first hand, that in this alone he has already done much good.

R. N. NOYES

London

Cultural Pollution

THE CONTRIBUTORS to your fascinating section on *Sex & Culture* [March] were more convincing in diagnosis than in prescription. I am thinking particularly of E. J. Mishan and Michael Beloff. In my simplicity, I can see no possible reason why the principle that underlay the Wolfenden Report in its references to prostitution, and the subsequent Act, should not be

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invoked in respect of pornography. You can no more abolish pornography than you can prostitution, but it would be a comparatively easy matter to remove it from view.

Writing as one who has always believed that fastidiously conceived pornography is a contribution to civilised living, I share Mr Mishan's distaste for the cultural pollution that now threatens to engulf Western society through the unlimited dissemination and display of the stuff. And it is hard to dispute the view, to which Mr Beloff subscribes, that the Law, as it stands and has stood, is unsatisfactory in that no definition of "obscenity" is ever likely to be universally accepted.

The problem of pornography would, however, be reduced to manageable proportions if the following measures and principles were incorporated into appropriate legislation:

1. A total ban on all public displays of pudenda, male or female, and of buttocks; whether the ban should extend to breasts is a matter for discussion. "Public" should mean, obviously, the street, but should comprise all public places, including cinemas, theatres and underground stations, shop windows and cinema display windows, foyers, news-stands, etc.

2. Although this would probably suffice, it could be stipulated that there should be a similarly total ban on all live or graphic depictions, whether real or simulated, of sex acts, regardless of the sex, number, and species of the partners.

3. In London and other large cities, there should be a strictly limited number of licensed premises not subjected to censorship but bound by the universal rule regarding street displays of pudenda, etc. These should comprise pornographic bookshops (which would be prominently described as such, and to which minors should not be admitted, but where any category of pornography would be available, freely and legally, for sale or consultation); strip shows (again described appropriately, but without external advertising); pornographic or sex cinemas (under similar conditions); and so forth. In London, it might be thought desirable that Soho should be enabled to grant, say, twenty licences in each category; and that the same number of licences should be granted for the whole of the rest of Greater London, subject to the approval of Boroughs of the Greater London Council. Other cities should make their own decisions, consonant with these principles.

4. Subject to the above restrictions, there should be *no censorship whatever of the printed page*; while censorship of the cinema and theatre would be confined to the vetting of films and plays intended for general exhibition (that is, in ordinary, as distinct from licensed sex, cinemas and theatres), to ensure conformity with the specific bans in *1* and *2* of this list.

IF THESE SIMPLE PRINCIPLES were adopted: cultural pollution by pornography would cease almost completely; the pornographers would know where they stood, as would their customers; the young would be protected and those who find pornographic displays "offensive" would have no cause for complaint; those who want or need pornography would know where to find it but the flood of pornography would be reduced to a trickle; and absurd, often counter-productive, prosecutions would cease. Any takers?

BRIAN CROZIER

London

Mishan's Reply

MR NOYES appears to be remarkably touchy. I nowhere assert that "homosexuals are any less capable than heterosexuals" of sharing a concern about our unique planet. I nowhere deny their "ordinary and richly diverse humanity." I am quite aware that there are large numbers of them and, to that extent, they are an "unremarkable phenomenon." Finally, I have no difficulty at all in distinguishing them from the incestuous, the pornographers, or, for that matter, the necromaniacs.

As for campaigns for homosexual equality, I should suppose that most homosexuals are abundantly satisfied in now having the law's protection. Although I have no objection to further endeavours to alleviate any residual disabilities, provided the means used are tactful and decent, a sympathetic understanding of their plight is about as much as they can reasonably expect from the public at large. More "advanced" proposals to "legitimate" homosexuality—to accept homosexual union as on a par, socially, with heterosexual union; to sanction homosexual marriage by Church and State—would, I believe, be repugnant to the great majority of people. And I would defend society's marked partiality for continuing to regard heterosexuality alone as the norm on the conservative principle I enunciated. All customs, procedures, and institutions through which, over millennia, societies have signified their acceptance of heterosexuality as the norm, ought not to be abandoned unless powerful reasons are adduced for doing so.

It is uncertain from his letter whether Mr Noyes favours such "advanced" proposals or no. But if he does, what he offers there can hardly be construed as powerful reasons. His allegation that over the past a minority have found it "in their profoundest nature" to engage in homosexual activity can be conceded, but it is surely not to the purpose. Strong feelings are consistent with a wide range of pathological activity and, indeed, with a goodly number of quite vicious propensities.

I hasten to assure him, however, that I do not use pathology as a pejorative term. In fact I am not averse to regarding homosexuality, in his own words, as "an accident of sexual preference"—bearing in mind, always, that accidents are what we seek to avoid. Using the word pathology in its ordinary, sense, Mr Noyes may well continue to insist that there is "no settled evidence" that homosexuality is pathological. His standards of evidence are doubtless too stringent for those of us who acquiesce in the view that the mechanism nature has selected for human survival has, up to the present at least, operated

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through heterosexual attraction, not homosexual. To that extent, homosexuality is *ab*normal in the literal sense. Neither, perhaps, does the fact that homosexuality continues to be treated as a pathological condition by psychologists and surgeons impress him as evidence. Nor, again, the fact that it is those finding themselves situated at the homosexual ends of the spectrum who seek treatment to overcome their homosexuality (even where this requires an operation to change their sex in order to enjoy heterosexual love), and not the other way round. For, to be sure, society *could* conceivably be wrong: the number of *possible* worlds is infinite.

But whether we can agree on a definition of normality or pathology in this instance is less important than the substantive issue: that of the manifest advantages, if any, to society of today abandoning its traditional attitudes so as to "legitimise" homosexuality. There is no minority movement today, no matter how egregious, that does not clothe its aims and activities in the language of "emancipation." There are slogans and euphemisms a-plenty. But the reasoned case for legitimising homosexuality has yet to be made.

I welcome Mr Brian Crozier's proposals for alleviating the problem of pornography. Though I have reservations on his fourth proposal, his recommendations are not dissimilar to those put forward by me in a forthcoming article on "The Economics of Sex Pollution."

E. J. MISHAN

London School of Economics

Beloff's Reply

IN MY SIMPLICITY I can see no possible reason why Brian Crozier should describe my piece as "more convincing in diagnosis than in prescription" when he merely elaborates ingeniously on what I myself proposed. I too took the Wolfenden principle as my point of reference, and I too suggested that the object of the law should be to remove obscene matter from view. I must conclude that he did not finish his perusal of my essay, which, I suppose, only goes to show that no one is ever forced to read anything, obscene, dull or other.

I welcome him as an ally, if not as a critic.

MICHAEL BELOFF

London

STUDENT SUBSCRIPTION RATES

FULL-TIME students can subscribe to ENCOUNTER at special reduced annual rates. These are: U.K. £3·15; U.S.A. and Canada $10; elsewhere £3·15. Please state place and course of study.

AUTHORS

John Grigg is a free-lance journalist living in London. He was the editor of the *National & English Review* for six years, a regular columnist in *The Guardian* for seven (1960–67), and is now working on a biography of Lloyd George. He disclaimed the title of Lord Altrincham in 1963. He is a Governor of the Nehru Memorial Trust and a frequent visitor to India. . . .

Professor Maurice Cranston's Inaugural Lecture will be published for the London School of Economics by Weidenfeld & Nicolson. . . .

Elie Kedourie is Professor of Politics in the University of London (London School of Economics) and Editor of *Middle Eastern Studies*. His books include *Nationalism* (Hutchinson, 1960), *The Chatham House Version*, and *Nationalism in Asia and Africa* (Weidenfeld, 1970 and 1971). . . .

Joel Carmichael's new biography of Trotsky will be published next year by Hodder & Stoughton. . . .

Benedict Nicolson has been editor of *The Burlington Magazine* since 1947 and is the author of *Hendrick Terbrugghen* (1958), *Wright of Derby—Painter of Light* (1968) and the *Treasures of the Foundling Hospital* (Oxford University Press, 1972). He is at present engaged on a book on Georges de La Tour in collaboration with Christopher Wright, and has a book of *Courbet's Studio of the Painter* in the press. . . .

Shirley Chew is a Lecturer in English at the University of Singapore. . . .

Francis Watson is well-known as a broadcaster and author, and has a study of mid-Victorian England in preparation. . . .

Cover design by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**

MANUSCRIPTS for ENCOUNTER should be sent to 59 St Martin's Lane, London, WC2N 4JS, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details see page 1.

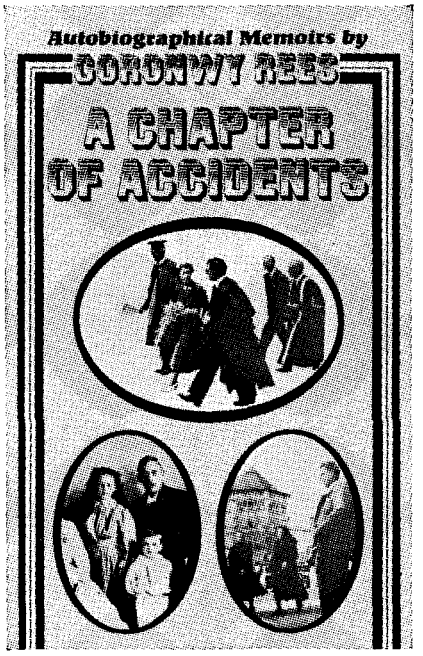
ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS).

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GORONWY REES

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS



A British bestseller

"Nowhere have I read a better exposure of 'the liberal illusion' of the 1930s, and its nemesis . . . I have found his book delightful to read. I admire his delicate sensitivity, his acuteness in general analysis, his beautiful style . . . As literature and as autobiography this book is unique: the record of a poor boy from the Celtic fringe who, coming to Oxford in the effervescent 1920s, and even to All Souls College, was uncorrupted by that heady draught, and can write."
Hugh Trevor-Roper, *Sunday Times*

"Beautifully told . . . Drunken, profligate, witty, charming, brilliant, dirty, deceitful, impossible Guy Burgess will now take his place in the gallery of immortal English eccentrics."
Philip Toynbee, *Observer*

"The faintly sinister, slightly sordid tale is told with a suave and subtle brilliance which carries all before it . . . Scenes in this book sustain a fine peak of farce rarely excelled . . . Superbly told . . . The story deserves the over-used adjective unique." **Michael Foot,** *Evening Standard*

"This beautifully written and extremely honest book." Constantine FitzGibbon, *Daily Telegraph*

"A brilliant success . . . Excellently composed . . . A brilliantly readable account of what is still a mystery . . . It is without doubt a minor masterpiece. I was reminded when I had finished it of the impression *Death in Venice* **first made on me . . ."** **R. H. S. Crossman,** *New Statesman*

"The portrait of Guy Burgess is a triumph . . . Masterly . . . Even Evelyn Waugh's imagination did not dare to create such a monster of improbability . . . Compulsive reading." *TLS*

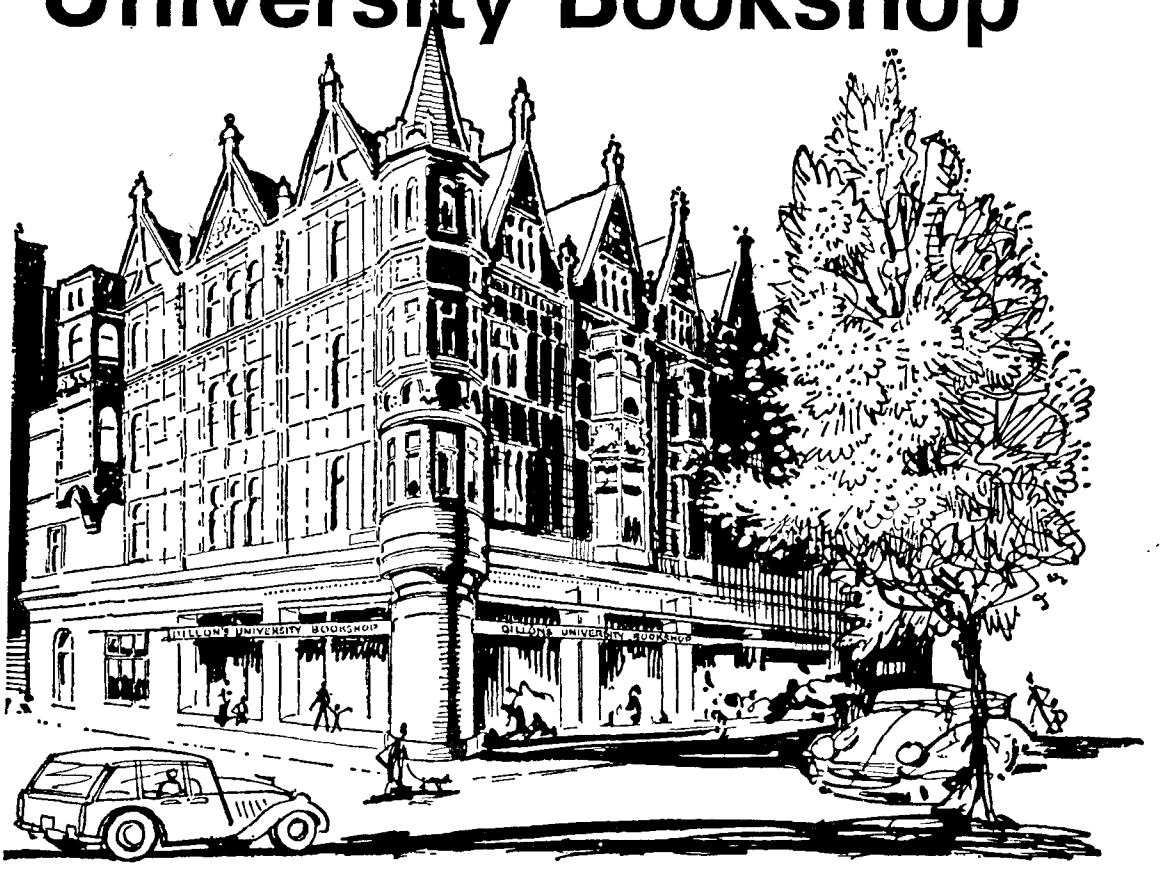
"It splendidly describes a rogue elephant in the corridors of power . . . the underside, the rather more attractive alter ego, of James Bond." **Isabel Quigly,** *Spectator*

$8·95

LIBRARY PRESS 50 Liberty Avenue New York 11520

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DILLON'S
University Bookshop



1 MALET STREET LONDON WC1E 7JB

01-636 1577

A bookshop designed for people who care about books, we now have many hundreds of thousands of books, on a wide variety of subjects, new, second-hand and antiquarian in twenty rooms on four floors – one of the largest selections of books in the British Isles.

Catalogues in preparation include

New and forthcoming books on Literature, Fine Arts, Archaeology, The Classical World, America, History, Philosophy, Africa, Anthropology, Economics & Politics, Education & Psychology, Sociology, & Sciences.

We can supply individuals and libraries throughout the world through our postal service. Call in or write for all your book requirements.

Newly opened RECORD & TAPE department offers you the best in the world's music. Other departments enlarged and there is more room to move about. Come and visit the new Dillon's.

DILLON'S UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP LTD.
Academic and General Booksellers
1 Malet Street, London WC1E 7JB
01-636 1577

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED